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P. C. WREN

Complete Short Story
in this Issue

“HARD LUCK”

HARDEST-WORKED WOMEN in WORLD

Heroines of the Outback

"The women on the homesteads in Central Australia are the hardest-worked wives in the world," says Michael Terry, author and explorer.

Mr. Terry, who has lived in the remotest parts of Australia during his exploration trips, gives us in the article below a vivid picture of these pioneers of the inland, their hardships and their courage.

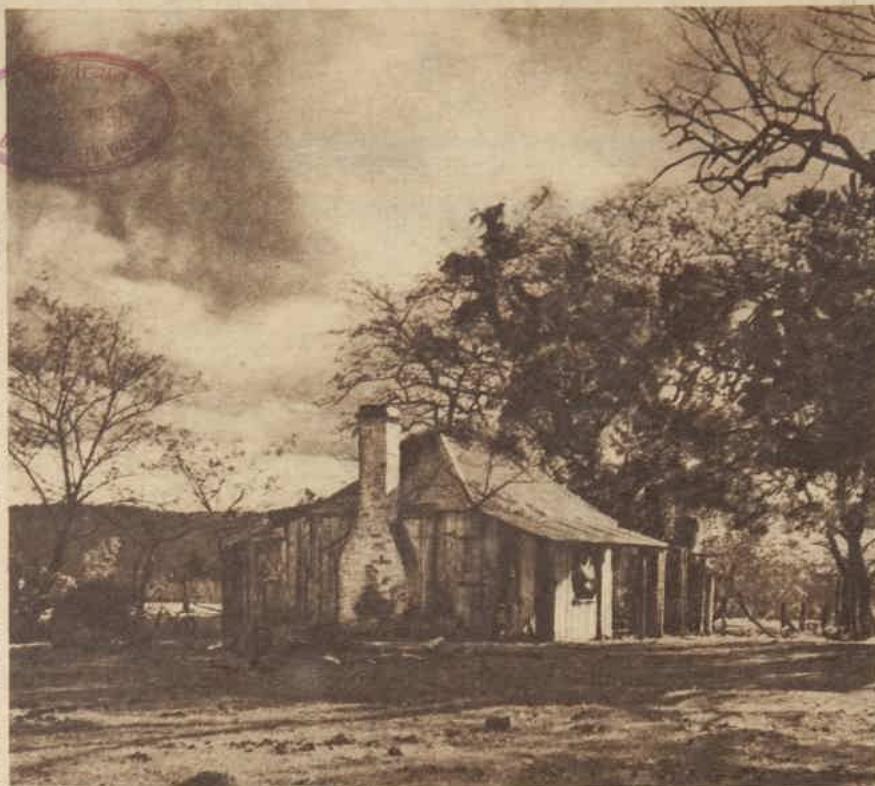
By MICHAEL TERRY

WHEN the glorious ideal of White Australia was designed by politicians in the comfortable places of the south of the Continent, one may be sure they understood little indeed of the burdens they placed automatically upon the shoulders of their brethren deep in the interior. Particularly on the courageous women who have elected and will continue to elect to follow their men far outback.

Considering the climate, despite its acknowledged healthiness and the usual conditions of the homesteads, it is indisputable that no harder-worked wives exist on the face of the earth than the women of Central Australia—yes, and in many parts less remote.

With inefficient help in the form of a lubra or two about the house, without electric fans, refrigeration, with far too much dust and too many flies year in and year out without complaint they carry on providing three meals a day and a bed for their hard-working husbands.

The usual relaxations which men think that wives need, such as the pot of tea and knitting in company, the



A TYPICAL Australian homestead of the early days. From the arid inland to the snows of the Australian Alps variations of homes like this have housed the heroic pioneer women.

—Photo by Jack Pincock

gossip over the back fence, or an hour or two wandering from shop to shop allegedly to buy, actually to compare, are denied the pioneer who goes to the spinifex and sand.

A particularly clear example may be found at Eridunda station, near Horseshoe Bend, in Central Australia. Imagine, if you can, a small, level place surrounded by high red sandhills, bare and gleaming aridly or green-swathed with succulents and new spinifex according to the season.

Far away from the nearest habitation, 80 miles over a bad road, a small house stands defiantly deep in the desert—and smoke rises idly from its one tin chimney as you come upon the sandhill-girt flat where lies the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sid Stanes.

It is close to sundown, and the turkeys, gobbling quietly, are wandering to the woodheap, where they will roost till dawn.

The lubras appear over a sandhill with a noisy white throng from which a pall of light-colored dust arises—they are bringing in the goats for safe keeping from wandering blacks and the dingo overnight.

Black stockboys are unsaddling their weary horses beside a shed near the stockyard, and a deeply sunburnt man, trailing his stockwhip, is walking slowly towards the homestead.

Let us join Sid Stanes and meet his wife.

It is the beginning of a winter's evening. It is chilly already, so Mrs. Stanes has a fire in the sitting-room and the dining-room. For although the outside of her home is just an ordinary tin dwelling, inside she has made it completely different, and in the dusk it is cheerful and cosy.

Around the bright glow of a kerosene table-lamp, in a room where a fire burns most comfortably, we see the sort of place every tired cattleman dreams of at end of day.

Thick carpets are on the floor, pictures round the wall, and several deep chairs are near the table. There are racks of books, and the inside of the corrugated-iron has been covered with boards now hidden with wallpaper.

Gracious Touch

THERE is a large gilt mirror on the wall, and rare silver candlesticks are on the table.

Everything is clean and tidy, for, after all, it is worth safeguarding these treasures when they have had to come almost 1000 miles by rail from the south and then 100 miles by camel team over sandhills. So here is a haven of refuge from worry, a place of ease from the cattle camp where winds and sand can rage, and rain (long looked for) beat down without harm to any of the house.

The dining-room is just as comfortable, and good china and silverware have also been brought to the station. By the time curtains have been drawn over the windows, everyone has had a shower and changed into clean clothes, for Mrs. Stanes, in her kindly firm way, will not allow grubby men to the table.

Just as we sit down a familiar buzz is heard. "Hallo, that's a motor!" and Sid goes outside to find a couple of strangers on their way to Alice Springs on the "back" road, via Henbury and Todmorton.

Sid reopens the door and sticks his head in. "Two more for tea."

He doesn't say if the visitors are

men or women, for the fair sex are so rare far away in Central Australia that one takes it for granted that trousers will walk in. And so they do when Mrs. Stanes has made room for them at the table.

After hard work all day, company is pleasant.

Life is different, too, to the outback child. He has no movies, or ice-cream parlors, and no school. Nevertheless a life of carefree adventure is his. Young Sid Stanes, the son of the house, is a case in point.

Dislikes Books

WHAT he hates are the hours of books, for, by the correspondence course, his mother drums into his head the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

But at present it does not register very deeply, for young Sid is far more interested in kurdaitjas (spirits) and his private team of donkeys than in uplift.

Like most children born and bred deep in the bush, he has an aboriginal mentality, has learnt to speak "black-fellow" fluently, and knows as much as any lubra about evil spirits, and the sacred places of the tribe.

Curiously, these kurdaitjas which the lubras tell the white boy about do not terrify him. He does not run to his mother's skirts, crying.

This is only a phase in the development of a bush child. Most of them "go black" up to the age of about 12. They will talk far more readily in "blackfellow" than English till then, but about this time some mental change occurs, and they will drop all that and become white in intellect, language, beliefs, and interests.

It is as though they had been led to that point by their colored playmates, and that, they having superior intellects, have become tired of being held back, and of their own accord leap ahead to heights unattainable by the aboriginal.

All the time, however, the "occupational" interest maintains an increasing hold and effect, upon the development of the youngster. And of course the son of a station man wants to follow his father's tracks to the cattle camp, but pending such time as he is able literally to do so he expresses this desire by his play.

It's really a sight to see young Sid with two or three wee-les (black children) saddle up the donkeys, fill water-bags, pack tucker, and go off for the day with the "plant." It's all done exactly as father does the real thing—just the life to come in miniature.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



British Minister

MR. WILLIAM SHEPHERD MORRISON, British Minister for Agriculture, who, it is rumored in British political circles, may one day be Prime Minister, is a man of the people. Although his salary is £5000 a year he lives in a very simple way. He has had a London flat in King's Bench Walk, Inner Temple, since he was called to the Bar in 1923. Week-ends he usually spends with his wife and four small sons at his country place, at Withington, Gloucestershire.



—Brougholt

Australian Artist

MISS STEPHANIE TAYLOR, well-known artist, is the only woman guide lecturer at the National Gallery, Melbourne.

She has been doing this work for eight years while giving broadcasts, lecturing at schools, and carrying on with her own work in oil and water-color painting. Several of her flower pieces were sent to Sydney for the 150th Anniversary Art Exhibition.



Famous Russian Singer

ALEXANDER KIPNIS, the Russian basso, whose first Australian concert tour was dated to open at the Sydney Town Hall last Saturday, is a concert-artist and opera-singer of world reputation. For a number of years, Kipnis has been attached to various famous operatic organisations—the Berlin State Opera, Covent Garden, the Paris Opera, the Chicago Opera, and the Teatro Colon, in Buenos Aires.

**a Bridesmaid—
at her best**

JOYCE DIDN'T
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE
BRIDESMAID AT MY
WEDDING IN APRIL? YOU
AND JOAN, BECKY
AND NAIN.

CORAL, YOU
DARLING, I'D
ADORE IT.
OH, BUT...

WHY, BUT
JOYCE?
WHATEVERS
THE MATTER?

I COULDN'T...THOSE
OTHER LOVELY GIRLS—AND
MY AWFUL COMPLEXION.
(I ONLY DISGRACE YOU)

DON'T BE SILLY.
YOU'RE GOING TO USE
ERASMIC FACE POWDER
FROM NOW ON, HERE,
TRY SOME NOW.

WELL, IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU THINK
FOR YOUR MARVELLOUS
COMPLEXION—(I
CERTAINLY TRY IT)

AT THE WEDDING
ANOTHER DANCE,
PLEASE, WITH THE LOVELIEST
OF ALL
BRIDESMAIDS!

ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—2 1/2 for 1. Two
Product formulas for a smooth and lasting skin.
ERASMIC BUILD CREAM—2 1/2 for 1. Creams and
moisturizers your skin will love.

1st PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

GLAMOR LINER'S VISIT



WEARING two of their collection of international hats, Miss Mary Brooks, of Cincinnati, Ohio (left), and Miss Dorothy Ifeld, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, on board the Empress of Britain.

Beauty, Wealth and Fashion on Utopian "Empress Of Britain"

By Adele Shelton Smith

To its lucky passengers the luxurious Empress of Britain must be Utopia, the dream we all have of perfection in living . . . An existence where beauty and contentment of mind are the essentials of living.

It's a floating palace, and every one of its passengers is on a care-free holiday. It is a dream ship, with a cargo of youth, wealth, beauty, and fashion.

EVERYTHING the heart could desire is aboard it—and every port it touches has something new and arresting to show the Utopians who smile on the world from its decks.

Have its passengers found the ideal way of living? Many of them think so, some of them are certain of it.

One woman passenger has been seven times round the world, and has made twelve long-distance cruises.

Everything about the Empress of Britain is too big for a single picture.

One sees its splendor as a series of glittering vignettes, its lovely women as cameos.

Going out in a launch to meet the Empress of Britain was like sailing into a huge travel poster, but when our tiny launch drew alongside, the towering side of the ship looked like the front of a colossal modern block of flats.

We wouldn't have been surprised if taxis, instead of small boats, had drawn up at the gangway.

Dozens of ventilators, painted red inside and brown outside, looked like enormous tropical fungus clustered round the giant tree-trunk funnels.

Ah! But the lovely women! The ship is crowded with them.

LADY TENNYSON, wife of the famous cricketer, and Mrs. A. M. Loew, wife of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer international distribution chief, are both the soignée cosmopolitan type for whom the expensive illustrated fashion journals seem to be specially published.

Both of them are tall and slender. Lady Tennyson is dark-eyed, creamy-skinned, and dark-haired. She came ashore in a striking black and white patterned suit, fox fur, and a pert little green straw toque.

Mrs. Loew is fair-skinned and grey-eyed, with a beautiful mouth that

Favorite Cocktails on the "Empress"

RECIPES of cocktails, served in the Knickerbocker Bar on the Empress of Britain, are a closely-guarded secret.

Max Hay, head barman, knows the ingredients of nearly 600 cocktails, and has served them all during the voyage.

"White Lady," "Martini," and "Whisky Sour" are the favorite drinks.

curves up at the corners when she smiles, and soft, light brown hair.

She wore an American frock that looked French, of black crepe, trimmed with gold kid, fox fur, and a severe little black hat.

Vivacious 23-year-old Lesley Champlin of Chicago, might have stepped straight out of a collegiate film.

Travelling with her aunt and uncle, Col. and Mrs. Jakes, she visited different ports in Europe in two Italian ships before boarding the Empress of Britain at Monte Carlo.

"The Italian ships were fun, and I learned a bit of Italian and improved my French," she said. "Yes, I'm a 'lady of leisure,' but I do work hard on one thing. I play the piano, though I haven't practised much on board."

PERFECT English type is willowy Mrs. A. M. Pilling, wife of a British navy man. She lives in Shropshire, and is travelling with her father, Mr. R. Brinton, a carpet manufacturer of Kidderminster. She keeps in touch with her husband by wireless.

Mrs. Pilling's big blue eyes are framed in a heart-shaped face, and her flawless complexion and good features can stand up to the severity of her coiffure—fair hair dragged back into a chignon at the nape of her neck.

The most luxurious traveller among the young things is Agnes Maclean, who has her own maid, and shares a luxury suite with her dynamic little father, the New Zealand born toothpaste magnate of London. "How's everything in the world?" was Mr. Maclean's greeting.

His daughter "put one over" her shrewd papa.

After they were safely away from the English shore, she broke the news that he would have to take her on yet another cruise because she is going to marry Ronald Fearnley, a young Englishman in the tea business in Colombo.

They saw him in Colombo, and, with other members of the family, will go there again for the wedding a few months after returning to England.

LIKE a Renaissance painting of a madonna is lovely Spaniard Matilde Zobel, travelling with her parents, Signor and Signora Henrique Zobel, and two blonde sisters.

They left their home in Madrid shortly before the revolution, and have since been living at their Philippine property, where the old Spanish house dates from earliest western settlement.

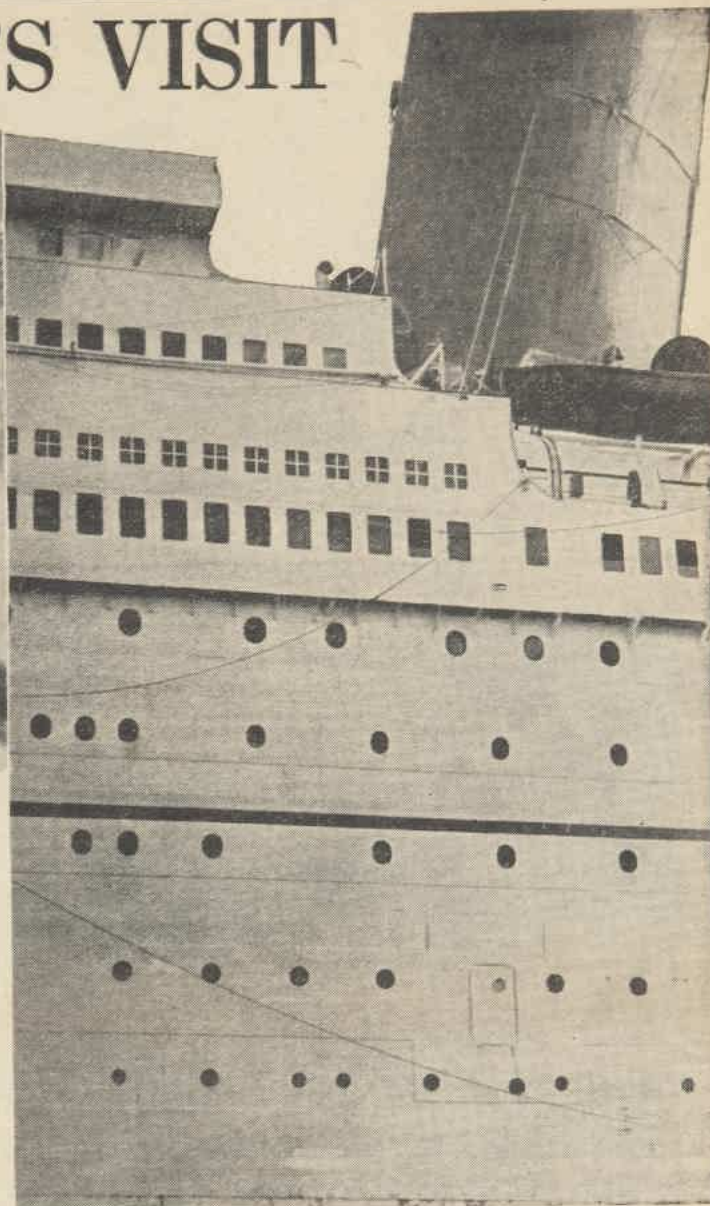
Serious big brown eyes, smooth olive skin, and shining black hair make Matilde the perfect wearer of her national head-dress—the lace mantilla which she and her sisters frequently wear at home.

Different, but still Spanish, is the fairy-like little Baroness Hatvany, of delicately sculptured face, long wing-shaped eyes, and loosely waved hair. Formerly a Spanish countess, she is married to a Hungarian baron.

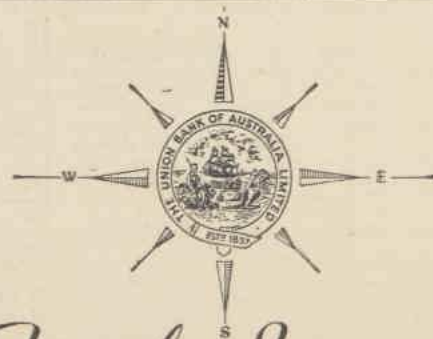
To provide striking contrast, Eloise Alexander, half-French American, from a ranch in Texas, skips on to the deck with "Cherub"—otherwise Mr. John James—in her wake.

Eloise has probably the naughtiest eyes on the ship, brown—almost black—and shining; a startling shade of lipstick on her large, well-shaped mouth, and evidence of her French descent in the exotic perfume she uses.

Continued on Page 35



"THE TOWERING side looks like a block of flats"—unusual angle of the Empress of Britain from a tiny launch. Other pictures Page 15.



Travel Service

Among the facilities provided by the Union Bank is a complete Travel Service, which enables you to make all arrangements, both financial and travel, at the same time and place. Whatever you travel—at home or abroad—arrangements suitable to your particular needs can be made.

These arrangements include all types of passage bookings, the preparation of itineraries, hotel bookings and advice and assistance on all the tedious but necessary preliminaries to travelling. There is no charge for this service.

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REARING BABIES on the DIONNE PLAN



FIVE LITTLE GIRLS all in a row, making the most of a day in the sun. Left to right: Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette, and Marie.



THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN CAN THANK SCHUMANN'S FOR THEIR FREEDOM FROM SICK HEADACHES AND DEPRESSION

Follow their example with confidence, before further neglect undermines your whole system and completely destroys your health and happiness. If you are feeling sick and nervy, and suffer from depressing headaches—those are Nature's danger signals. Don't ignore their warning.

The first step to good health is internal cleanliness. You must rid yourself of the poisons of constipation which tax your energy, rob you of good looks, make you irritable and nervy, and bring premature old age. While these accumulated impurities are poisoning your blood stream your liver cannot function properly and the eventual result is the formation of uric acid crystals with the accompanying agony of rheumatism, neuritis, and other painful and crippling uric acid complaints.

Don't Neglect Early Symptoms

At the first sign of these disorders begin taking a morning dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Schumann's is a natural remedy and its action on the liver induces a free flow of bile which neutralizes the excess acids in the stomach and in turn, aids the action of the digestive juices in the small intestine, thus dispelling all poisons from the system, by creating normal and complete bowel action.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are Nature's Own Remedy for Nature's Ills

Schumann's contain the same valuable mineral salts which are found in the famous medicinal spas of Europe, to which thousands of sufferers go every year for relief from Constipation, Rheumatism, and Uric Acid complaints. These salts are carefully and scientifically balanced in Schumann's—the original Mineral Spring Salts—that is why they bring immediate relief without forming a habit, without distressing even the most delicate stomach. There is no substitute for Schumann's—no other salts are "just as good". Refuse all substitutes.

Read this Woman's Tribute to Schumann's

"For years I had a nasty, sick, depressed feeling with aches in my limbs and back. I also lost weight. A doctor diagnosed a poisoned system and prescribed medicine which had no satisfactory results. In desperation I tried Schumann's Salts and from the first week I showed improvement. Thanks to Schumann's I am now enjoying vigorous health and have lost all my depressed feelings."



The regular daily drink of Schumann's—half a teaspoonful in a long glass of warm water—cleanses the blood stream of waste poisons and quickly banishes—

**CONSTIPATION
LIVER DISORDERS
SICK HEADACHES
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
LUMBAGO**

Sold
at all chemists and
stores.

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SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

DR. DAFOE TELLS You How IT'S DONE

By DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE, O.B.E., M.D.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

CALLANDER, ONTARIO.

The Dionne Quintuplets are getting along towards four now, and as they approach their birthday, May 28, they deport themselves just about like any other little girls of their age.

They like to eat, they like to sleep, and, above all, they love to play.

THE past winter was good to the "Quins." Aside from a few minor sniffles their health was perfect.

They continued their steady and consistent gains in both height and weight—and they continued to look so much alike that only a very few of us can tell them apart.

At times during the cold weather the "Quins" lost a little weight. Any mother, however, knows that such losses are not at all unusual and are quickly regained.

During January, for instance, three of the babies showed slight losses.

January 28, Marie weighed 30½ pounds, a loss of 1½ pounds for the month, Emilie, 34½, a 4-pound loss; and Cecile, 34, a pound loss.

Annette's weight stayed the same during the month at 35½ pounds, but Yvonne gained a quarter of a pound, bringing her weight to 37 pounds.

Cecile was the tallest of the little girls on January 28. She was 37½ inches tall, Annette and Yvonne 37½, Emilie 37½, and Marie 37 inches.

Tan Easily

SCIENTISTS have found the "Quins" are "identical" children. That word "identical" shouldn't be taken at its face value. No two people are ever really identical.

What the scientists mean is that the Dionne quintuplets come closer to being alike—all five of them—than any pair or group of children ever studied by science.

An elaborate study of the "Quins" showed that they are identical throughout—hands and feet, and most of all their faces.

Several similarities of the babies are readily apparent to anyone who is around them any length of time.

They tan easily and deeply—but they don't freckle.

They draw with colored crayons. They listen to stories and look at picture books. Before long they'll be learning to read.

Almost all the people around Callander speak French, and that is the language the "Quins" are learning first of all.

But at their noon dinner they speak—or speak at—English, and so they are learning the two languages at the same time.

No—the "Quins" have never been spanked. I hope they never will be. But they aren't spoiled by any means. And they are subject to strict discipline.

They are well-behaved and well-mannered young ladies—for they learned early that they can get what they want only by behaving.

When one of the girls disobeys, she is placed alone in the "bad room" and stays there until she decides she can return to her play with the others and behave.

We don't expect—or want—the babies never to disobey. But we do like a happy balance.

Play is the big thing around the nursery, of course, and the "Quins" are outdoors almost every day of the year. It gets mightily cold in this section—once in a while around 30 below zero. Only in extremely inclement weather are the "Quins" kept inside—and they don't like that confinement one bit.

This past winter they have become surprisingly adept at winter sports. Tobogganing and skiing are their favorite cold-weather pastimes.

Feeding the "Quins"

WHAT do we feed our sturdy "Quins" on? Well, as you might imagine, the youngsters have pretty healthy appetites—and there's seldom a meal that anything is left on their little plates.

Breakfast time for the "Quins" is 7.45. First thing on the menu in the morning—and also at suppertime—is a teaspoonful of cod liver oil in a little orange juice.

The "Quins" have always taken their cod liver oil without a whimper. Around the nursery we've been careful to call it "bottled sunshine" and the little girls never, never think of it as any form of medicine.

After the cod liver oil and orange juice comes a helping of cereal with milk, then an egg.

Almost always the egg is either scrambled, soft boiled or poached.

With the egg we usually serve one or two strips of bacon, brown bread toast and whole wheat biscuits, and at least one cup of milk.

That's a rather hearty breakfast for a three and three-quarter-year-old, don't you think?

A typical lunch would be: A first course of soup. Then specially prepared liver and potatoes, with string beans and raw carrots. For dessert, perhaps, chocolate pudding and biscuits.

Chocolate pudding, by the way, is the babies' favorite dessert, although they've never yet been known to refuse any dessert.

Some days the kiddies have a substitute for the meat, other days soups, spinach and other vegetables. The desserts include baked apples and all kinds of fresh fruits, prune apricot whip, Bavarian cream and so forth. Lunch comes at about 11.45 a.m.

Supper is simple. Usually a bowl of porridge, a biscuit and plenty of milk. Sometimes tomato and lettuce sandwiches and very often fruit of some kind.

Sleeping is one of the things the "Quins" do best. Soon after they finish their supper they are bundled away to bed. Breakfast, as I have noted, is 7.45—so there is no oversleeping. The mid-day nap lasts an hour and a half.

The "Quins" always sleep on their outside sleeping porch—and they wouldn't have it any other way.

By...

P. C.
WREN

Illustrated by
Wynne W.
Davies

A Complete Short Story

HARD LUCK

*The successful undoing
of a rogue with a personality and
a past, who sought shelter in the
ranks of the Foreign Legion.*

*Sheik Hassen bin Yussuf interfered, causing the
Legion to march fast and far.*

WHAT fiction could be stranger than the truth of what happened to Adalbert Lefevre at the very apex of his meteoric career, at the very moment of his phenomenally brilliant achievement; at the very spot when he was to be crowned king of the world of high finance?

This Adalbert Lefevre was known by different names at different times, and in different places, but it will save trouble and confusion if we ignore the aliases and refer to him as Adalbert Lefevre throughout—using the name by which he is loathed and cursed by a million people, particularly Marie Pont and Charles Sorren, who, although they knew Adalbert Lefevre only too well, never knew each other.

No; although they co-operated in his undoing.

Marie Pont was, on the whole, the loveliest and sweetest girl that ever Adalbert knew; the kindest, the gentlest, and the most faithful.

Marie Pont, owing to the deplorable circumstances of her upbringing by a maiden aunt, was that incredible phenomenon, rare as the oxlip if not extinct as the dodo, a young

girl both innocent and ignorant. This unnatural and unwholesome condition, albeit it amused and charmed him mightily, Adalbert Lefevre promptly set himself to change.

Promptly, but nevertheless cautiously, gradually and skilfully. As in everything else to which he gave his mind, Adalbert succeeded completely; and when the inevitable sequel followed Adalbert deserted Marie and left her to her fate.

It was several years before he saw her again, and the result of his seeing her was—interesting and remarkable. Another person whom Adalbert deserted and left to his fate was Charles Sorren—and the amazing truth about it is the fact that it was several years before he saw Charles again; that when he did see him was on the day that he saw Marie; and that the result of his seeing him was also interesting and remarkable.

Now, owing to circumstances over which he might have had complete control, Adalbert Lefevre found himself badly in need of a good, safe hiding-place, a refuge where he could completely lose Adalbert Lefevre, and cause the police to lose him too.

Like so very many brilliantly clever people, he had been too clever; and his amazingly ingenious get-rich-

quick scheme had suddenly turned into a get-convicted-quick swindle before he could complete it, collect, and decorously depart. For a man of his parts, it was a shameful and shocking thing, but there it was—he must either join the French Foreign Legion or the drab and dreary army of those who sit in cells, walk in chain gangs, work in woe, and eat the black bread of bitterness.

In the Foreign Legion he would be safe. Not because the Legion intentionally harbors criminals, but because in putting off civilian clothing and the name by which he has hitherto been known the recruit puts off the identity, the personality, and the past that have been associated with that name.

TRUE, such a soft-living sybarite as Adalbert Lefevre may go from his familiar world of freedom, through a purgatory of enlistment, to a place of slavery, but he also goes through a purgatory of anonymity to a place of reincarnation where he who was Jones is now Smith, a Smith without a solitary Jones label or attribute about him.

But beneath his nom de guerre the same Adalbert Lefevre remained, clever as paint, cunning as a fox, plausible as Mephistopheles, and quite as treacherous, unreliable and false—the same Adalbert who had brought Marie Pont to perdition and the brink of the grave, who had robbed and swindled his parents, who had bitten every hand that had fed or helped him, betrayed every trust, and floated one of the most

ingenious schemes ever devised for the callous and heartless robbery of the widow and the orphan.

But how handsome and attractive a fellow, how dashing and debonaire a comrade! At any rate, so thought Charles Sorren, whom Adalbert allowed to clean his boots for him, do his polishing, wash his whole kit, and generally look after him—all of which Charles Sorren was proud to do.

For was not Adalbert a gentleman, a person of quality and consequence, a man of culture and education; whereas Charles was but a clod, the son of a provincial innkeeper; a fool who had joined the French Foreign Legion just because his girl had gone off with a flashy commercial traveller?

But it was not one of those cases in which a man, passing rich on a superfluous penny a day, hires the willing labor of one who would sell his soul for a daily litre, a penny-worth of wine. Far otherwise, for it was Charles who was the capitalist.

It was Charles who bought the penny pints of the good Algerian claret in the canteen or the wine-shops every night; for his mother kept him regularly supplied with money.

No, Charles worked for Adalbert because he loved him with a devotion passing the love of women; for his cleverness; his wit; his kindness to the foolish, if wealthy, Charles; his great knowledge of life and the world; his wonderful stories.

And Adalbert accepted Charles' untiring help; his wine; his money; and his invaluable support when objectionable comrades took exception to certain of Adalbert's acts

and deeds, certain moves and methods of improving his condition and position at the expense of their own.

Adalbert accepted everything and gave in return all that Charles asked of him, the pleasure and privilege of his society. And one day the stupid and affectionate Charles received a letter that seemed to change his whole life, to alchemise the world from a drab and wordy abiding-place into the very home of beauty and joy.

His girl had returned from Paris, disposed to regard Charles Sorren as the best of men, the most eligible and desirable of husbands.

According to Mamma Sorren's view of the matter, the young lady wanted a husband badly and soon—and now was Charles' chance, if only Charles could come and take it.

FROM that moment Charles Sorren began to plot and to plan, and also to save. On himself he now spent nothing of his weekly five francs; on his beloved friend he spent his pay—which amounted to threepence-halfpenny every Thursday, and would buy quite a lot of good wine and had cigarettes.

Charles had joined the Legion because his girl had gone to Paris with another man; and he now intended to leave the Legion because his girl had returned from Paris without the man. He was going "on pump," going to "make the promenade," going, in short, to desert.

The one drawback to the scheme, the one black cloud on the horizon of his now roseate future, was the entailed separation from his comrade, Adalbert Lefevre. How could he go and leave him, even for Angeli-que?

Please turn to Page 16



An INFAMOUS ARMY

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

Concluding Instalment of our
historical serial which describes
the Duke of Wellington's
victory at Waterloo.

By
**GEORGETTE
HEYER**

SHE saw Barbara standing straight and tall in her pale dress at the head of the stairs, holding the branch of candles up in one steady hand. A murmur of voices reached her ears. She heard the butler exclaim, and Worth reply sharply. A

groan, and she knew that Charles lived, and found that the tears were pouring down her cheeks. She wiped them away, and, regaining command of herself, ran back into the salon, and snatching up a companion to the chandelier Barbara held, bore it up the second pair of stairs to the Colonel's room. She had scarcely had time to turn back the sheets from the bed before Worth and Cherry carried Colonel Audley into the room.

Judith could not suppress an exclamation of horror. The Colonel had been wrapped in his own cloak, but this fell away as he was lowered on to the bed, revealing a blood-stained shirt hanging in tatters about him. His white buckskins were caked with mud, and had been slit down the right leg to permit of the flesh wound on his thigh being dressed. His curling brown hair clung damply to his brow; his face, under the blackening of smoke, was ghastly; but worst of all was the sight of the bandaged stump where so short a time ago his left arm had been. He was groaning, and muttering, but although his pain-racked eyes were open it was plain that he was unconscious of his surroundings.

"Razor!" Worth said to his valet, who had followed him up the stairs with a heavy can of hot water. "These boots off first!" He glanced across at the two women. "This is no fit sight for you. You had better go."

"Fool!" Barbara said, in a low, fierce voice.

"As you please," he shrugged, and, taking the razor from his valet's hand, began to slit the seams of the Colonel's Hessians.

While he got the boots off, Barbara tenderly sponged the Colonel's face. Judith stood beside her, holding the bowl of warm water. Over Barbara's head, she spoke to Worth: "Will he live?"

"He is very ill, but I believe so. I have sent for a surgeon to come immediately. The worst is this fever. The jolting of the chaise has been very bad for him. I thought at one time I should never get through to Waterloo: the road is choked—waggons lying all over it, baggage split and plundered, and horses shot in their traces. There was never anything so disgraceful!"

"The battle?"

"I know no more than you. I met Charles in a common tilt-wagon half-way through the Forest, being brought to Brussels with a dozen

others. Everything is turmoil on the road: I could come by no certain intelligence; but I conjecture that all must be well, or the French must by now have penetrated at least to the Forest."

He moved up to the head of the bed, and while he and his valet stripped the clothes from the Colonel's body, Barbara poured away the tainted water in the bowl, and filled it with fresh. She looked so pale that Judith feared she must be going to faint, and begged her to withdraw. She shook her head. "Do not heed me! I shall not fail."

By the time an over-driven surgeon had arrived, the Colonel was lying between clean sheets, restlessly trying to twist from side to side. At times it needed all Worth's strength to prevent him turning on to his injured left side; occasionally he made an effort to wrench himself up; once he said quite clearly: "The Duke! I've a message to deliver!" But mostly his utterance was indistinct, and interrupted by deep groans.

The surgeon looked grave, and saw nothing for it but to bleed him. Judith could not help saying with a good deal of warmth: "I should have thought he had lost enough blood!"

She was not attended to; the surgeon had been at work among the wounded since the previous

morning, and was himself tired and harassed. He took a pint of blood from the Colonel, and it seemed to relieve him a little. He ceased his restless tossing, and fell into a kind of coma. The surgeon gave Worth a few directions, and went away, promising to return later in the morning. It was evident that he did not take a very hopeful view of the Colonel's state. He would not permit of the bandages being removed to enable him to inspect the injuries to the thigh and the left side of the body. "Better not disturb him!" he said. "If Hume attended to him, you may depend upon it the wounds have been properly dressed. I will see them later. There is nothing for it now but to keep him quiet, and hope for the fever to abate."

Judith led Barbara away, with an arm round her waist. Barbara went unresistingly, but by the time they had reached her room such a fit of shuddering had seized her that Judith was alarmed. She forced her to sit down in a chair, while she ran to fetch her smelling-salts and the hartshorn. When she came back, the shudders had given place to dry sobs that seemed to convulse Barbara's whole body. She contrived to make her swallow a dose of hartshorn and water, and got her upon the bed, and sat with her till she was a little calmer. Barbara gasped: "Oh, do not stay! Go back to him! This is nothing!"

Barbara gently sponged the
Colonel's face. Judith stood beside
her, holding the bowl of warm water.

"Worth will send if he needs me. Only tell me where I may find your laudanum drops."

"Never! He did not like me to!"

"In such a case as this he could have no objection!"

"No, I tell you! See, I am better; I wish you to go back."

JUDITH drew the quilt up over her shoulders. "I will go if it will relieve your mind. There, my dear, do not look like that! He will recover, and you will both be so happy together!" She bent and kissed Barbara, and had the satisfaction of seeing the dreadful pallor grow less deathly. "I shall come back in a little while to see how you go on," she promised, and, setting the candle where its tongue of light would not worry Barbara's eyes, went softly back to Colonel Audley's room.

Barbara returned to the sick-room shortly after six o'clock. Judith came forward to meet her, saying in a low tone: "We think him better. The pulse is not so tumultuous. There had been a good deal of restlessness, but you see he is quiet now. Oh, my dear, such glorious news! Bonaparte has been utterly overthrown and the whole

French Army put to rout! Worth sent round to Sir Charles Stuart's an hour ago, and he had just himself heard from General Alten of our complete victory!"

"The French army routed!" Barbara repeated. "Good heavens, is it possible? Oh, if anything can make Charles recover, it must be that news!"

"You shall tell him when he wakes," Judith said. "I am going to bed for an hour or so. Worth has gone off to shave and change his clothes, but his man is just outside if you should need any assistance. But, indeed, my dear, Charles is better."

She went away. Barbara took her vacated chair by the bedside, and sat watching the Colonel. He lay quiet, except for the occasional twitching of his hand. She felt it softly, and found it, though still dry and hot, no longer burning to the touch. Satisfied, she folded her own hands in her lap, and sat without moving, waiting for him to awaken.

A few minutes after seven he stirred. A deep sigh broke the long silence; he opened his eyes, clouded with sleep, and gave a stifled groan. His hand moved; Barbara took it in hers, and lifted it to her lips.

Please turn to Page 38



Complete Short Story

APPOINTMENT for TWO

By...

Adelaide
Humphries

Illustrated
By...
FISCHER

*The amusing
efforts of two young
moderns to adjust
a difficult situation...*



and murmured something not for feminine ears.

If that wasn't a woman for you! He had never yet run across a woman executive who did not try to impress you with her importance. If Kern had told him that a woman was at the head of the art department at Sterling and Huback's he would have thought a while before he'd driven nearly a hundred miles to call.

Kern had said Sterling and Huback's was good for a sizable account, willing to come across with fair prices, interested in really high-grade stuff. All of which wasn't to be sneezed at in these days. Jerry knew he had the stuff, all right. He'd have this Tyler woman begging for appointments once she'd seen his work.

Jerry drove the hundred miles again the following week and the girl at the desk said: "I'm so sorry! Miss Tyler is ill. She had to leave before lunch."

He took the precaution to phone long distance before another attempt. Miss Tyler's secretary assured him Miss Tyler would be in. The appointment was set for two o'clock. The girl at the desk gave him her very sweetest smile. "I'm so very sorry," she said, "but Miss Tyler says she can't possibly see you, after all."

"Can't see me! But I have an appointment! Made it this morning. Long distance. With her secretary."

"I know. Miss Tyler knows, too. But she asked me to explain that something unexpected came up and that she's so terribly busy it will

be impossible for her to see you to-day."

"Busy!" Jerry snorted. "Does she think nobody else is ever busy? Get her on the phone, please. I want to talk to her."

The girl got Miss Tyler for him.

"This is Mr. Perry speaking," Jerry began briskly. "Jerry Perry. You have an appointment with me. Made this morning with your secretary."

"Yes, I know," Miss Tyler's voice was unhurried and composed in spite of the pressure of business behind it. "I'm extremely sorry, Mr. Perry. But, as I asked the girl to explain, I'm extremely busy to-day. I can't spare even a minute. Now if you'll..."

"A MINUTE!"

Jerry barked. "D'you realise this is the third time I've driven a hundred miles to see you? My time is valuable, too!"

"I am sorry," Miss Tyler interrupted in the same cool, collected tone. "If you'd care to make another appointment..."

"I'll be darned if I will!" Jerry shouted. He banged the receiver on its hook. He strode out of Sterling and Huback's. He dumped his portfolio containing his most careful selection of his highest grade stuff into the back of his car. He rained the gear into high.

He would get Kern to give him a letter to old man Huback himself. The bigger the man the better he'd treat you. Why in heck didn't women stay in the kitchen where they belonged!

In less time than he could have hoped Jerry was the recipient of a note from Mr. Huback stating that Mr. Kern had recommended Mr. Perry's work so highly that Mr. Huback would be pleased to grant Mr. Perry an interview.

Mr. Perry, a gratified and anticipatory gleam in his usually guileless eyes, drove in to keep the appointment.

The girl at the desk said that Mr. Huback would see Mr. Perry right away. Mr. Huback greeted him with extreme cordiality. He gave quite a few minutes of his valuable time to look over Jerry's work. He did not so much as blink an eye when Jerry named his prices. He said that Miss Tyler, buyer and head of the art department, must meet Mr. Perry.

When Miss Tyler appeared in response to Mr. Huback's summons, Jerry had to admit that she did not look like anything he had expected. She was too young and attractive. Big soulful brown eyes with those smudgy lashes, skin that would have made all the soap testimonials cringe with despair, a figure that started Jerry's fingers itching for a pencil, a glint of red in her hair. But he was not going to be deceived. Jerry consoled himself with the old axiom that beauty only went as deep as the cosmetics on the surface.

Miss Tyler was pleased to meet Mr. Perry. She was sorry not to have been able to keep their appointment. She would be delighted to look over his work. Mr. Kern had written Mr. Huback recommending Mr. Perry? Mr. Huback wanted her to talk things over with him? Why, certainly! If Mr. Perry would come up to her office.

She was just as polite and amiable in her own office. She looked through all Jerry's samples. She remarked that they certainly showed originality and splendid technique. She outlined Sterling and Huback's campaign and said that he might submit some dummies and layouts if he cared to. She would be glad to give them her attention, make another appointment at his convenience.

"That's certainly nice of you," Jerry said. "I'll be delighted to make an appointment, but first I'd like to be assured that you'll keep it. Maybe if you're too busy I could persuade Mr. Huback to spare me another few minutes."

"I'm sure Mr. Huback would be pleased to give you an unlimited amount of his time," Miss Tyler said sweetly. "As it happens, I do the

buying. I did not want to squeeze your appointment in the other day when I was so rushed and unable to give you the amount of time that your work justifies. If you want to make it some time next week..."

"Next week will suit me to a T," Jerry said. "I think I can manage. Though you can't just plug in a nickel and turn out dummies, you know. How about Wednesday?"

Miss Tyler consulted a pad on her desk. "Wednesday is pretty full. Thursday or Friday would suit me better."

"Thursday's brimming over for me," Jerry said, "and I'm superstitious about Fridays."

"It will have to be Monday then," Miss Tyler said. She pressed the buzzer for her secretary. "Tuesday is out of the question."

"I was just about to say that Monday was the best bet for me. And," he bowed with elaborate gallantry, "you needn't have me shown out. I can find my way."

SHE actually only kept him waiting twenty minutes when he arrived on Monday punctually at two. He'd show her he'd be on the dot to the second; busy people could not afford to be late.

"Hum, very nice," Miss Tyler said after she had glanced at the dummies. She raised her eyes from her desk. "Soulful was the word for them, all right. However, I'm afraid we could hardly use them—as they are."

"What do you mean, 'as they are'?" Jerry looked ready to spring a tackle any moment. "What's wrong with 'em? Aren't they high-grade stuff?"

"Yes, indeed," Miss Tyler said politely, much too politely. "That's just it! They're too high grade. Not enough commercial appeal."

"I thought Sterling and Huback wanted high-class stuff."

"Even Sterling and Huback must consider the public taste," Miss Tyler reminded. As if he didn't know the public!

"I'll see what I can do," Jerry said.

"Suppose you let me see them..."

*"Now that
we are all to-
gether," Mr. Hu-
back said, "we'll see if
we can adjust this matter."*

"Friday," Jerry said quickly. He'd be darned if he'd miss his golf another time. Even if he had to put aside his superstition.

On Friday he came with the "commercial appeal" in his dummies.

As he was admitted to Miss Tyler's office he met another man coming out. He recognised him as Davis, head of the Davis, Smith, Burns Agency... So they were the crowd that had been copping most of Sterling and Huback's art work! Why, Davis couldn't draw a straight line! But he was the dark, dapper sort of guy that the ladies went for in a big way. Jerry could just imagine the line he had been handing Miss Tyler. Just like a woman to be fool enough to fall for it.

Miss Tyler again thought the dummies were "very nice," but didn't Mr. Perry agree that now they were—well, just a bit on the ordinary? Trite, the usual commercial angle?

Mr. Perry nearly had apoplexy. Trite! His dummies trite! Hadn't she asked for the commercial angle? What did she want anyway? Finally he agreed to return the following week with more changes. Modernistic effect, this time. "Though not too modernistic," Miss Tyler said in parting.

Jerry drove in with the modernistic effects.

They were very nice indeed, but...

"No!" Jerry thundered. "I refuse to make any more changes!"

"I was going to say that I'd like to see a finished drawing," Miss Tyler said coolly. "Black and white."

Jerry agreed to have it in a day or two. When he came out of Miss Tyler's office that fellow Davis was waiting to go in. Jerry wondered if she looked as soulful when she looked at Davis. Not that Jerry gave a darn!

The black and whites went over with very few criticisms. Then Miss Tyler began suggesting color schemes. If there was one thing Jerry knew, it was color. To have this woman telling him what was what made Jerry see red. But finally he calmed down to a neutral pink and the color scheme was agreed upon.

Please turn to Page 14

"SAN JOSE"

A Complete
Short Story

By...
**Lucia
Alzamora**



HE signed himself James Shelby now, but his middle name was Calderon, and if he had gone on living in Lima, where he was born, he would have been known as Shelby Y. Calderon.

His great-grandfather and Emilia's had been cousins. His recollections of Emilia Calderon dated back to his early childhood, but they were very vivid. He was more than anything amused to find that she was trying to take possession of his property. There was some dim evidence, his agent informed him, that her great-grandfather, and not his, had owned the hacienda de San Jose.

"Inadequate as the Senorita Calderon's case may seem," the man wrote, "I should very much advise your coming to Lima. The Senorita Calderon is a very influential person, and I hope I may be forgiven for adding that there is a rumor current that she has lately met with great financial reverses due to unwise speculation."

"Were none of this so, I should still urge you to visit the land of your birth. As I have mentioned before, revolutionary agitators have been active among the laboring classes in and around Arequipa, and the situation at San Jose leaves much to be desired. We are in daily danger of an uprising, and I believe your presence there would have a very salutary effect."

"So," said James Shelby, putting down the letter, "I go to Lima."

Before he left, however, he rummaged through an old chest of his mother's until he found the photograph he remembered so well. For years it had stood on the piano. It had been taken when Emilia was four, a square-set, scowling child in corkscrew curls and a Paris dress. Looking at it now, his first reaction was the old one of awed admiration. "Ugly little monkey!" he said, but it was hard to make himself realize that this was not the most beautiful child in the world.

He must have been six, he thought, when Emilia was four. He had lived in a pretty villa in Miraflores, with his mother and father and his sister Clara, but Emilia had lived in the Calle de la Virreina, in an ancient house that had walls four feet thick.

WHEN he and Clara had been taken to play in the Plaza de Armas they had shared an English miss between them. She wore a hat, and never seemed important. But Emilia, her widowed father's only daughter, and most prized possession, had three nurses for herself alone. They all wore splendid, rich mantas that covered their heads and fell in black folds to their knees, and there clung about them an unmistakable smell of stale incense.

It was this perhaps that gave Emilia her holy aura. Because, certainly, she had it. She never skipped or bought sticky sweets from the Chinaman or even played diavolas. She merely walked round the fountain in her starched, white dress,

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

and on each side of her walked a nurse and behind her walked another.

To little Shelby Calderon she represented the lovely unattainable. He identified her, somehow, with holy processions and the images inside the Cathedral, and even with the old silver inkpot he was never allowed to play with. She was something to be touched with the fingertips and spoken to in whispers, and she was nothing at all like his naughty sister Clara.

This idea persisted even after his father had been transferred to the Embassy in Paris, and he and Clara had learned to speak French as well as Spanish and a little better than English.

It was in those days that this very photograph had stood on the piano.

shoulder and stare with moony eyes at the photograph of Emilia.

"What are you looking at, darling?"

"My little cousin. She's so very beautiful."

His mother would laugh then and give him a squeeze, and Clara would snort with derision, but nothing prepared him for Emilia when she did come.

"She was seven then. That made him nine and old enough to know better, but from the moment he was told that Emilia's father was bringing her to Paris he could think and speak of nothing else.

Often, when his mother played and sang her little songs, he would lean against her

At that age, of course, he had loathed girls, but Emilia was an ideal.

The day of the arrival Clara went with his parents to meet the boat-train. There hadn't been room for him, but, strangely, he didn't mind very much. He went solemnly to the playroom and arranged his toys. He had a beautiful miniature grocery shop which had been given him for his birthday. It had a counter and tiny scales to weigh things on, and the shelves were stocked with little sample packages of real food. He put that in front.

When the great door opened and he heard the polite laughing voices he dashed down the stairs—and at the bottom stood suddenly still. His father and mother, and a tall man he remembered, and Clara, all stood in the hall. There was also a very ugly little girl.

"Darling, here is Emilia at last," said his mother.

He stood still, staring.

"James, come here," said his father. But little James Shelby turned then and ran back up the stairs as fast as he could go.

Of course he was brought back and made to shake hands nicely. He even was sent to the playroom with the two little girls.

"Haven't you any more toys than

this?" said Emilia. She pointed to the shop. "Whose is that?"

"Mine," he said.

"Oh!" said Emilia. She walked across the room and looked at it, not in admiration, but as if she owned it. "I have one," she said. "Only mine is much bigger. It has two scales and a cash register."

"Did you bring it?" asked Clara. "No," said Emilia. "I didn't like it much, so I threw it in the fire."

"That's silly," said James. "You didn't, either." She wasn't used to being crossed. She stamped her foot at him and scowled.

"I did, you horrid boy."

"Horrid yourself," he said, and with those words the little dam inside him broke.

"Horrid, ugly girl," he shouted. "I'm pretty," said Emilia, in immense surprise.

"Ugly," said James and Emilia punched him.

He knew he mustn't hit her. He held her by the wrists while she kicked him on the shins.

"I'm pretty, pretty, pretty!"

"You're not," said James, and the pain on his shins was terrific. "You never were. It was just those nurses. Just that you had three nurses."

HE felt all right then. He let her go.

But she fell on him with little clenched fists.

"Then I'll always have them," she screamed. "I'll always have my three nurses."

He wondered, the day he landed in Callao, if she still had them. They might all come to meet him together—little monkey-faced Emilia flanked on each side by a nurse and with a nurse behind her. It would, he thought, be like her, but it would be even more like her not to meet him at all. And, really, there was no reason why she should, except that at Panama there had been a little letter from her saying she looked forward so to seeing him. He rather thought her game was friendship.

He leaned on the rail of the Santa Teresa and strained his eyes towards the crowded pier. When he had left here, so many years ago, there had been no pier. Then the great ships had tossed gently in the middle of the harbor and little launches had gone out to them from the ramshackle port of Callao. Now Callao stretched clean and white and as neat as a new pin along the waterfront. Behind the port lay Lima, spread out hugely, like a map, and behind Lima rose the dark hills; that was the same—the city, and behind the city, the hills.

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The murmur was louder now, but it had changed a little. There was interest in it, and curiosity, and they could hear words: "Los Senors—los Senors Calderon."

MARCH of THE MODE



● THE SUIT at the top left follows the vogue for colorful dress in tweeds. The skirt is woven in a neutral shade and the hip-length jacket is in colorful check, and worn with a round neck jersey.

● PENNY-TAN—the new version of London-tan—is the shade of the suit in the centre. Ten mock pockets give a pleasant finish to the jacket. The sports hat has one of the new diminishing crowns, and is trimmed with a multi-colored band.

● THE ZIPPER SUIT is of Moly-neux inspiration. It prefers the finger-tip length, and is simply trimmed with Persian lamb. For those who prefer it, crushed velvet makes an equally good collar. The postillon hat is in the new autumn carnation color.

● EXCELLENT FOR wear with suits is the black felt hat with the tall, square crown, complete with full veil. Note the importance of jewellery accents this autumn with tweeds and suits.

Dorothea Johnston

TAILORED LEISURE...

The Fashion Parade by Petrov



Evening Robes . . .

from the sumptuous
to the silly!

Ranging from the sumptuous cape on the right to the absurd bolero on the left, a variety of types of evening robes is sketched here. They include:

● ABOVE (at left): A black satin coat resembling a lounge robe. It is tailored on simple lines with its severity relieved by a jewelled collar, belt, buttons and quaint pockets.

● NEXT TO IT is a shorter robe of shocking red velvet heavily banded at the knee-length hem with skunk. This robe revives a silhouette which was smart in pre-war days.

● NEXT IS A regal garment of pale blue velvet lined with purple crepe. It is finished with a small skunk collar, jewelled clasps and jewelled epaulets.

● AT LOWER LEFT: This little robe features the absolute minimum in evening coats. It is of midnight blue, buttoned with stars, and is worn over a star-sprinkled lame gown.

FURS TAILORED LIKE FABRICS

Supple Lines for Smartness



*FOR EVENING in this very lovely tailored sable cape with skins turned back to give the effect of a drawstring neckline.

*A HIP-LENGTH version of a chunky coat with bulky elbow-sleeves. Of dyed skunk.

*ONE of the very new chunky capes to wear day or night. Of silver fox.

*A NEW WAY to have your fox arranged. A one-skin silver fox done in a swirl arrangement that suggests a twin scarf.

Practical Advice on Types to Choose

By
ALISON SETTLE
Famous English Fashion Authority and Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT is only a few years ago since fashion took furs in hand and introduced what I may call tailored furs.

From that time furs were cut and sewn as if they were fabric instead of preserving the shape of the animal as a whole in the case of the ubiquitous fox, sewn into the patterning of the coat in the cases of sables, minks, or just-rats (and the just-rats were, of course, in the majority).

Now time has passed, and the smarter woman likes her rats or her minks as the case may be (and need we go on saying that smartness isn't just a case of purse-fulness?) treated as fabrics and the edges of the skins undefined.

This means the introduction of yokes, of dresslike sleeves instead of the raincoat-like sleeve, of proper and interesting dress details according to fashion at the moment, above all of well-cut varied collars in place of the ageing shawl collar.

Every woman hankers after a mink coat and regards it as her withheld birthright. Every woman cannot have one. She need not, however, wear those depressing shapeless coats with, as I say, the framing collar effect, heavy and bulky round the face and the neck, turning the wearer at once into an imitation of her grandmother.

Look round the country to-day and count the thousands of women all around ruining with these shawl collars any chance of chic and youth they may have; the shape never varies, nor does the ageing effect.

It does not matter a hang that you cannot afford a mink or an ermine. There are grand furs which lie around the lamb and kid class which cut into better, more amenable, furs, and leave you with no regrets for the higher-priced skins you cannot afford.

The fur to aim at is a supple, though not necessarily soft one, and must have a definite touch of timely chic.

There are some furs which, while in no way better than the others, appeal more because there is a feeling for them in the air.

It may be that shaggy woollens are in fashion, and that a contrast or a similar feeling is accordingly dictated by fashion.

It may be that one coloring is for the moment a better fit-in with the rest of the things chosen for a season; at any rate, it should neither

be so much out of fashion as to appear outstanding unless it is in itself so good that it can afford to be criticized, not yet so general that it becomes a uniform.

Furs need fresh ideas just as do all your other clothes. They also need blending. Fur is now used with fur—ermine with fox, one color of caracul with another, ermine with mink.

But as well fabric is blended with fur, a fur cape or coat being velvet lined, wool mounted, to introduce

color contrast as well as fabric contrast.

The days are gone by when a fur display in a shop window or department was a colorless affair. Colored scarves slotted through the necks, yokes, linings, pipings, pockets, and collars all serve to bring furs into greater interest, to bring furs from the staple class into the fashion class.

HAVE HAPPY HOLIDAY FEET

With The Aid Of

Zam-Buk

WHETHER on holiday in the country or at the seaside, there's going to be a lot of extra work for your feet. But there's no reason why you should not swing along, light of step, and enjoy every moment of your pleasure and recreation, if you look after your feet with Zam-Buk. A nightly rub-over with Zam-Buk gives you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness.

If convenient, first bathe your feet in warm water, and, after drying thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, sides, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Troublesome, hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, blisters are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made cool and comfortable again.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists & stores.



"Rubbed into the feet before a walk, Zam-Buk prevents the chafing, soreness, and blistering which used to bother me so. My feet have never felt so strong since I started with Zam-Buk Ointment."—Mr. T. Sinclair.

"During summer I suffered a lot with my feet until I used Zam-Buk. This stopped the itching and swelling and enabled me to get about much more easily."—Mrs. M. Webb.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

An Editorial

APRIL 9, 1938.

FEAR AND THE BABY



THE Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, says that the Australian Government is worried at the falling birth-rate, and the failure to reduce the risks of motherhood.

To some extent the latter problem affects the first. But it is not the whole explanation of why people don't have babies.

We need more medical research and welfare treatment to safeguard mothers and babies.

But what we also need is to change the public outlook on parenthood.

To-day, in some quarters, having a baby amounts almost to a social faux pas. It is also seen as something fraught with considerable risk—as an aeroplane trip would have been thought of 20 years ago. A daring of the fates which should be discouraged or at least discounted.

Whispering campaigns carried almost to the point of indecency stress the undesirability of having a family.

It seems that mid-Victorian pruriency on the matter has been replaced by 20th century distaste.

Added to these two complexes is another circumstance.

A larger share in the world's pleasures has brought a reluctance to young couples to be tied down with a baby.

"We are going to have a baby later" is their alibi.

These major causes of the decline in the birth-rate must be fought.

The best way to do this is to re-create the home as the centre of family life. To-day the average married couple's home has its well-furnished rooms and appointments, its radio, its car, its dog—but no baby.

A child is a much more integral part of the home than all these things.

Yet it is locked out by a modern trend of thought with its vicious suggestion that "nice people do not have a lot of children."

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Mosaic Law—New Version

THE old Mosaic injunction of "an eye for an eye" was given a 20th century interpretation in New York recently, when a 60-year-old patient, who was going blind, had an eye transferred to a 15-year-old patient in the same ward.

The older man said: "I did it because the boy was kind to an old man, and it might help him to live a useful life."

The operation was a success, and the youth is now able to distinguish colors.

Besides being another marvel of surgery, it is a heart-warming indication of the spirit of unselfishness which some humans are capable of displaying.

Medical history teems with records like these, and science owes much to this type of heroic patient, whose voluntary efforts have helped as much in the battle against sickness and disease.

Divorce Rings

A SUDDEN and unexpected filip has been given the jewellery industry by the decision of a Hollywood screen star, Alice White, to wear a divorce ring of white gold and platinum.

Now, Hollywood does love to do things properly. What about a simple little ceremony for the putting on of the ring with some appropriate words to fit the occasion?

"With this ring I thee shed" would perhaps lend the required air of finality to the occasion.

Treasure Trove

COUNT VON LUCKNER, German sailor, whose war exploits are history, should be every boy's idea of a story-book hero.

Not only did he find the treasure he hid 21 years ago on a South Sea Island, but he fulfilled all the traditions of Robert Louis Stevenson and R. M. Ballantyne.

The plan of the hidden treasure was tattooed on his knee. He sailed half round the world to find his treasure and he is taking it home with him. Thus, after almost a quarter of a century he is unique in being one of the few men who fought in the war and made anything out of it.

Dangerous Lips

IT was Kipling who said the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

A male beauty expert and cosmetician recently returned to Australia from abroad suggests that the author's jest may become actual fact if the search for a permanent lipstick be persisted in.

He said the indelible type of lipstick being evolved—the one which keeps on keeping on—might be dangerous owing to the dye it contained.

Anyway, the girls seem to be able to work enough havoc with the type that comes off without mobilising themselves for a more deadly attack.

Gretna Marriages

THE anvil marriages of Gretna Green used to be regarded in a romantic light. A British bill to put an end to them tells another story.

A big percentage of Gretna marriages end unhappily. They are legal only in Scotland, and as a result of this weakness go on the rocks.

Gretna may sound glamorous to runaway couples, but figures show its romance has not been proof against the reality of the old tag, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

Ask the Wife!

IF you go in for a modest flutter on the horses, or take a share in a sweep ticket, it is a good plan to tell the wife all about it. Look what happened to a Canadian garage mechanic, Charles Penton, who won \$500 in a sweep on the English Grand National.

His wife had deep anti-gambling convictions which could not be shaken by the flutter of pound notes, and when her husband told her of his win she insisted that the ticket be destroyed, and the sweep promoters told of his inability to accept the money.

Such unwavering loyalty to a principle leaves us more mundane people gasping with admiration and envy, that the "devil's dividend" took the wrong turning.



WOMEN TRAVELLERS have grown in numbers since the advent of the air hostess. Miss Lorna Webb, one of Australia's happy air hostesses whose smiles work wonders for timid travellers above the clouds. See story Column 4.

Good Companions

DO girls make better companions for their parents than boys?

There may be an answer to that question in a statement made by welfare officers that five times more girls than boys are adopted by childless and lonely couples.

This rather destroys the idea that the modern girl is a gadabout, and only comes home to sleep.

LYRIC OF LIFE

CHAIN GANG

We are not free; we cannot walk unchained,
Lords of ourselves, superbly unconcerned;
But manacled, wrist to rebellious wrist,
And on our brows the branding-iron has burned.
Held in the ancient slavery of life
By creeds, by laws, by fear of social wrong.
Held by those things that we ourselves have built,
And those to which our loyalties belong.
—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Women Make the Skyways Their Highways

By ALISON PARISH

Are Australian women air-minded? Four years ago, the answer would have been "No." To-day, women are making the skyways their highways. One third of the passengers carried on Australian airlines to-day are women.

THIS is something of an achievement, considering that comparatively few women have a man's opportunity for taking business trips by air.

The total distance flown yearly by airlines in Australia is now 5,543,820 miles, according to statistics compiled by the Civil Aviation Board.

Take a bow, Australia. That is twice the distance covered by aircraft of Imperial Airways last year.

But don't begin to crow too loudly. It is only a fiftieth of the total mileage piled up by American airlines. They fly 500,000 miles a DAY.

For the week between Christmas and New Year alone, air travellers to and from Essendon Aerodrome, Melbourne, the key airport of the Commonwealth, numbered 2100—an average of 175 a day. A third of these passengers were women.

Certainly, that was one of the peak periods of the year, but Essendon is only one of Australia's many airports.

Here Australian National Airways are building a new \$22,000 hangar that will be the largest in the Commonwealth.

As well as the actual hangar space on the ground floor there will be a waiting-room for passengers, information services, booking office, arrival and departure clocks, administrative offices, baggage and freight-room, post office and laundry.

The first floor will have a large dining-room, administrative offices, and a room for air hostesses. On the top floor there will be accommodation for 20 pilots.

The hangar space will house the luxurious 21-passenger planes that are the latest addition to the line. They are the largest in Australia, and cost £26,000 each.

Nearly is the less pretentious but busy hangar of Ansett Airways. From this base, cities and towns are linked in a sky network that covers 2600 miles a day.

Comfort for Women

THE Australasian Air Guide lists 29 air companies and 141 airports in Australia and New Zealand.

In it can be found information as concise and informative as that in any railway guide.

Nowadays it is almost as easy to arrange a plane trip to Darwin as it is to arrange a train journey between the capitals.

Women are the great time-savers. They like to think the weary way from Perth to Adelaide can be flown in nine hours; Adelaide to Melbourne in 2½ hours; Melbourne to Sydney in 2½ hours; Sydney to Brisbane in 2½ hours, and Melbourne to Hobart in 2½ hours.

The prospect of breakfasting in Brisbane, taking morning tea in Sydney, and lunching in Melbourne, with afternoon tea in Hobart to follow, is a day's programme after the heart of any woman.

Soon she will be able to look forward to continuing the journey right through to Adelaide and Perth without a break.

Women only truly discovered the fascination of flight when that word became synonymous with comfort. They like to be comfortable when they make a journey.

Modern airliners, air-conditioned, luxuriously furnished with comfy armchairs that can be transformed into lounges at the touch of a lever, and prettily-curtained windows that give a fine view of landscape and sky-scapes provide travelling de luxe.

The advent of air hostesses has given women an added interest in flitting from place to place. They like to see a reassuring smile on the face of a pretty hostess when the weather gets a little rough.

Asked why she liked flying, a woman who is a regular passenger between Melbourne and Hobart said: "It's so restful. After all, the air is the only place you can travel at 200 miles an hour IN PEACE."

BIRTHDAYS, BOOKS, and BOTHER

L. W. Lower has solved the Gift Problem—Or Thinks He Has

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

Just about now is the time when everybody I know seems to have a birthday.

The Lower clan especially seems to have picked on April as a good month to be born in.

NOT that I object to most of them being born, but it's pretty tough when they start reminding you about it every year. They commence about a fortnight beforehand.

"Just fancy! I'll be twenty-eight this month. How time flies! What are you going to buy me?"

"I was thinking of buying you a little notebook so you can put down the money you borrow from me."

"Well, I like that! After me giving you that lovely tie last year, too?"

"That thing! I wouldn't use it as a dog leash."

And so on. I thought I was doing something good when I gave my brother a tube of shaving cream, but the hound keeps it locked

up when he's not using it, so as an investment it was a dead loss.

This time I think I have solved the gift problem.

I saw a notice in a bookshop, "For That Birthday Present—Buy Books!"

It struck me as rather quaint at first. All my acquaintances have large stacks of books, but none of them has ever been detected in the act of buying one.

The idea is to borrow them, and if you can hang on to them for a month they're yours.

A person who can point to a book knowing that it wasn't stolen from the public library, borrowed, or picked up from a park bench has just cause to be proud.

Of course, one has to be careful when making a selection. It may be very flattering to your grandmother to give her a book



on beauty culture, but you can never tell.

And don't buy a book on "How to Make Friends." I did. We all read bits of it and discussed it afterwards.

One of the things you had to do was to take an intelligent interest in other people's conversation.

"That ought to be easy for some people," I said. "You've got to plug up the keyholes even if you want to talk to yourself in this house."

"Are you referring to me?" everybody asked at once.

"One can easily tell a keyhole listener by the marks on her ears," I said.

This resulted in a furtive trend towards the bathroom mirror.

Making Friends

THEN father came in. "Where's everybody?" he asked.

"In the bathroom looking at their ears," I replied.

"Their what?"

"Their ears," I repeated.

"Oh!" he said. "I thought you said ears. Where's that book on how to make friends? Blast me soul, I never saw such a house. I was just on the last chapter and now some dirty, thieving hound has taken it!"

"Now, that's not the way to make friends, father."

"Friends be blowed! Who wants to make friends in this madhouse! Here, Alice, you've got it! Give it to me at once!"

"I'm just finishing it."

"Well, you can finish it some other time. Hand it over!"

"Oh, let her finish it."

"You keep out of this! Who's talking to you, anyhow!"

"Don't you talk to me like that, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life! . . . Whippersnapper."

And half an hour later someone asks, "Where's father?"

"He's out on the back step reading that book, 'How to Make Friends.' For goodness sake don't go near him."

The Solution

IF you must buy books, the best thing to do is to get a heap of them and see what happens. You will probably find your grandfather seated comfortably in a corner deeply engrossed in "The Adventures of Tiny Tom and the Fairy Queen." Meanwhile, little Freddy has crawled under the house to read "How to Rear a Baby," while mother is absorbed in

If you want the family to remain friendly, don't bring "How to Make Friends" into the house. That is the moral to be derived from L. W. Lower's story.

"Six-Gun Sam, or The Terror of the West."

When you surprise her reading it she goes red in the face and says she wonders why children are allowed to read such trash.

I have found that in order to suit the whole family you want "No Mother to Guide Her," "Scarlet Shame," "The Case of the Bow-legged

Dog," "Sixteen Infallible Betting Systems" (very popular), and "The Shootin' Kid."

Oh, yes! And a highly ornamental volume of Browning's poems. This last is to be carelessly left in a conspicuous position where it will lend luster to the house and be seen by visitors. There's no need to read the blasted thing, of course.

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THE SYDNEY CELEBRATIONS

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How did she
get that
Slim Line

IT'S hard to believe
that a short while ago
she was putting on
weight—quite rapidly,
too, until she was
advised to take Bile Beans.

Now her figure's as
lovely and slim as ever
it was, and she takes
good care to keep it so
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wanted surplus fat.

So, if you want to
regain that slim line
and keep a lovely fash-
ionable figure, just take
Bile Beans nightly.

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"I like nice gowns and frocks
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have lost ten pounds in weight. My
loot, hips, arms and ankles are all
slimmer and I feel much better in
health." Mrs. F. Williamson.

"Since taking Bile Beans I have
not only lost my unwanted fat and
improved my figure, but have re-
gained my brightness and energy.
Being a professional musician, I
lead a strenuous life, but Bile Beans
at bed-time keep me fit." Miss K.
Warner.

Be Glorified BY GOSSARD



beneath the glamour... a GOSS-Amour*

THE "X-RAY" photograph reveals the reason for the lady's loveliness of line. Goss-Amours* are those breathlessly-talked-about elastic NET foundations. Here, Goss-Amour*, is shown in a beauty moulding girdle, with slender satin panels back and front. Model 5030. The lace bra is designed for the small bust.

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What a blessing to the middle aged woman and to the woman who looks old but is not.

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Holds powder for hours after hour. The choice of the stars. Double size jar for your dressing table. 2/6. Handbag size 1/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, druggists and stores, including New Zealand. Graciously.

Chamosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweat, with every hour after hour.

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APPOINTMENT for TWO

Continued from
Page 7

WHEN Jerry came with the finished product the blue was too blue and the green was too green. After a discussion that became torrid, to put it mildly, Jerry agreed to change the blue if he could keep the green.

Being a business man as well as an artist, Jerry sent out statements the first of each month. He spent some time over the one to Sterling and Huback. He itemised each charge carefully; every change in every dummy.

His bill was returned with a brief note from Miss Tyler's secretary informing him that Sterling and Huback were not in the habit of paying for dummies they did not use or for necessary changes.

Jerry wrote that in his interview with Mr. Huback he had explained that he was paid for all dummies, whether purchased or not, and he considered it necessary to charge for all changes, necessary or otherwise. "If you still feel that the statement is unfair," Jerry wrote, "I shall be only too glad to take up the matter with Mr. Huback myself." He signed it with a flourish.

He received a cheque by the next mail. He knew that so far as Miss Tyler was concerned he was through. He would not get so much as a smell at any more art work for Sterling and Huback.

Much as he disliked it, Jerry drove in once more. He called upon Mr. Huback to thank him for the prompt payment and to inquire if his work had been satisfactory.

Mr. Huback had to admit he had not seen Mr. Perry's finished drawings. He would have Miss Tyler bring them down.

Mr. Huback and Jerry were getting along very well by the time Miss Tyler arrived with the drawings.

Mr. Huback thought the drawings were fine. His praise was quite lavish. Just the sort of high-class stuff Sterling and Huback wanted. Didn't Miss Tyler agree? Had she outlined any more work, got Mr. Perry started on the next layout?

Miss Tyler said no, she hadn't. Mr. Perry had not been to see her about further work.

"Well, then, the sooner the better," Mr. Huback beamed. "I suppose you'll want to see Mr. Perry right away."

"This is Wednesday," Miss Tyler reminded.

Mr. Huback consulted his watch. "That's right. Wednesday's always full for you, isn't it? But since it's just about lunch time why not have it together and talk matters over? There's a nice little place around the corner," Mr. Huback added. "Didn't I see you there the other day with Davis? Better take Mr. Perry around there."

MISS TYLER certainly looked well across a luncheon table. Her manner was cooler than ever.

Miss Tyler did not attempt to conceal the fact that she knew Jerry had gone over her head and forced her hand this time. During the weeks that followed, when Jerry submitted dummies she found fault and wanted changes in every one.

"It's no use trying to talk sense to a woman," Jerry said. He gathered his drawings together. "A woman has no business in an office anyway. Her place is in a kitchen."

"Indeed!" Miss Tyler said. "It's no use trying to talk to an artist. I've never met one yet who wasn't temperamental. The proper place for an artist is a lunatic asylum."

Jerry rose to his six-foot-two. "I refuse," he said, "to submit another drawing to a woman. I'd rather never do another lick of work for Sterling and Huback. I'd rather starve."

"And I," Miss Tyler returned in her most polite and frigid manner, "refuse to buy another piece of work from such a conceited, temperamental, rude man. I'd rather lose my job."

Jerry went up to Mr. Huback's office.

"I came," he announced to Mr. Huback, "to inform you that if Sterling and Huback want any of my art work in future I'll have to transact business with someone else. Miss Tyler wants to change every line I draw, every color I use, every idea I originate. If you want any more work from me, which I hope you do, Mr. Huback, you'll have to put a man in that woman's place."

"Well, now," Mr. Huback said, "I'm sure there's no reason we can't adjust matters."

"You mean," Jerry said, "you'll fire the woman?"

"We'll see," Mr. Huback said. "You go ahead with the art work for us. You go out now and get a good meal under your belt, then you come back."

Jerry had no sooner left than Miss Tyler came to Mr. Huback's office. She came, she said, to tell Mr. Huback that if Sterling and Huback wanted to buy any more art work from Mr. Perry somebody else would have to buy it from him.

"Well, now," Mr. Huback said, "there's no reason why matters can't be adjusted."

"You mean," Miss Tyler said, "that Sterling and Huback won't buy any more of that man's work?"

Mr. Huback suggested that Miss Tyler get herself a bite of lunch and then come back and discuss the matter with him.

No sooner had Jerry started tackling his steak than Miss Tyler came in and sat down at the table across the room from him. Lord! wouldn't she have it in for him when she found he had been the means of her losing her job! It was rather a dirty trick. She might not be so bad outside an office. That streak of sunlight now, behind her head—the line of her profile.

WHEN he got back to Mr. Huback's office to talk matters over Miss Tyler was there, too.

"Now that we're all together," Mr. Huback said, "we'll see if we can adjust this matter. Mr. Perry, you prefer to submit your drawings to a man. Is that right?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jerry said. After all, if he didn't submit his drawings to Miss Tyler he might never get to look at her again.

"Some men are as bad as some women," Jerry said. "Crabby. Blow off. Lose their heads. I'd just as soon submit my drawings to Miss Tyler. That is providing."

"Providing?" Mr. Huback helped him.

"She doesn't object." For Jerry suddenly realised he would rather change every pencil stroke he did than be the cause of having Miss Tyler lose her job and marry a guy like Davis and hate him, Jerry, who would then never see her again.

"Well, now, Miss Tyler," Mr. Huback said. "Of course if you prefer to have someone else deal with Mr. Perry?"

"I wouldn't want Sterling and Huback to give up buying from Mr. Perry," Miss Tyler said. "I realise that all artists are more or less temperamental. If Mr. Perry is willing to submit his work to me I am willing to consider it."

"Then that's settled," Mr. Huback said. "I suppose you'll want to discuss matters right away."

Miss Tyler said she was not busy if Mr. Perry cared to come to her office now. Mr. Perry cared enough to fall over himself getting there.

"I am a temperamental fool," Jerry said. He smiled at Miss Tyler the way he usually smiled.

Miss Tyler smiled back at him now. "Perhaps I did want too many changes," she said. "But I feel I know something about art work, or I wouldn't be buying it. I'd be in somebody's kitchen as you said, instead."

"You'd put me in a lunatic asylum," Jerry reminded. His blood was boiling. But not because he was seeing red. "As for the kitchen, that's where I'd like to put you some day. You would look swell in a gingham apron! You'd look swell in anything!"

"Thank you," Miss Tyler said. Her cheeks were flushed now. She had no business to look like that, not in an office. Not unless she wanted Jerry to do what he did.

After he had kissed her quite thoroughly she looked up at him from under her smudgy lashes. "When would you like an appointment?" she said. Practically begging him for it as he had sworn she'd do.

"I have it," Jerry said. "Wednesday, that's to-morrow—don't say you'll be too busy—at the marriage licence bureau, right after lunch!"

Miss Tyler said that Wednesday would suit her. At least she tried to say it. Rather difficult, with Jerry kissing her again.

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What's the use of trying to fix yourself up by drinking or taking "something." You're not to get right at the cause of your trouble—and that cause is lack of bulk in your system. Bulk will soon make your movements natural, easy and regular.

Give your system this bulk by eating two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. This nut-sweet breakfast cereal will pass gently through your system, sponging the walls of your alimentary tract, and collecting all waste matter. Within a week you should be regular—and really fit. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer 10/- day.

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Beauty And Fashion On The "Empress"



MRS. A. M. PILLING of Shropshire, England, and Lesley Champlin, of Chicago, two of the many passengers on the Empress of Britain.



A BEAUTIFUL study of Lady Tennyson, with the Harbor Bridge in the background.



YOUNGEST PASSENGER (circle), six-months-old Celene, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. Cook of Hong Kong. And isn't she glad to be on a world tour.



WAITING FOR TEA with his daughter, Agnes, Mr. Alex Maclean, English toothpaste magnate, receives a message from the smallest bellboy.



FAIRY-LIKE little Baroness Hatvany—lovely Spanish countess, who is touring with her Hungarian husband.



SWATHED IN FOX FURS, Mrs. A. M. Loew and her husband, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer international distribution chief. The couple are staying here for a time.



ELOISE ALEXANDER, the girl from Texas, chatting to "Cherub"—John James of London.

—Women's Weekly Photos.

Do Glances
say "LOVELY"
or
"TSK! TSK! TSK!"



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HARD LUCK

Continued from Page 5

BUT there it was. Although he loved Adalbert, he adored Angelique. And though a man will stick to his friend through thick and thin, he will leave him, even as he will leave his father and mother, and cleave unto the woman who holds his heart in the hollow of her hand.

Nevertheless, the bare thought of deserting Adalbert saddened Charles. How could he possibly leave him?

He needn't, Adalbert assured him. Not the slightest need to leave him at all. Adalbert would come, too. Let Charles have enough for them both, and Adalbert would also make the promenade—for the love of his dearest Charles, at whose wedding Adalbert must be best man.

Yes, reflected Adalbert Lefevre, this would suit him very nicely. The hue-and-cry had died down long ago; the police had forgotten all about the affair; and under another name and a bushy beard he could start afresh. Also in the light of what he had learned in running the last swindle—widow and orphan insurance—he could do far better, float bigger companies, and sail closer to the wind than ever financier had done before without shipwreck.

Yes, it was time to go. He had had more than enough of the Legion; he had covered his tracks beautifully; he had thought out some lovely schemes.

And no mistakes this time. He'd work on so big a scale that only a lunatic would be suspicious of so solid (looking) an edifice of financial security.

He'd involve parent companies and subsidiary companies, principal projects and ancillary projects, main concerns and branch concerns in such apparently inextricable interdependence and entanglement that no one but himself would understand the true relationship of one to the other, the actual capital value of any of the shares, the relation of any of the paper to bullion and solid assets.

That was the way to do things. And then, at the psychological moment, to sell out and go. Go while the going was good, leaving the fools to hold the baby.

So let this good yoked Charles Sorren save the money for the necessary costs of sensible and successful desertion; the cost of food, disguise, bribes, camels, fares, and so forth.

Funds increased and plans ripened. Then Sheikh Hassan bin Yusuf interfered, going on the warpath at the head of a confederation of tribes, and causing the Legion to march fast and far. And one day, marching through flour-like dust, and over red-hot rock, sniped from both flanks, the Legion had a very bad time in a long, narrow valley; was very roughly handled and rather scattered. However, the Legion knows what to do in such circumstances, and, if it has to die, dies very hard.

At sunset, Adalbert Lefevre and Charles Sorren, in a little nest of rocks and boulders, settled down for the night to watch, turn and turn about, till dawn, and then to act according to circumstances. They had biscuits and macaroni, water and a little wine.

And Charles Sorren had a thousand francs in a money-belt next his skin.

So, while he slept, his friend Adalbert shot him, took his thousand francs, and crept away. Throughout the night he marched, and not in the direction of his battalion's objective at all.

MONSIEUR ADALBERT LEFEVRE, the great financier, rose from his sumptuous lunch at the exclusive and prohibitively expensive Peltier's, lit his expensive cigar, and strolled out into the boulevard—a fat, happy, successful man; a (sterling) millionaire; a man who had at length reached his goal.

And, curiously enough, his goal was his point of departure.

It was time to go. He was going to-morrow. This was his last stroll through the part of Paris that he loved. He'd hate leaving it, but one can't have everything, and there was all the rest of the world. He'd be happier, better, possibly safer, off French soil.

The law couldn't touch him, but individuals are apt to be so vindictive. Such bad losers some of them. And suddenly the smile died on his

face, for he beheld a ghost; a ghost from the past; the ghost of a woman—Marie Pont.

It couldn't be. It was. No, he'd follow her and make sure... Hullo, she was going into the dress exhibition. Well, men could go in, too, of course, since they paid for the dresses! Yes, he'd stroll in after her and see what she looked like from the front.

Marie Pont. Well, well, well! As the great financier entered the historical dresses room, in pursuit of Marie Pont, a commissionaire, policeman, or uniformed attendant glanced at him. Then he stared, and his mouth fell open.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered, and followed Lefevre as Lefevre followed Marie.

THAT night, the great financier stood in his beautiful office-room for the last time; finished destroying certain papers, wrote one or two letters; and then, smiling, looked round at the magnificently furnished and decorated sanctum with its Persian rugs and carpets, its old master pictures, its period chairs and silk-paneled walls—and then at its carved door, which suddenly opened.

What! What was this? Police? Nonsense! The fools! Didn't they know that he was on velvet; perfectly safe; with everything above-board, all ship-shape, water-tight and... all that?

What was the good of the police coming here! To him! A few

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS . . . from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, April 6: 11.45 a.m.: Serial, "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, April 7: 11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Lamplight.

FRIDAY, April 8: 11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cock-tail.

SATURDAY, April 9: 7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Song Hits of Nelson Eddy.

SUNDAY, April 10: 4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, John Hendrik. 6.10 p.m.: The Berlin Charlottenburg Orchestra.

MONDAY, April 11: 11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, April 12: 11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

weeks or months hence, perhaps, to the fools who were holding the baby (as Marie Pont was).

Quite likely the police would have something to come about then. But not now. And, anyway, not to him. He had sold out.

Why, he was going to-morrow. Positively to-morrow. Tickets taken, seats reserved, berths booked, everything arranged. This was actually his last visit to the Banque Lefevre, his last hour in this room, till recently the very centre of that great web that had caught so many glided flies.

But not now—and it was no use the police coming to him, the fools. Too late. He had nothing whatever to do with a single one of the companies now. Besides, there was nothing wrong with them—yet.

But Adalbert Lefevre's face was white, his lips blue, as the two policemen and the commissionaire from the dress exhibition advanced upon him.

But he was innocent. He had sold out. He... .

"That's the man," said the commissionaire, pointing at him.

"Adalbert Lefevre," said the police brigadier, "I arrest you, as a deserter from the French Foreign Legion. This man, Charles Sorren, identifies you."

"Eight years hard labor, for a start," growled Charles Sorren, "and then back to the Legion again—if you survive."

Adalbert Lefevre screamed and fainted.

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Michel Good Enough To Eat!

★ Of course you really wouldn't eat a lipstick. But certainly you want one that's pure and good enough to eat!

MICHEL Lipstick passes every test for purity and quality. You know it's superior because it spreads evenly—because it gives a feeling of freshness to the lips—because its colors are clear. Michel chemists leave no stone unturned in testing and checking the quality of the ingredients that make this famous lipstick pure enough to eat.

6 ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry : Vivid
Capucine : Raspberry : Scarlet
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

GET THIS AMAZING NEW Hair chart free!



Wouldn't YOU like MARIO as your personal hairdresser? Mario, who has made so many lovely Film Stars lovelier! Well, he can! For here in this WONDERFUL CHART he shows you how to dress your hair—whatever your type! Blonde, Brunette, Brown or Silver; oval faced, square faced, strong forehead or strong chin! See yourself in this FREE descriptive chart as you are, as you might be, and HOW! Send for one to-day!

You can't have a Good Setting unless you have a Good Shampoo

There is nothing to compare with the 47 specially chosen ingredients in Amami! These Amami Hair-nourishers and Hair-Beautifiers penetrate deeply into the very roots of your hair so that it quickly becomes silkier, more youthful, gleaming with a thousand hitherto unsuspected lights.

Your chemist, hairdresser or stores has the Amami suitable for your type of hair.

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AMAMI SHAMPOOS

After your shampoo, add perfection's final touch with AMAMI WAVE SET. Full directions enclosed with every bottle.

★ FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT ★

Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive prescription that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 60 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.

ATKINSONS
of London
24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
BRILLIANTINES
for particular
people
NEW Atkinsons' Unscented

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



BARBER: Are you wearing a red necktie?
CUSTOMER: No.
BARBER: Then I HAVE cut your throat.



HIM: Has he ever tried to tell you about his forebears?
HER: Goodness! Don't tell me he's an animal trainer!



"When are you thinking of taking your vacation?"
"Constantly!"



"What's the deal and dumb carpenter so frantic about?"
"He just bashed his thumb with a hammer, and he can't find his pencil and scribbling block."



Your clothes will not have that tinge of greyish-yellow if you give them a last rinse in blue water every wash-day. It's the blue rinse that brings lovely whiteness to your linens.

Reckitt's BLUE
Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TOMMY: Daddy, what is a kangaroo?
Father: An attempt of nature to make a safe pedestrian.

MOTHER: I think you ought to accept Mr. Greenwood as a husband.

Daughter: That ugly, boring old man. Why the only thing he has is his money.

Mother: You forget his weak heart.

"GRANDPA will be 98 this month, Doctor."

"Isn't that splendid! And does he read or do anything?"

"No, he doesn't seem to have any ambition lately."

FAIR BEGINNER (taking a practice swing): Do you notice any difference?

Golf Pro: Yes, isn't that a new sweater you are wearing?

"My time is worth £20 a minute," said the multi-millionaire.

"Well," answered the friend casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play two or three thousand pounds' worth of golf."

"DON'T you think that singer has marvellous control?"

"No, I don't. Every time someone asks him to sing, he sings!"

HE: How charming that you are alone this afternoon!
She: It is charming, but you seem to begrudge me the pleasure.

WEARS "W" SIZE FROCKS AGAIN Saves cost of Youth-O-Form on first frock as she Loses 36 lbs. Ugly Fat

"THE YOUTH-O-FORM treatment has really cost me nothing," said Mrs. W.A.L. yesterday. "Before I was married I was never more than 120 lbs., but after my babies came I went up to 150 lbs. I felt suddenly old, and seemed to have lost all my energy. I always used to wear women's size frocks, but now I couldn't get anything to fit me. When you are fat you can never get much of a selection, and when I did happen to find something that fitted me I never looked anything. I knew that several of my friends had reduced with Youth-O-Form, and they looked marvellous. So I decided to take Youth-O-Form myself, and really I am getting an splendidly. I have taken four inches off my bust and waist, and two and a half inches off my hips. When I started three months ago I was 150 lbs., and now I am 114 lbs. I went into it—yesterday, and I found that any of the Women's Size frocks I bought three lovely frocks for the same price as I used to pay for one, so that the Youth-O-Form treatment really hasn't cost me anything. I feel ten years younger, too—so much more vitality. My husband is very pleased and says he wishes I'd taken Youth-O-Form years ago."



Get New Vitality . . Safely, Quickly!

Don't put up with ugly, unhealthy fat any longer. Keep your body young. Enjoy the clinging slender beauty of the loveliest frocks. Enjoy life to the full as thousands of women are doing to-day. Go to your chemist and get a carton of Youth-O-Form (small cartons are 3/6, continuous treatments 20/-), and just take one small, pure Youth-O-Form capsule each day. See how you lose ugly bulges of fat from your neck, chin, bust, waist, hips—or wherever it is spoiling your figure. See how your skin clears, your eyes brighten, as you gain new youthful vitality . . . a new joyous energy.

**GO TO YOUR CHEMIST
TO-DAY AND GET A 5/6 CARTON
(FULL SIX WEEKS TREATMENT 20/-)**

Get genuine YOUTH-O-FORM to-day FROM YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST.

Full six weeks' treatment for 20/- is enough to show definite results. Or you can get a smaller carton for 5/6. If you are far from a Chemist, send a postal note with your name and address to British Medical Laboratories, 42 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W., and YOUTH-O-FORM will reach you by return mail with full directions.

YOUTH O' FORM

NEW SOUTH SEA LIP COLOUR GIVES LIPS NEW ALLURE!

Made that fascinate... luster that intrigues
... smoothness that captivates!



South Sea reds... the glamorous little South Sea maiden's own alluring colours... here they are, ready to vest your lips with new enchantment... new luster... new sparkle... new softness and smoothness. They are the shades of the new TATTOO transparent lipstick and one of them is sure to exactly suit you. And how you'll love TATTOO's loyalty to your own lips; it's so stubbornly indestructible, it simply won't leave your lips for someone else's!

PRICE 4/6

Introductory size, 1/-, De Luxe size, 8/6

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TATTOO
YOUR LIPS for Romance!

DEAF?
"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for Free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

END PAIN
by
STRENGTHENING

WEAK KIDNEYS

The Cause of the Agony of
RHEUMATISM



That the cause of terrible, crippling rheumatic pains, and kindred troubles such as bad back, lumbago, lies in the weak kidneys has been proved over and over again. Weak kidneys allow poisons and impurities to enter your system, causing stiffness, swellings, inflammation, excruciating pain, which may result in lifelong misery.

There is no remedy that will so quickly strengthen the kidneys and remove the cause of your pain as De Witt's Pills. They act at once on weakened kidneys and stimulate these vital organs into normal, healthy activity, enabling them once again to perform their natural function of filtering impurities from the system and preventing the formation of cruelly sharp, glass-hard uric acid crystals, which tear into the tender nerves, causing you pain.

It does not matter how bad your condition may be. We tell you with all the conviction built on a host of testimony from sufferers the world over that De Witt's Pills can, will and must benefit you quickly and surely. Be warned against neglecting nature's symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't wait for health breakdown. Don't wait to be crippled with pain. Take De Witt's Pills now and be pain-free, vigorous and healthy once again.

**QUICK RELIEF—
LASTING BENEFIT**

In 24 hours after you start taking De Witt's Pills you have visible evidence of their beneficial action. If you will persevere, the quick relief that you experience will prove a lasting benefit.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

IN "RUN," her latest novel, Patricia Wentworth has set out to write a non-stop thriller and she has succeeded admirably...

HER work is familiar to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, which introduced her novels to Australia as serials and free novels.

Although this young English writer turns out two novels a year, high speed seems to suit her, for "Run" is a worthy successor to her other streamlined thrillers.

A thriller to be successful must have action, situation, and swift-moving dialogue.

"Run" has all these things, and a plot which is not too far-fetched to be unacceptable to the reader.

Miss Wentworth does not make the mistake of clouding the story with a lot of baffling and mysterious characters and circumstances, and then leaving the fate of people and plot unknown when the story concludes.

All loose ends are tucked in when Miss Wentworth has finished her story.

Another delightful feature of a Wentworth story is that the author does not take the plot too seriously. There is always a delicious vein of humor running through the story, even at its grimmest.

A beautiful girl, Susan, is the heroine in distress in this novel, and James is the sturdy hero.

Haunted houses, queer wills, spinsters, villains who must have their

murder a day, and pious people who are no better than they should be make up the long character list in this excellent thriller which should provide ideal holiday reading.

Days of Rembrandt

HOLLAND and the days of Rembrandt, the artist, form the theme of Theun De Vries' book, "Son of Rembrandt."

The novel is based on the life of Titus, son of Rembrandt, the famous Dutch painter, and the earlier pages give us delightful pictures of the declining years of the Dutch genius.

The novel traces the life of the painter after his marriage to his housekeeper, and later his bankruptcy and despair. It tells of Titus and his rise to fame as an art-dealer; his love affairs and his devotion to his father.

The book is important not so much for its story as for its glimpses of 17th Century Am-

Books To Read

"ATOMS, MEN AND STARS." Rogers D. Rush. The story of modern science.

"STRANGERS." Claude Houghton. Romance; triangle theme.

"CATHERINE DEWFALL." M. Pearce. Brilliant first novel with woman as the central character.

"SUMMER MOONSHINE." P. G. Wodehouse. Delightful comedy by famous writer.

"FOG OFF WEYMOUTH." Henrietta Clendon. Well-written spy thriller.

sterdam, its life and color and its famous artists.

De Vries, the young author, was himself an artist before he took to literature.

This may account for the richness of such descriptions as this picture of Amsterdam.

"Severe and lofty gleamed the clusters of houses reflected in the water, around them soared the round cupolas, and the steeples glittering in the July sun.

"Chimes of bells told the hour of the day.

"On the canals, which now looked green and muddy, sailed vessels carrying vegetables, and others with red and yellow burdens of fruit. Cries and signals flew across the water. Slowly and rocking came slow barges out of the side canals to greet the big brown merchant ships, which saluted them with dipped flags."

A novel of color and a strange quality of phrase which makes it an unusually attractive story.

One Man's Story

ANOTHER fine story in the list of Easter books is "John," a novel by Irene Baird. As its name implies, it is a simple, straightforward tale of one man. As a novel it belongs to the same family as "Good-bye, Mr. Chips."

John is a sympathetic study of a quiet man who scorns a career in London to become something of a Canadian pioneer in British Columbia.

The story deals intimately with this man's life, his love affairs, and his ambition. There is nothing much in the plot, or lack of it, to call for plaudits, but in the writing there is much to praise.

The story is told in simple, beautiful English with an exquisite appreciation of character. A man's soul is revealed



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM has written many fine thrillers. "The Colossus of Arcadia" is his latest, and one of his best.

—through the penetrating analysis of fine writing.

Little episodes in John's life take on a significance and importance out of keeping with the actual event because the author has made you know this man and share his feelings.

As we have seen in Australia, the pioneers, heart-hungry for their old land, grew the English roses about their doors, planted willows around the river bends, and clothed the rough contours of the new country with Hawthorn hedges which in spring would carry a scented reminder of the past.

Something of the same sentiment is conveyed in this passage from the book which tells of John's home in Canada. "He loved the stream, too, that brown fairy wimple of water rising in the mountain, and cutting through the garden. It was, he would explain, proudly, a mere trickle when he had bought the place, and see what a bit of widening and deepening had done. "It reminded him for all the world of one of the trout streams he had fished over many a time in the Old Country."

"The tune of it to his ears had the tinkling charm of a Scottish burn. If there were no heather and primroses to hang upon the lip, there were at least huckleberry and salmonberry, and a dozen little mossy plants to make a scent."

This English-Canadian is a fine creation. If he were Australian he would be a "real bloke" in the finer interpretation of that phrase.

As holiday reading of the quieter type, and for those who prefer good literary portraiture to action and adventure, "John" can be recommended.

Better Than Ever

YOU will enjoy reading "The Colossus of Arcadia," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Although Oppenheim has been writing for years he is still unchallenged in his own particular sphere of story-telling—the spy story and intrigue in high circles.

As a piece of writing of the conspiracy school, "The Colossus of Arcadia" will take a lot of beating. The story moves off to an excellent start, and interest does not flag until the final chapter is closed.

The story has for its setting the gay life of Monte Carlo. While people are enjoying themselves on the Lido, high politics are being played. Monte Carlo has become a republic, and in offering sanctuary to a handsome young banker's son, the wrath of a great power is evoked.

The whole of Europe seems tottering on the brink of war, and the little republic has become a focal point of interest because of its stand against dictatorships.

Here we see fiction underlining the news of the day, but so subtly is it done, and so breath-taking the plot, that the reader is not concerned with the political aspect of the matter, but with the fate of the lovers.

Yes, you've guessed it—the banker has fallen in love with one of those fair, cold English girls. The story will be popular, for it has all the essentials of a good novel with excitement and thrills in plenty with a duel as perhaps the highlight of them all.

"Run," Patricia Wentworth. Hodder and Stoughton. "John," Irene Baird. Angus and Robertson. "Son of Rembrandt," Theun De Vries. Harrap. "The Colossus of Arcadia," E. Phillips Oppenheim. Hodder and Stoughton.

REWARD of £20

For a slogan explaining why you use

I-LO Eye Lotion

With your entry enclose a top lid from an "I-LO" Eye Lotion carton bearing the words "open this end"—attach this advertisement to your entry.

1ST PRIZE £10
2ND PRIZE £5
5 PRIZES at 10/- each
10 PRIZES at 5/- each

Prize winners will be notified through this paper on the 11th of June. Entries are unlimited providing the top lid of an "I-LO" Eye Lotion carton is forwarded with each slogan.

The decision of the Directors of "I-LO" will be final.

Forward your slogans to:
Georgina Beauty Preparations,
107/9 Elizabeth Street,
SYDNEY N.S.W.

"I-LO" Eye Lotion Price 2/6 per large bottle from your local chemist. W.W.O.A.



Why should I suffer so?

"It really is quite unnecessary, now that mineral deficiency has been found to be the hidden cause of your monthly pain and weakness. Kalzana is a mineral food—not a drug—for the body cells on which your entire health depends, and will very soon conquer your trouble. Start taking it today. It cannot fail to do you good."

KALZANA

The Mineral Food for Better Health.
Of all Chemists in this country 45 and 90 tablets.



Sole Manufacturers
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BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. CHIFFORD, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. Our address is at top of page 3 of this issue.

TRUE RICHES

TO most of us, success, security, and happiness mean the accumulation of a good deal of money.

As a result of this delusion, other interests that would enrich our natures and stand us in future good stead are often subjugated.

The constant fear of not having sufficient capital for the emergencies that seldom arise inflicts unnecessary cares upon us and expends valuable energies.

It is more important that we adjust ourselves to immediate circumstances and surroundings, thereby preparing ourselves mentally for the occasions when difficulties confront us.

Those who spend their energies in building character and becoming self-reliant are not tormented by pecuniary worries. They are seldom in financial straits, and usually get the greatest "kick" out of life.

£1 for this letter to Margaret Crabbe, 44 Anstey Street, Cessnock, N.S.W.

TEARS ARE PASSE

WOMEN have long enjoyed social sanction for their tears, while men have been deprived of the privilege for centuries. Why the difference?

Tears are a confession of inability to cope with a situation, to confront the difficulties that stand between us and fulfilment of our wishes. As such, they are a confession of emotional immaturity.

When women were classed with children, and paupers, it was impossible for them to accomplish much against the iron rule of husband or father, and tears were justified and inevitable. With to-day's assumption of equal status by our sex, it is time this resource of childhood disappeared for good, as it happily has in many cases.

M. Macpherson, 8 Russell Street, Oatley, N.S.W.

GLOOMY SUNDAY

RECENTLY, a visiting film magnate remarked that there was nothing so dull as a Sunday in an Australian city.

As a remedy, he suggested that cinemas should be opened and week-day amusements provided on the "day of rest."

Do we need to be amused all the time? Have we so completely lost our joie de vivre that we are unable to enjoy even one day out of seven in the simple things? Have we no inner resources at all?

Miss E. Fountain, Huntley's Point, Sydney.

THE KIND WORD

TO those who display the sign: "Hawkers and Canvassers need not call," I would say that, even though we cannot afford to assist them all, a kind word and a cheerful smile cost nothing; and if we cannot give a little cheer to those less fortunate than ourselves, we are poor indeed.

Mrs. W. G. Hall, 457 Old South Head Road, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

DOING TOO MUCH?

ABOUT 50 years ago, in the days of large families, a mother was too busy to attend to all her children separately, and, consequently, they had to help themselves and each other, thus giving them the experience necessary to make good husbands, wives, fathers, and mothers.

But the children of the present generation have everything done for them, with the result that when they grow up they will be ill-equipped for the hardships and sacrifice of marriage. Parents are acting selfishly.

Mrs. E. Speare, Moggill Road, Indooroopilly, Qld.

If Electors Had To Pass Political Test

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Saxton that voting should not be compulsory (19/3/38).

But I think it is impracticable to impose any test before granting the franchise. Think of the army of highly-paid officials that would be required.

In my opinion, people should be allowed to please themselves in the matter of voting. If they want to vote they will study the issues placed before them first. If they "can't be bothered," they deserve no say in the country's affairs.

Miss Gladys A. Arney, C/o Mr. R. D. Douglas, Ann Street, Valley, Brisbane.

All Must Vote

I THINK the present system of compulsory voting is the best.

Municipal elections, for which people are not compelled to vote, show that only a small percentage of electors bother to record a vote. Everyone must be made to vote if the election is to give a true indication of public opinion.

And I think the very fact that one must do so awakens the individual's interest in politics and parties.

There are few who vote for a candidate, not knowing in general the way his party intends to govern.

B. MacDonald, Brisbane Street, Hobart.

Few Disinterested

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Saxton. The women to-day do not waste their vote. Those who have no knowledge of politics are very few. But why particularise women? Many men have no knowledge of politics either.

It is only fair to everyone to have a vote. Those who do not understand or take no interest in the country's affairs are few, and do not affect seriously the results.

Miss B. M. Vincent, Franklin Road, West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Results Count

RE woman's general ineligibility to vote. I do not agree.

Each political party shows its worth or otherwise within its term of office—the resultant prosperity or lack of it.

Results count, and women vote for the party which they know will bring most prosperity.

Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Would Interest All

I, TOO, think that a test on politics should be passed before anybody is allowed to vote, but that the test should be compulsory for everyone.

It would not have to be hard, and it would soon become a part of the national life, interesting rather than irksome.

Mrs. Whyte, Garfield Street, Launceston, Tas.

Education Best Way

A TEST such as Mrs. Saxton advocates would be impracticable.

There are some who, through lack of education, or just stage-fright, could never hope to pass a test. Yet why should they be deprived of the franchise?

It is true that people, particularly women, have little interest in



Pity the housewife!

politics. The only way to inculcate such interest in them is to start with the coming generation, and introduce a broad, political course into the schools, elementary in primary schools, and advanced in the super primary.

We must make a start in making the individual conscious of what he or she is voting for, instead of blindly following a stronger personality.

Miss Mills, North Road, Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

Why Not Have Women to Act as Judges?

MRS. R. A. MITCHELL'S plea for women judges is a splendid one and should apply specially to the divorce courts where women have no say in the settling of marital troubles (19/3/38).

It would be a very just and reasonable amendment to the divorce laws if cases were tried jointly by two judges—one man and one woman—sharing the same bench and invested with the same authority.

This would assure both parties in the case of an impartial hearing, and neither men nor women would need to fear prejudice against them as a result of their sex.

Miss Pat Sellers, 9 Allison Road, Kensington, N.S.W.

Not Impartial

I DO not agree with Mrs. R. Mitchell, who states that, if judicial appointments were given to women, the training and experience they would have to go through in order to attain such positions would fit them for the work.

Observation of and experiences with a number of intellectual women over many years have made me conclude that women are seldom impartial. They allow their womanly sympathies to be played upon.

Mrs. F. Mortimore, 24 King's Cross Road, Sydney.

Best Left Alone

WHILE agreeing with Mrs. R. Mitchell that women could aspire successfully to appointments as Supreme Court Judges, it is a pity

Old-Age Pensions

ONE of the most distressing sights to be seen in our suburban streets is the queue of old and invalid persons standing outside the local post office, in all weathers, on "Pension Morning."

Many of them have sticks and crutches, and all are too frail to stand for any length of time; yet, they must do so, or go without their pittance.

There must be some other arrangement whereby these pensions could be paid; at least a seat could be provided on which they could rest while awaiting their turn for payment.

J. I. Field, 39 The Boulevard, Lewisham, N.S.W.

that they should trespass on man's domains too much. Granted it has been proven that women can achieve almost everything a man can do, yet does this success enhance their womanliness and womanhood?

We want a nation of strong men and strong women, both mentally and physically, but the charm of men lies in their manly strength tempered with wisdom, and the strength of women's character lies in their wise co-ordination and understanding.

There are plenty of avenues open already for women, and much should be done to put domestic affairs in order before looking for fresh fields to conquer.

Ena B. L. Smith, 200 Allison Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

More Understanding

I DO not think that women judges would be more severe on their own sex than men. Quite the contrary, in fact. They would, no doubt, better understand the various temptations that beset the paths of their sisters, and judge accordingly, for where is there a man who fully understands a woman?

Mrs. Rosalie Scheuermann, Box 29, Pinalba, Qld.

Nothing Against It

I SEE no reason why women judges should not be as successful as men, Mrs. Mitchell, for they have succeeded in other spheres where previously man reigned supreme. They are very adaptable, and, as Mrs. Mitchell says, would not be influenced by appearances.

Miss J. Henry, Box 233B, G.P.O., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Is Rearing Children a Job for Experts?

I AGREE with Mrs. Kidson (19/3/38) when she writes that many modern parents are better able to manage and run bridge and cocktail parties than train their children.

Regrettably, too, many children are forced to live in small flats. But the remedy does not lie in putting



Individual treatment.

children into institutions run by the psychologist, the dietitian and the physician! The mass training of children at our schools is sufficiently "standardising."

The pendulum will soon swing back to the good, old-fashioned home-life. If we could induce the modern mother to believe it to be "the fashion" to look after and train her child, Mrs. Kidson's fears would fade away.

Oliver R. Gerrard, Victoria Street, Taree, N.S.W.

Parental Love

MANY modern parents are inefficient as regards rearing children, but I don't agree with Mrs. Kidson that they should be put into institutions, even if these institutions were under the supervision of skilled people, as she suggests. Nothing can replace the love of parents.

A better suggestion, I should think, would be to have centres where parents could learn from experts how to temper their love with competency and knowledge. We would then have the ideal method of rearing children.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Avenue, Kew E4, Vic.



Soft and Lovely

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COSTS YOU LESS
BECAUSE IT LASTS
TWICE AS LONG
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FOR ECONOMY!



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Foolish Colds in the Nose and Catarrh brings quick soothing relief and clears the congested nasal passages. A product of The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., 474, 12th, N. B. A. L. M. has a distinctive star on package. See you get it. 1/4 tube at chemists and stores.

HERE, in the harbor, it was all the same—the little boats and the brown faces of the boatmen and even the voices. Suddenly James Shelby leaned far out and sniffed. It was the same smell, the smell of Lima. He pressed close to the rail and felt the strange, sad excitement that comes of remembering what has been loved and forgotten.

The ship inched in and the faces on the pier grew distinct. He saw her first and knew her at once. She wore a black dress and a little white hat like a Frenchwoman. On each side of her stood a tall, good-looking man and behind her stood another.

"Why, she's lovely," he thought, and then checked himself, and then laughed. Actually, she wasn't even pretty. She was still, in the cold light of reason, an ugly little monkey.

He was smiling when she saw him. She raised her hand and her eyebrows in the earliest arrogance he had ever seen, and her white teeth flashed.

All four of them met him at the foot of the gangway.

"Hello, Jamie," she said in English. "You know I am very sorry about all this mess."

No one had called him Jamie for fifteen years.

"Hello, Emilia," he said. He took the hand she held out to him, but all the time he was smiling to himself. "Here," he thought, "is a very cool customer."

She turned to her three young men. She had to perfection the manner of a spoiled and beautiful woman.

"Here are old friends of yours," she said.

In the smooth, smiling faces of these three men were buried the faces of three little boys he had played with.

"Carlos, Pedro, Juan," said James, and they laughed delightedly.

James looked over their shoulders at Emilia.

"Not only my old friends," he said, "but the three nursemaids of Emilia."

It was almost as though he had hit her, as he had wanted to do that long-ago day in Paris. For an in-

stant her manner was gone and her eyes were startled. But her chin went up very quickly.

"You are very penetrating," she drawled. "But didn't I tell you I'd have them always?"

They all laughed then, even the slightly puzzled friends of his childhood, but he knew it was war with Emilia.

Her long, black car was waiting to take them to Lima. It was an American car but the chauffeur who stood beside it was at least three-quarters Peruvian Indian.

"We'll drop you at the Bolivar," Emilia said. "You'll want to get settled. But to-night you must come to dinner. Then, my dear cousin, we shall talk."

"You're very kind," said James.

It took only twenty minutes to get to Lima on the fine, white road. Here was Emilia, with four men, unchaperoned. This country had changed.

"Do you live alone?" he asked her suddenly.

Her smile flashed uncontrollably.

"No, with my aunt," she said. "And there is still a great deal of convention about and even more etiquette."

"Too much," said Carlos.

"But less every day," said Juan.

They drew up slowly before the hotel.

"Dinner's at ten," said Emilia. "I'll send for you."

"Are you still in the old house?"

"No. In Miraflores."

"Why, how sad," said James experimentally. "The old house was a splendid background."

He had certainly found the chink in her armor. She bit her lip a little, but she spoke pleasantly.

"My house in Miraflores is very nice, too," she said.

Then just as the car drove off she added civilly:

"You're bound to have callers all the afternoon, so if you want to escape, go out."

He watched for a moment as they

SAN JOSE

Continued from Page 8

went off. Through the small back window of the car he could see Emilia's white hat and two dark heads bending towards it. The third would be bending forwards.

He shrugged a little and went in. She had been right about the callers, but not about his wanting to escape. To his own surprise, he loved it. There was already a small heap of cards in his sitting-room.

GIRLIGAGS



"WELL, a dog's life isn't so bad after all—look what a good time you could have making up the list of people to bite."

and he was no sooner installed than people began to come.

There were names he remembered, faces he knew. There were strangers who had loved his parents and wished to pay their son an attention; there were others curious to see what his mother's and father's son would be. Cars were put at his disposal, dinners were arranged for him, clubs were opened to him. And he knew, with an odd, pleased amusement, that none of this was because his father had been a famous diplomat, but because his mother was a Calderon. Once more he was Shelby Y. Calderon.

No one mentioned directly the reason for his arrival, but everyone knew it. A few skilful questions were put to him, and he found himself enough like these suave, charming people to answer them politely and uninformatively. He knew without being told that here you kept your affairs to yourself if you could.

HE did discover that in this city, so famous for its lovely women, Emilia was considered not only audacious, but beautiful. He was amazed that she could so have taken in her knowing world.

Yet when she came into her own drawing-room that night he found that he himself was nearly taken in. This time she was all in white.

"You look very nice," he said carefully.

"Thank you," she said. "As for you, I hear you're a furor—handsome, accomplished, well-mannered—not at all what one might expect."

"Thank you," he said. "What I really am is very hungry. At home we eat at seven-thirty."

"A savage, after all," said Emilia. She sat down on a cream-colored sofa and leaned her little, dark head on its back. He was amazed at the result. He realised, with a consciously summoned amusement, that the whole delicate, luxurious place was a planned background for Emilia. You had to be a lovely woman to command this house.

He said quickly, "Will you please tell me why on earth you think you can take San Jose away from me?" Emilia smiled up at him.

"Why not?" she said. "I want it." "But it's barefaced cheating," said James. "You haven't a leg to stand on."

"I have two very good ones, my dear cousin." He came and stood over her. "Don't call me cousin," he said rudely. "You know I'm not."

She was still staring at him, wide-eyed, when her aunt came in.

"Don't pretend," said Emilia, under her breath. "I know quite well I can't deceive you, but neither can you deceive me."

And what, he wondered, as he bowed over her aunt's hand, as he drank his excellent cocktail, as he ate an exquisite dinner, did she mean by that?

HE was no nearer knowing when they strolled together after dinner along the Alameda.

"Does this go on every night?" asked James.

The whole polite world had turned out. It was like a huge party no one was giving and everyone had come to. Under the trees groups formed and melted, formed and melted.

"This," thought James, "is the height of the day."

Every few feet people stopped them. He saw almost everyone who had called on him. He met a great many strangers who knew him by name. Behind his back he caught words, over his head he saw eye meet delighted eye.

"Well, it really is funny," he said. "What?" asked Emilia.

"Here you are trying to cheat me outrageously, and here I am walking like a lamb at your heel."

"You're not at my heel. I know that," she said quickly.

He looked down. For the second time he saw her as quite plain. It occurred to him that she was rather sweet.

"No," he said, "I'm not."

When her car took him back that night he told the chauffeur to leave him at the Plaza de Armas.

The night was soft with summer and very still. He walked through the little park and stood a long while beside the fountain. There was the old Cathedral that held Pizarro's bones, and there Pizarro's long, low palace. There, clear black against the clear, black night, loomed the Cerro de San Cristobal. Nothing had changed. This was his city.

"I should like very much," he thought suddenly, "to see Emilia walk round the fountain."

Then he went home.

In the next few weeks he learned a great many things.

He did not go at once to San Jose, as he knew he should. He stayed in Lima, where he acquired the pleasant habits of drifting into the easy, masculine gossip at the Club del Union or sitting over a glass of beer in one of the old Colonades watching the city go by and hearing it talk.

He learned, for instance, that there was far more unrest in the provinces than one might have thought from the laconic little paragraphs in the newspapers, and over and over again he heard the rumor that Emilia Calderon had lost her fortune.

This, considering her manner of living and her constant extravagance, he found hard to believe, but it interested him.

He found, moreover, that she was a very influential person. After three or four rebuffs from the highest quarters he began to be afraid that San Jose was not quite so surely his as he had thought. It was as though every time he made a move she checked his mate.

He had imagined he could clear up the whole silly mess in a week's time and leave the loose ends to his agent, but now he saw that he would have to stay until the case came up in the courts of Arequipa. And if he lost there he would appeal to the Superior Court, and then to the Supreme Court, but he would not give in to Emilia Calderon.

Please turn to Page 22

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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WHEN EUSTACE FIRST SAW ANNABELLE HIS THOUGHTS TURNED STRAIGHT TO MARRIAGE



THE DAY HE SAW HER HANDS ALL GRIMED HIS HEART DROPPED LIKE A ROCKET



BUT ALL WAS WELL, FOR ANNABELLE HAD SOLVOL IN HER POCKET

SO TALL, SO SLIM, SO PINK-AND-WHITE AND SUCH A LOVELY CARRIAGE



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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the rescue of
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist, who, under the
malign influence of
THE COBRA: Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy, has kid-
napped
SUZETTE: His own lovely daughter, and taken her to the
fastnesses of Tibet, to The Cobra's mysterious cavern-

lands. Mandrake and Lothar, following, fall into a
trap set by The Cobra, enter the cavernlands, and
drop through a trapdoor onto a bed of poisoned thorns.
Mandrake, however, falls on top of Lothar, and the
thorns do not harm him. Not knowing that Lothar is
mortally wounded, he goes in search of The Cobra,
who is amazed when Mandrake appears before him, un-
harmd, and stares hypnotically into his eyes. NOW
READ ON--

STOP--MANDRAKE--STOP

YOU'RE A POISONOUS INSECT--YOU MUST BE CRUSHED!

POISONOUS? YES--YES--YOUR--LOTHAR--IS DYING--DYING--

--AND I AM THE ONLY ONE--WHO CAN SAVE HIM!

MASTER--MASTER--ME--DYING--

LOTHAR--LOTHAR! WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHAT HAPPENED?

THOSE THORNS HE FELL ON--WERE POISONED! BUT YOU FELL ON TOP OF HIM! HE BROKE YOUR FALL--AND SAVED YOUR LIFE!

HE'S DYING, MANDRAKE, AND I ALONE HAVE THE ANTIDOTE FOR THE POISON! I ALONE CAN SAVE HIM!

YES--I REMEMBER THOSE THORNS! AND HE SAVED ME--! APPLY THE ANTIDOTE!

SO? I WILL APPLY THE ANTIDOTE ON ONE CONDITION--THAT YOU PLACE YOUR POWERS AT MY DISPOSAL. TAKE MY ORDERS AND JOIN MY RANKS!

I--I--I AGREE, BUT ONLY ON THE CONDITION THAT NO HARM WILL COME TO SUZETTE OR HER FATHER.

A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN, MANDRAKE. I AGREE.

THE POISON, AS WELL AS THIS ANTIDOTE, IS MY OWN INVENTION AND BOTH ARE EQUALLY EFFECTIVE.

AND SO, IN THE LAST ROUND, MY CHEMISTRY TRIUMPHS OVER YOUR MAGIC. FROM NOW ON YOU WILL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME--JUST AS THE OTHERS DO!

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, LOTHAR?

ME HEAD IS STILL A LITTLE DIZZY, BUT ME FEEL FINER.

AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, LOTHAR. FROM NOW ON, I'M THE COBRA'S HEAD MAN.

MASTER! ALL THOSE LOTS OF YEARS, YOU CHASE COBRA. ALL THE TIME YOU TELL ME SOMEDAY YOU CATCH HIM--THE BADDEST MAN IN WORLD!

AND--AND NOW--WHEN AT LAST YOU CATCH--YOU GIVE ALL UP--JUST TO SAVING ME! AND HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS OF HIM! MASTER--ME NOT WORTH THAT!

THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION, LOTHAR. NOW YOU ROLL OVER AND TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP.

MANDRAKE, IT WAS MARVELLOUS OF YOU TO SAVE LOTHAR--BUT WHEN WILL WE GET OUT OF HERE?

I DON'T KNOW. I CAN DO NOTHING--AT PRESENT. I GAVE MY WORD IN EXCHANGE FOR LOTHAR'S LIFE.

BUT WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT? WHAT IS THE--THE COBRA UP TO? WHO IS HE?

A GENIUS AT CHEMISTRY AND MECHANICS. AND SINCE I'M NOW ONE OF THE BOYS, I SUPPOSE I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT HIS PLANS ARE.

MANDRAKE, WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS AND I WANT TO SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

OH--IT'S HIM!

TO BE CONTINUED



Don't despair over unsightly skin blemishes. Rexona Soap cleanses and purifies below the surface. Its healing medications get rid of every imperfection and bring that loveliness to your skin that you have always desired! For the more serious skin troubles, Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.



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P.194.32

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HE told her so. He saw her every day. He played tennis with her at the famous Country Club, and danced with her at La Cabana, and almost every night he walked with her in the Alameda.

It was as though neither could quite trust the other out of sight. Certainly, in spite of their strange intimacy, neither gave the other an inch on the subject of San Jose.

The day they discussed it so frankly they met by accident in the Plaza de Armas. She had just come from the Cathedral, and a faint aroma clung about her.

"Incense," said James.

He took her by the arm and led her to the fountain.

"Now walk round," he said. "Please, Emilia."

"Certainly," she said. The corners of her mouth turned up, but otherwise she was very solemn.

He leaned against the coping, watching her. She walked so well.

When she had made the circle she came and stood before him.

"How was I?"

"I'm all mixed up," said James.

"I can't believe that," said Emilia.

She sat down on the coping beside him. For no reason he knew there was ease between them. The armed truce was gone, and he could talk to her.

"Listen," he said. "Why do you want San Jose, Emilia? You have so much. Is it to spite me—because I see through you?"

He was surprised to see the slow flush in her cheeks.

"No," she said. "It isn't that. That was part of it at first. I'd always hated you and it was very funny to walk off with your property. But it's not that."

"Do you still hate me?"

"No," she said. "I don't hate you at all. You're really a rest for me, Jamie. I couldn't possibly persuade you I'm anything but very unattractive, so I don't try."

"You're not very unattractive," said James. "You've really done very well by yourself."

He turned now, and looked at her.

"I don't understand," he said.

"You're too thin, and your forehead's

Continued from Page 20

too low and your eyes are too big, and your face is too small and you have a pug nose and an enormous mouth."

"That settles it nicely," said Emilia.

"But I'm afraid I'm in love with you," said James.

Then she started him. Her head went back angrily, and this time there was no color in her face at all.

"I didn't think you'd try that," she said. "You must be very frightened about San Jose."

"What do you mean, Emilia?"

"Look here," she said. She wore a very painful little smile. "I know all about you and you know all about me. I'm the last woman in the world you'll fall in love with."

"You're mad!"

"Oh, don't pretend," said Emilia wearily. "It's all so obvious. There's only one sure way for you to keep San Jose. Here I'm Emilia Calderon, and you—well, really you're a foreigner. You haven't a chance in a hundred. Your one sure way is to play on me—even to make me love you. You've been at it ever since you got here."

"Have I, though?"

"You know it," said Emilia. "And if I'd been the fool you took me for, think how flattered I'd have been after—after everything."

"Well, do you?"

"What?"

"Love me?" he said.

She stood up then and brushed a speck off her immaculate skirt.

"No," said Emilia.

Then she raised her eyes and looked at him.

"No," she repeated. "No, I don't. I think that you are low and vulgar to behave like this."

He was standing, too, facing her.

"And do you know what I think? I think you have a devious mind. And if mine weren't a little like it, I'd choke you. And as for San Jose, you'll take it over my dead body."

SAN JOSE

Continued from Page 20

"But I'll take it," said Emilia.

"I need it."

"It must take lots of money," he said slowly, "to be your particular version of Emilia Calderon."

"It does," said Emilia. "And so I'll take San Jose, thank you."

"Try and get it," said James.

As he watched her go he felt neither anger nor pain—only a huge excitement as though something he had been waiting for was about to happen.

"Things are moving," he thought.

So Now You Know—

I think to welcome people
Is the loveliest of things.
When little waves of warmth go
Out
On friendly eager wings.

Quick hands to open doors for
them
And lead them up the hall,
As though my world, a pendulum,
Swung just for them to call.

So now you know the reason
I am dressed and there to
wait,
And peeping from the window
So that when they touch the
gate

I've ample time to reach the
door
Before the doorbell rings,
Because I think to welcome
Is the loveliest of things.
—YVONNE WEBB.

and didn't himself know what he meant.

But he had the same feeling very early the next morning when his agent came to tell him that there was trouble in San Jose. There had been an uprising among the peons, and another was expected.

"Get me a place on to-day's plane," said James. "I'm going to Arequipa."

"Would it be wise, señor?"

"Anyhow, get me a place," said James.

When he climbed into the Arequipa plane there was Emilia.

She was still speaking to him.

"Good-morning," she said.

"Well, you're the last person I expected to see," said James. It wasn't true. He had known she would come. She belonged to this picture.

"Arequipa's one place you don't go without me," said Emilia.

THERE were very few passengers and he sat down beside her. The plane was well past the first low hills before they spoke again.

"Have you changed your mind about anything?" said James very suddenly.

"O, please let's forget it."

"The—the devil with you," said James.

It wasn't till the hills below them had grown into the Andes and the white-capped peak of El Misti showed in the distance that Emilia picked up the conversation.

"I telegraphed my cousins to meet me, and they're your cousins, too. Are you staying with them?"

"I'm sick of my relations," said James. "I am staying at the Quinta Bates."

"The complete gringo," said Emilia.

"James Shelby," he said. "No Calderon."

"That's just as well," said Emilia.

"Only we still have lots of etiquette in Arequipa. You'll probably come to dinner to-night. These first dinners are very important."

"Not for me," said James.

But he found he couldn't refuse the charming old man and the gentle old lady who met them at the landing-field, and at nine o'clock his victoria stopped before the high-grilled gate of his distant cousins, the Ernesto Calderons.

He was glad he had come to Arequipa. The quiet old city pleased him. He liked its flowery closed-in Plaza, and its balcony and its real tiled floor. He liked Garcia, the worried manager of San Jose, with whom he'd talked the last two hours, and the feeling the man had given him of being master of a great estate. It had never been concrete before. San Jose had only been a place that money came from. That's how Emilia thought of it. Here, he thought, he could handle Emilia. All her brittle modernity would be no good to her here.

BUT when he entered the house, there she was serene and cool, between the two old people. She wore a long, tight-fitting dress and she looked neither brittle nor modern. He suddenly thought:

"She's always—just right."

There was sherry and no cigarettes before dinner, and then they sat down to something which James remembered from his childhood but which had vanished from Lima—the traditional Peruvian dinner. Dish after dish was passed and some you took and some, by custom, you waved away. They conversed pleasantly through ten courses.

It was at about the third course that he realised that these two ancient cousins were as delicately entertained by his relationship with Emilia as all Lima had been.

"And it's going to be funnier before it's over," thought James to himself. He didn't know why in this rare, high air of Arequipa the tenseness was growing on him.

He found out just as they reached the fruit.

There is something exciting in the nineteen-thirties about the clatter of a horse's hoofs on stone. There were shouts and then a low murmur of voices and then a tall cohort brushed by the servants and into the room. He was breathing hard under his poncho, and there was a small trickle of blood down his cheeks.

"Señor Shelby," he said, and then James noticed that they were all standing, clutching their napkins.

"I'm Shelby," he said.

"Garcia sent me," said the man. "There's trouble at San Jose. Garcia's holding the big house. They want to burn it."

"Will you lend me a car, sir?" said James to his host. He was as ready as that.

"No, señor, you need a horse," said the cholo. "We go the back way, through the palmetsos."

"Two horses," said Emilia, "one side-saddle."

"They all stopped then and looked at her."

"But you can't go," they all cried.

"I'm going," said Emilia.

She was certainly going.

"All right, two horses," said James.

Please turn to Page 24



"DIRTY TONGUE! you need a FIGSEN TABLET"

THE prompt gentle relief of constipation is truly child's play with NYAL FIGSEN! The coated tongue, the pale or blotchy skin, the headaches and irritability which (in child or adult) are the symptoms of insufficient or irregular bowel action disappear quickly with the pleasant, natural assistance of NYAL FIGSEN.

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NYAL FIGSEN

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Greetings by
TELEGRAM

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Hall celebrated their second wedding anniversary at a cocktail party given by Ramsay Pennicuik at Elizabeth Bay Road on Saturday?

Cavalcade at Hunter's Hill

HUNTER'S HILL, one of our very early settlements, has made an entertaining gesture in celebration of the Anniversary. The Council has organised a "Cavalcade of Hunter's Hill," which took place at the local Town Hall on Thursday and Saturday nights. Many of the grandchildren of the characters they portrayed took part in the pageantry.

One amusing story of the early days comes from Mr. A. J. Stopps, who was once arrested for speeding when he was riding a horse. The horse happened to be bolting, but the powers that be would not listen to such an excuse, and duly fined him.

Taking an active part in the entertainment were the Mayor of Hunter's Hill, Mr. L. A. Meyers, and his daughter, Mrs. N. C. Goodman, Mr. R. V. Stuckey, Doris Buckland, Dora Grimley, Mr. J. M. C. Boulton, and Mr. Hartney Arthur.

Hermione Llewellyn, who leaves in the Franconia, looked very smart as she lunched with Walter Pye at Romano's early last week. Her black tailored skirt was topped with a white mess jacket, with sleeves embroidered in Oriental design. A large black picture hat completed the ensemble.

Art Society and Fashion

THOSE wanting a good view of the pictures selected for the inaugural opening of the Australian Academy of Art will do well to be present at the private view this Thursday—that is if they are lucky enough to be invited. The Prime Minister will perform the opening ceremony the next day, and there is such a large crowd expected that the pictures will be hard to see.

I am told that the opening day each year will closely follow on the lines of the Royal Academy of Art in London, where fashions are made and marred and society rubs shoulders with the world of art.

Two women artists, Margaret Preston and Theo Proctor, are helping to select and judge the pictures to be shown.

Very smart was the tailored frock of white wool cloque with a matching coat worn by Mrs. Alexander Kipnis to the first night of her husband's concert season at the Town Hall on Saturday night.

Our Artists Abroad

NEWS comes from London of the flat Daryl Lindsay and his clever wife, Joan, have furnished for themselves at Vicarage Gate, Kensington. Joan has an absolute gift for making a place exactly right, and Daryl has perfect taste, too.

For this temporary home they have garnered attractive bits and pieces that they can bring out to Mulberry Hill, their country home at Baxter, Victoria, when they eventually return to these shores.

Incidentally, after his very successful show, Daryl went off with Maurice Lambert to Rome, Florence, and Venice to inspect famous statues. On the return journey they were stopping off at Paris, when Joan was meeting them for a week's gaiety in that city.

Very Welcome

MR. and MRS. IAN MACPHERSON are very delighted with their baby son. The Macphersons have been married for twelve years, and this is their first bairn, so will he be spoilt? Another first arrival is young Miss Cox Taylor, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cox Taylor, have also been married for the same number of years. Mrs. Cox Taylor was formerly Heather Cramble.

Deck Game Aces

LORD NUFFIELD presented the prizes to the lucky winners of deck games on board the Orion just before the ship reached Colombo. Mrs. H. Forbes-Smith, of Roseville, and Eva Wilcock, two members of the European party arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, were among the prizewinners.

Breaking Social Records

THE Royal Sydney Golf Club is breaking all club records by giving three parties during Easter. The first will take place next Saturday, and will be a cocktail party to christen the new verandah extensions. The second entertainment—quite an innovation—will take the form of a luncheon served at Randwick in the members' trellis luncheon room on Easter Monday.

The usual dance on April 23 will conclude the R.S.G.C.'s social activities for the season.



A STUDIO PORTRAIT of Miss Eleanor Willis, a charming Melbourne girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Willis, who has been spending a holiday in Sydney as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cobcroft, at Listowel, Bellevue Hill.

Rotary Club Party

THE Rotary Club put on a very successful and informal party at the Trocadero on Friday night to launch their appeal in aid of the Crippled Children. The Premier, Mr. Stevens, opened the proceedings.

Dr. Garnet Halloran, president of the Society, outlined the scheme, and other well-knowns present were Sir Philip and Lady Street, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Alderman and Mrs. Norman Nock, Sir George and Lady Julius, Mrs. Garnet Halloran, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Fitzsimons, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mallach, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Maynard and Mr. Fred Birks.



United Services Ball

NAVY, Army, and Air Force circles are most interested in the final Services entertainment of the Anniversary Celebrations. This will be a ball at the Town Hall on April 19. Lord and Lady Huntingfield and Lord and Lady Wakehurst will attend. A few debutantes will be presented to them.

Among the varied work undertaken by the ball secretary, Major Thompson, is that of providing escorts from the Services for the debutantes. Personally, I don't see why the Major, a dashing bachelor, should not vote himself into one vacancy.

Mrs. Scott McLeod, of Terrica, will be among the Queenslanders who intend visiting us for Easter and its attendant parties.

Polishing Her Accent

MRS. ROY McMORRAN, wife of the popular manager of the Canadian Pacific Railways in Sydney, left on Monday in the Ennampress of Britain for Melbourne. Mrs. McMorran, who is extremely smart and witty, says she has been polishing up her American accent for weeks to cope with the situation.

Her husband said he never knew he had so many friends in Sydney until the arrival of his company's luxury liner. Just thousands of acquaintances rang him up asking for permission to board the ship and give it the once over.

News of the ball to take place at the Hotel Australia on April 16 has been air-mailed to the passengers of the Franconia, due to arrive here that day. The party will aid the fund for the proposed War Veterans' Home.

Marsh Sisters All Travel

JILL MARSH (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marsh) will sail this Wednesday in the Orama for a twelve months' trip abroad. Jill's elder sisters, Merrilee and Bernice (now Mrs. Frank Chapman) have already had their European travels. It appears to be a Marsh custom for the daughters of the house to sail away for a long holiday when school days are finished. Jill will travel with Mrs. P. W. Traill and her daughter, Suzanne.

A luncheon-party was given for Jill at the Queen's Club on Friday, and she was hostess to a number of young friends at the Golf Club on Saturday.

While she is away Jill will tour England and Scotland by car, sample snow sports in Norway, and spend part of the time with her sister, Mrs. Chapman, in her Sussex home.



Preliminary Canters

BROOKVALE SHOW, held on Friday and Saturday, lured quite a number of riders who are already in town in readiness for the Royal Easter Show. Phyllis Bray, of Adelaide, and her lovely mounts were much admired.

A bevy of well-known horsewomen from Victoria will appear at the Royal Agricultural Show at Easter. Among them are Mrs. Harold Bartman and her 12-year-old daughter Mary, and Mrs. Eve Lithgow.

Officers of H.M.S. Dornelshire will be entertained at a cocktail party at Tresco by Captain and Mrs. G. A. Scott this Thursday. Another late afternoon party of this week will be hosted by Mrs. Rodney Dangar at her home, Arlington, Edgecliff Road.

Enthusiastic Welcome

IT'S cheering to hear that the American Women's Hockey Team, to arrive in Sydney on Easter Sunday, is in very good form. The girls will certainly need all their strength to cope with the receptions arranged in their honor on April 19. Lady Wakehurst will receive them during the morning, and the American Society will entertain them at a luncheon.

Early in the afternoon they will meet the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Norman Nock), and the Hockey Association will welcome them at the cocktail hour at the Pickwick Club.

Next day is their big match against N.S.W., which will be followed by an Hawaiian Garden Party at the home of Mrs. A. C. Godhard, at Elizabeth Bay.

Barbara Bagley will be hostess to Catherine Jenkins, of South Australia, for the Easter parties. It is not long since Barbara stayed with Catherine in Adelaide.

Proud Possession

JACKEROOING days are now a thing of the past for Ted Capper. His last few years have been spent with the Eric Katers at Mumbelbore, and now he is the proud possessor of a property of his own at Blackall, Queensland. Ted's mother, Mrs. Basil Capper, is thinking of a trip to India during the year.

Polo Players from S.A.

MR. and MRS. REX WARNES plan to leave Adelaide on Saturday for Sydney, where Rex will take part in the polo carnival. Neville Keynes, another member of the South Australian team, and Mrs. Keynes will accompany them. Bill Hayward and Linn Rymill, the other two players, will motor to Sydney. Their wives will accompany them on the trip.

During their stay in Sydney the whole party will make 52 Macleay Street their headquarters.

In Malayan Bungalow

VERNON and NESSIE RHODES have settled in their home in the Federated Malay States. The bungalow has been reconditioned, and among the new "mod. cons." is an electric vacuum-cleaner which has completely fascinated their Chinese "boys." The gadgets are continually tried out over every portion of the house.

Nessie's mother, Mrs. Orr Crago, who had such a strenuous time with two weddings in the family, for son Frank was married shortly after Nessie, is recuperating at Leura, where Mt. Gladstone is headquarters.

I LIKE—

The lovely old painting of the first Military Barracks in Sydney at Dawes Point, which hangs on walls of Ladies' Drawing-room at Victoria Barracks. Picture shows soldiers in long red coats and white trousers. Washing on lines denote industry of soldiers' wives.

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette



Do let your dress hug the throat closely at the sides. Wear a necklace that forms a long slender oval . . . have an upward slant to the wide bottom side of your hat . . . dress your hair with an upward movement, but soft and fluffy in back. Don't have brimless hats . . . round or square necklines. . . .



Do choose accessories of moderate size—a slender, flat purse in subdued color—slender link chain, oblong beads—well-fitting, simple gloves—scarf to be worn in a point over bosom, or slender ascot—light Oriental perfume. Don't choose round, bulky handbag—stubby umbrella—dainty ornaments—light, flower perfume—fussy, fancy gloves.

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Asthma Cause Dissolved in 1 Day

Doctor's Prescription
Acts 3 Ways
To End Asthma

Do you wheeze, choke, strangle and
gasp for breath—are you unable to
sleep at nights and find that your
vitality is sapped and your health
ruined by Asthma or Bronchitis? If
you are a victim of this dread disease,
there is new hope of health and hap-
piness for you in the prescription of a
physician with 36 years' experience.
This new prescription has brought
freedom from Asthma to millions
the world over who had despaired of
ever again living a normal life.

3-Way Action Dissolves Cause

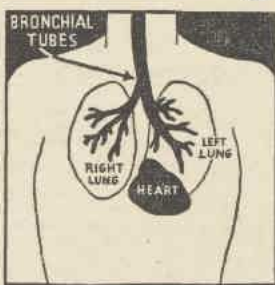
This physician's prescription, called
Mendaco, is scientifically prepared and
compounded to act directly in remov-
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choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma.
This is accomplished by its 3-way
action. First, it liquefies and dissolves
the mucus or phlegm that causes the
choking and gasping. Second, it re-
laxes thousands of tiny muscles in the
bronchial tubes so that you can
breathe freely and deeply and thus get
the benefits of health-restoring air and
oxygen in your lungs. Third, it pro-
motes body vigour and stimulates the
building of rich, revitalised blood.
Thus Mendaco acts in a natural manner
to overcome Asthma, restore sound,
reinvigorating sleep, and actually
makes you feel five to ten years
younger.

Helps Millions

Millions of former sufferers from
Asthma and Bronchitis in all parts of
the world are now enjoying vigorous
health and sound sleep through the
use of Mendaco. Sufferers who for-
mally had to sit up all night and
others who had to take hypodermic
injections are now able to work and
enjoy life. Mendaco does not contain
any narcotics or habit-forming drugs,
yet it brings sound, restful sleep the
very first night. This is because it
acts to dissolve the cause of those
terrible choking, gasping attacks of
Asthma. Sufferers are high in their
praises of Mendaco. For instance,
Mr. W. G. D. Wilkinson, of Toronto,
Canada, recently wrote: "I could hardly
breathe and had to take injections of
Adrenalin about every three hours to
keep going. I was down to about 35
pounds. At last I tried Mendaco and
now feel better than I have for four
years and have not lost a day's work
since starting Mendaco."

3-Minute Action

Dr. James Rastelli, widely known
internist, physician, and surgeon at



London, England, recently stated: "I
am happy to tell Asthma sufferers that
the new prescription called Mendaco
dissolves and removes the underlying
cause of Asthma. Mendaco, through
its 3-way action, offers real hope of
health and normal life to those who
are afflicted with this dread ailment.
One of the ingredients in Mendaco
starts circulating in the blood in three
minutes and that is why this remark-
able preparation so quickly brings
freedom from those terrible choking,
gasping, strangling spells. The aver-
age patient breathes freely and sleeps
soundly the very first night, finds his
appetite returning, and that he can
eat normal food within the first two
days, and a complete cessation of
asthmatic symptoms by the end of the
first week. I can conscientiously say
that I consider Mendaco a boon to
Asthma sufferers."

£2000 Guarantee

There is no need to suffer another
day from terrible choking, gasping
Asthma, because Mendaco is offered
under a written guarantee that it must
free you from your Asthma, make you
feel years younger, stronger, and
youthfully alive, or you merely return
the empty package and the small pur-
chase price is refunded immediately
without question or argument. Your
money is safe. This guarantee is
backed by a fund of £2000 deposited
with the leading banks of the world,
such as: Bank of New South Wales;
Westminster Bank, London, England;
Canadian Bank of Commerce, Ft. Erie,
Ont., Canada; and Bank of
America, Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.
You can't afford to suffer another hour
—you can't afford to waste time—you
can't afford to take chances with
cheap, inferior or drastic drugs. The
longer you wait the more harm Asthma
will do to your heart and body, and
your life may be endangered. Get the
doctor's guaranteed prescription Men-
daco from your chemist today. The
£2000 guarantee protects you. 237AH

SAN JOSE

Continued from Page 22

"BUT this is a mat-
ter for the army," shouted old Don
Ernesto.

"No," said Emilia, "this is a matter
for the Calderons."

They went dressed just as they
were. They neither of them ever
forgot that ride. They pounded
through the black night bent down
over their horses. Emilia's dress
trailed out behind her and her hair
blew wild. At last the first horse
stopped.

"Listen," said the cholo, and then
they heard the low, strong murmur
of angry men.

"I think we can do it," he said.
"They're still in front. They're still
not shooting."

They dismounted then and tied the
horses.

"We must stick to the trees," said
the cholo, and they edged along in-
side the palmetto hedge. Forty feet
from the house it ended.

"Now we run for it," said the cholo.
James felt Emilia's hand in his.

"Come on," he whispered, and all
three together they ran.

The door swung open for them, and
just as it shut again a shot whistled
past.

"Now they've begun," said Garcia
for a greeting.

"What's happened?"

"Nothing," said Garcia. "They've
been making speeches."

James leaned against the wall and
began to laugh softly.

"This isn't funny," said Garcia.
"It's begun now. This is no place for
the seniors."

Outside the low murmur was
broken by shouts, and then a shot
splintered the strong old door, and
then another.

"They have very few guns," said
Garcia. "I have ten men here and
good guns, but I do not like to
shoot."

He raised his candle above his
head. "Come," he said.

They followed him through the
huge empty house until they came

to the central gallery. All the time
James felt Emilia's hand in his.

"This is the safest place," said
Garcia.

"Stay here," said James. "I'm
going out to them."

Through the door into the great
drawing-room he could see a long
window, and beyond that the colom-
naded verandah, and beyond that
a wave of faces, lighter than the
night, but still dark. On the floor,
alongside the window, lay a man. He
held a rifle, pointing out.

James went through the doorway,
and Garcia with him.

"Don't go, senior," said Garcia, and
then a bullet shattered the window
and Garcia went down. A mirror be-
hind him cracked like a star.

James stepped through the broken
window.

"Stop this folly!" he shouted, and
they heard him.

No one shot him.

For an instant the night was still.
He was all alone on that immense
verandah, and below him the won-
dering faces of two hundred men.

Then the murmur began again.
"Who is it? Who is this man?"

James leaned forward and again
they were quiet.

"I am James Shelby Calderon," he
said.

He felt a light hand on his arm.
"And I?" said Emilia, under her
breath.

"And this," said James, "is Emilia
Calderon." He hesitated a moment.
Then: "We are the owners," he said.

The murmur was louder now, but
it had changed a little. There was
interest in it, and curiosity, and they
could hear words: "Los Senors—los
Senors Calderon." Then someone
shouted:

"Garcia! Where is Garcia?" And
suddenly the murmur was a roar.

James pounded with both hands
on the rail before him.

"You've killed him," he cried, and
silenced them.

This was the moment. He knew
it. He let his arms drop to his sides.

"And now," he said, "are you going
to kill the Calderons?"

The murmur was a hum now. Then
a voice pierced it.

"No! No!"

Then another voice, a good-
natured one:

"Why don't you take care of your
people, then?"

Someone laughed, and then some-
one else:

"It's over," said Emilia, and he felt
her hand drop from his sleeve.

"Where is your leader?" asked
James, and the crowd heaved and
thrust forward a squat little Indian.

"What is it you want?"

"Money, senior. And time, and the
right to live like men."

"We're reasonable people," said
James. "I will be here to-morrow at
nine. Come and talk to me then."

"Very good, senior."

"Now," said James, "go home."
And to his great delight and
greater surprise they began to go.

When the last one had vanished
he felt Emilia's hand once more on
his arm.

"You've saved it," she said.

He looked down at her and saw
her great eyes fixed on his face. After
that he never stopped looking at her.

"But for whom?" he said.

She did not answer. She stepped
back into the house, and he followed
her.

The guard sat now beside the
window, holding his rifle between his
knees, and over in the centre of the
floor Garcia lay groaning.

"Why, he's not dead," said Emilia.
"No, just unconscious. It grazed
his head."

Emilia laughed weakly.

"Are there candles?" she asked,
and the guard brought some and lit
them.

She knelt beside Garcia and then
lifted his head. The blood from the
cut in his temple splashed on her
dress.

"Give me your handkerchief," she
said to James, and she bound the
wound while he watched her.

Then she stood up.

"There," she said.



ANITA LOUISE, Warner Bros. player, has piped her smart costume
with shiny braid. With it she wears a velour hat, in the bonnet
style. The veil ties under the chin.

"You're so lovely!" said James.

"What?" said Emilia.

She turned her small, pale face to
him, and then to the splintered
mirror on the wall.

"What did you say?" she re-
peated.

"I can't pretend any more. Even
to myself, You're the loveliest thing
in the world," said James.

But she was still looking at herself
in the mirror.

"Like this?" she said.

"Like that," said James.

"I?" she said. "I?"

"Lovelier than anyone else," said
James.

"Why, you mean it!" she whis-
pered. "You mean it, James
Shelby!"

"You know that," said James.

She was half-smiling now, as
though she were afraid to smile her-
self.

"All night," she said, "all night
I've felt something out there—I felt
something."

"It was more than just this,"
James said, but she didn't hear him.

Her head went back and the smile
broke on her face, but he didn't know
whether she was going to laugh or to
cry.

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, you can keep
San Jose! I don't want it! I don't
need it!"

"No more nursemaids?" said
James.

"Never any more," cried Emilia.

"Never any more."

He came close to her then, and
suddenly she was holding him, laugh-
ing and crying at once.

"Just like a girl," said James,
smoothing her hair.

"All my life," she sobbed, "all my
life—on account of you. And now—
on account of you."

"There," said James. "There, my
beautiful!"

"I don't need anything," sobbed
Emilia. "I can be poor and not care.
I'll never need anything again."

"Except me," said James.

She raised her head then.

"Oh, Jamie," she said, "I'd love to
have you!"

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RG3/28

THE MOVIE WORLD

April 9, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia! Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
BARBARA BOURCHIER
from New York and Hollywood

"Snow White" a Sensation

WALT DISNEY'S "Snow White" will probably have a world gross income of ten million dollars (£2,500,000). It is estimated that from the run at the Radio City Music Hall alone Disney will net £40,000.

The picture is being put into fourteen languages for release the world over. This is the first time in the history of movies that this has been done.

Romero's Romance

CESAR ROMERO had a very uncomfortable moment when Ethel Merman stepped off the train and pretended she didn't know him. She treated him like an autograph hunter. There he was with his arms filled with flowers, and not a word out of Ethel, until she suddenly dropped her bags and wraps right on top of him, flowers and all.

Ethel's absence from Hollywood since they played together in "Happy Landing" does not seem to have interrupted this romance.

Paulette's Chance

ALL Hollywood is wondering what will happen to the Paulette Goddard-Charlie Chaplin union if Paulette goes ahead with the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." Charlie feels that her first talking picture should be with him as co-star in the story he is writing for them.

The trouble is that Paulette has been waiting two years for her story.

George Cukor, who will direct "Gone With the Wind," was the first to proclaim her the perfect Scarlett, after hearing her read the part.

He is now hoping that she will settle down to serious study in preparation for the actual filming, but is a little fearful that all the jewels, furs and luxuries lavished upon her by Chaplin have made her too frivolous for hard work.

Rift Among Rafts

AFTER years of devotion to each other, Virginia Pine and George Raft seem to be drifting apart. Virginia is going into a New

TAYLOR AIDS BURGLARS

At end of the preview of "A Yank at Oxford" in Hollywood, a burglar alarm went off in a store across the street from the theatre.

No one paid the slightest attention to the alarm. Police stuck close to the theatre lobby for fear they'd miss Robert Taylor's exit if they hopped across the street to the robbery.

York show, while George is busy playing in "You and Me," with Sylvia Sydney, and Mrs. Raft has sent for her little daughters to join her.

There is little doubt that Sylvia thinks George is an awfully nice person, and this is the first time she has shown real interest in any man since her divorce from Bennett Cerf, the publisher.



Everything Is Dizzy

In "Nothing Sacred," the new Carole Lombard technicolor comedy, Carole pretends to be mortally diseased for the purpose of a newspaper stunt. • Top left: Maxie Rosenbloom, former boxing champion, with Walter Connolly. • Centre: Carole brawls with Fredric March. • Top right: They cease brawling. • Centre: Carole and Charles Winninger. • Bottom left: The star with David O. Selznick, producer of the film, at the premiere. • Right: A view of Winninger.

Cary Quite Contrary

FOR the first time in history, an actor has refused to accept money for facing the camera.

Cary Grant sets this unique precedent. He made a heap of money playing opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby," and according to the contract he was to receive fantastic additional sums for any retakes.

He was up north on a holiday when R.K.O. found it necessary to recall him for four days' retakes. Cary came back promptly, but refused to take any money for his time, saying he had already been paid handsomely.

Pandro Berman is still getting over the shock.

Claudette versus Norma

PARAMOUNT and M-G-M. are both fighting for the rights to "The Woman," the sensational Broadway play, now in its second big year—a play by a woman about women.

Paramount wants to star Claudette Colbert in their version. But Norma Shearer wants the play for herself, and since it is well known that Norma always gets what she wants it is safe to predict that M-G-M. will clinch the sale.

In this play the women "let their hair down" and talk as women do when there is no need to keep up appearances before males.

SURPRISE FOR KATH!



Anybody can do a good job with TAUBMAN'S DYNAMEL. Unlike old-fashioned lacquers and other finishes that are hard to apply, or need finicky brushing, Dynamel dries in just the right length of time for you to take your time and do a better job... and with Dynamel you are always sure of that beautifully smooth, mirror-like finish!

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Please send me my FREE copy of your 24-page book in full color—The Colorful Home, which tells me how to make my home more colorful and modern at very little cost. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and handling.

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Craziness of Crawford Fans

● New York admirers of Joan Crawford pursue her in the same demented way as the worshippers who mob Robert Taylor.

By Joan McLeod
from Hollywood

IN the past it has nearly always been the male celebrity who has made female fans act like imbeciles.

But Joan Crawford's public includes some enthusiasts who can hold their own with the ladies who collect Robert Taylor's cigarette butts.

Not long ago I attended, out of curiosity, a meeting in New York of the Joan Crawford Fan Club. And it was an eerie experience.

It was a special meeting, because Miss Crawford herself had promised to attend. One hundred and twenty members were present, one of whom had come all the way from Philadelphia.

"Crawford News"

BEFORE the meeting we were all given copies of the club's magazine. It is called the "Crawford News," and comes out every two months. It contains contributions from places as far away as London and New Zealand.

Many women write letters to the "Crawford News," describing the importance Miss Crawford has in their lives. But they don't call her Miss Crawford.

She is always referred to by club members as "Dear Joan," or just "Joan."

When they speak the name it is in a husky, reverent voice, with a little pause before and after.

Those present at the meeting were mostly girls aged less than 25. They became hysterical when Joan Crawford arrived and quietly took a seat at the back of the hall.

As soon as her presence became known, the chairs were knocked over and some of the members themselves were knocked over as well in the mad rush to touch the goddess.

Miss Crawford was rescued by Miss Dommer, the president, who founded the club in 1931. The actress was then led to the Crawford "shrine" on the dais.

Star's Emotion

THE shrine was a small reserved area in front of a huge banner with "Joan Crawford" on it in 4-foot letters. Round the shrine were many photographs of the star in different roles, also a gown which she wore in "The Bride Wore Red."

And as she mounted the platform there was an utter, spiritual silence.

Joan seemed to be genuinely moved by the amazing display of adoration. She was barely able to speak.

"I'm so grateful. It's very touching. I'll—I'll have to go. I'm sorry." That was all she said, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.

Then she hurriedly left the hall. Chaos broke out when she left. Women screamed, howled, wept. "Divine!" "Glorious!" "Our Joan!" "I could die this minute!" These and other cries could be heard in the uproar.

The meeting had become something like a gathering of the negro religious sect known as the "Holy Rollers."

But after a while the fans grew

tired. Hoarse and exhausted, some of them sobbing, they settled down to the routine business of the meeting.

Several distinguished visitors were introduced to the meeting. One was a girl who had touched Robert Taylor's collar. Another was a gentleman who had pursued Joan Crawford across America in an effort to persuade her to sign his autograph album.

This gentleman, a Mr. Isidor Freeman, then addressed the meeting, his subject being the way Joan Crawford had spent the day in New York.

But poor Mr. Freeman was unable to finish his speech, because of constant interruptions and corrections from members of the club.

It seems that during Joan Crawford's visits to New York the club organises a small squad of extra keen members—"shock troops"—who follow their idol at a short distance wherever she goes.

They wait for hours outside the

Waldorf Hotel, where she usually stays, and they don't go home until they are convinced that she has finally retired for the night. Old and tough members often wait until the early morning.

You can gauge their state of mind from the sort of letter that is published in the "Crawford News."

"Joan the Great, Joan the Famous once stood in the rain and talked to me for ten minutes. There, in all her glory, I really believe in a super-woman. Bless her." That is a typical quotation.

Taylor Maniacs

THERE are plenty of precedents for this abject fan-mania. The one that is most fresh in our minds is, of course, the case of the Robert Taylor fans.

Women mobbed Taylor when he arrived in London. When he was in New York two girls were discovered under his bed—or are alleged to have been. Some say that story was a publicity invention.

It is certain that Taylor's status has been seriously damaged by the madness of his fans. Their dervish lunacy has made Taylor himself look silly, through no fault of his own.

Fan-worship tends to kill the thing it loves.

It started a long time ago. I suppose the poet Lord Byron was the first famous glamor boy. But the fans of Liszt, the pianist, were more spectacular.

They frequently fainted during his recitals, the result of excitement plus tight corsets.

Liszt exploited this habit. When playing an especially difficult piece he used to bribe a woman to faint just before the most complicated passage.

Immediately, as he had often done before, he would leap from the piano-stool to her assistance—and leave his piece unfinished.

In this century the late Rudolph Valentino commanded the most formidable army of worshippers. When

he died many thousands of them filed past his body as it lay in state in a glass coffin. Several women killed themselves when they heard he was dead.

What Joan Crawford's private feelings are about the excesses of her fans we do not know.

But she is a very well-balanced, sensible woman, and it is natural to assume that she finds the whole business very silly and embarrassing.

But if she does think so, Joan Crawford is clever enough and kind enough not to show it.

When the president of the Crawford Fan Club wrote to the star telling her that the magazine the "Crawford News" was soon to be published, the star presented the club with a mimeograph machine to make production of the magazine more easy.

Whatever they think, stars are always well advised to treat their barmy fans with much consideration. The fans help a lot to pay the star's fantastic salary.



● ONCE a shop assistant, Joan Crawford is now the idol of many girls who see in her the fulfilment of their dreams.

Pavlova of the Ice

● Sonja Henie denied herself romance to become a supreme skater, a good actress—and a far shrewder business woman than she looks.

By John B. Davies
from New York

HER contribution to film entertainment was of an entirely unprecedented nature. No one had ever thought it possible to make a full-length feature centring about an ice skater.

Only a year and a half ago Sonja was utterly unknown to the movie public. To-day she ranks as one of the ten most popular and favorite actresses.

Her first screen success, "Girl in a Million," made more money for 20th Century-Fox than any of their other pictures of the season.

"Thin Ice" was the fifth most profitable picture, according to gross box-office receipts, of all films produced in 1937.

"Happy Landing" is having a record run in New York's Roxy Theatre. People can't get too much of Sonja Henie.

When Sonja first arrived in America she could not convince producers that an ice skater could sustain interest throughout a full-length feature. Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer both turned her down because she would not consider short subjects.

The Top or Nothing

SONJA refused to consider shorts. She aimed for the top, and minor attractions did not fit in with her programme.

The public does not tire of dancers, she argued, so why should they tire of her?

Ice skating may be a sport, but to Sonja Henie it is an art. What she is now doing in pictures is really dancing on ice.

Sonja stuck to her guns, and decided that somehow or other she would make the movie moguls sit up and take notice. She would stage an exhibition at a Hollywood ice rink and have the important producers attend.

Darryl F. Zanuck was among the spectators. A few days later he had her sign a five-year contract.

Sonja herself sees nothing remarkable in her rise to fame. That she would reach the top of her profession was a foregone conclusion.

She began to skate when she was a little tot only seven years old. She asked for a pair of ice skates for her seventh birthday, but although her parents feared she was too young she persisted until they yielded.

She stood up on her skates, and glided off just as you and I venture out the front door to take a walk.

Shortly after, she decided it was time to win the national ice-skating championship. At 11 years old she possessed the Norwegian championship.

That was only the beginning of things for Sonja. She flirted with the idea of winning the world championship; and at 14 she got that.

Still she was not satisfied. She set her cap for the Olympics, and nothing could stop her.

To-day she is still the world's figure-skating champion and the Olympic champion.

This sounds fairly simple in the relating, but back of her apparently easy ascent to fame is a story of grim determination, fighting, weary toil, and endless routine.

Pleasures Denied

THE first requisite for a great skater is balance, says Sonja. Next comes grace, and then days, and weeks, and years of hard practice.

Her first great inspiration for her graceful, rhythmic figure-skating was that great priestess of the ballet, Pavlova. When Sonja was 18 she was studying the ballet in London. She undertook to interpret Pavlova's famous "Dying Swan" dance into terms of ice skating.

One of the greatest triumphs in Sonja's exciting career was her performance, by Royal command, before King George, Queen Mary, and the then Prince of Wales. Her version of the "Dying Swan" met with great success.

But Sonja's long climb to world eminence required many sacrifices.

The pleasure of ordinary girls—parties,

dances, love affairs—all these she had to forgo.

Madame Karsavina, sophisticated ex-ballerina, was her dancing teacher in London at one time. Sometimes she would say slyly to Sonja:

"You work very hard. Do you ever find time for men?"

"There are no men," said Sonja. "There will not be for a long time."

Nor were there. Romance has not been a major element in Sonja's life.

Though one thing is certain—romance was very important to her for a time in Hollywood. And it was Tyrone Power who spelt romance.

Which of the two terminated that little story nobody knows.

After she had held the Olympic championship for ten consecutive years, her parents felt she had reached the limit of achievement in amateur skating.

She and her parents met in a conference before the roaring fire in their home at Oslo.

"It is time for you to stop now," said her father, Wilhelm Henie. "You must begin to think about a more normal life—a home, a husband, and children."

"I don't want to stop," said Sonja fiercely. "I don't want to be forgotten."

"You could turn professional," said her father. "Not yet," she said. "Wait till after the next Olympics."

At the next Olympics she was a greater force than ever. After they were over she said to her father: "This is enough, at last. I shall turn professional. We shall go to America."

She and her mother, Mrs. Selma Henie, crossed the Atlantic. They did not immediately

GALLERY OF PLAYERS

Sonja Henie
(20th Century-Fox.)

"Happy Landing" is her latest film

go on to Hollywood, but lingered in New York to give some skating exhibitions.

Sonja's success was easier than she had anticipated. Paramount Studios offered her a tentative contract, and it looked as if Hollywood would be taken over by Sonja without a struggle.

After Sonja and her mother reached Hollywood things did not go so smoothly. Paramount kept her waiting week after week, and after a change of management the little Norwegian was out completely.

Dangerous Work

THEN started negotiations with M.-G.-M. They offered her only short subjects, and, still strong in her convictions, Sonja firmly refused. She was out for bigger game—and she got it.

In the midst of these heartbreaking negotiations she felt an irresistible urge to get back on the ice. She discovered that in the land of sunshine there was a large indoor skating rink, and it was then that she was inspired to stage an exhibition to attract attention of the producers and convince them that she could make money for them. She succeeded in her purpose, as we have already seen.

"Happy Landing" brought Sonja the greatest thrills she ever had while skating.

In the shooting of the "Snow Maiden" ballet the usual hazards of ice skating were increased by the 42 flaming torches carried by young men.

Mrs. Henie was furious because Sonja had to dance in and out of the flames at a great speed.

She never suspected that the torches were Sonja's own idea and that she had insisted on them.

Mrs. Henie, petrified with fear, would nevertheless sit on the set every moment watching her daughter go through the dangerous movements.

Another danger was having the camera so close that she had to skate almost right into it at full speed, switching off at just the right split second.

She skates faster than the screen conveys. However, there were no mishaps, thanks to Sonja's uncanny skill.

For sheer enjoyment, Sonja's favorite ice-skating number was the Central Park scene in "Happy Landing," where she danced all by herself in a simple sports costume.

Sonja's sense of fun makes her a popular person in the studio. No one has ever even suspected her of being high-hat, temperamental or affected. She has been famous for too many years for success in movies to go to her head.

Youthful though she is, she has a good business sense, and can drive a bargain with the best of them.

During 1938 it is likely that, including her personal appearances, she will earn half a million dollars or more.

Sonja is not yet 25 years old.



Filming While Chicago Burns

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX set about making a film of the Chicago fire, and they decided to do it in a big way.

They decided to spend \$175,000 and make it the biggest spectacle the company had ever produced.

The big blaze for "In Old Chicago" was a conspicuous success, and Producer Zanuck, although he was too busy to play a fiddle, felt as happy as the Emperor Nero did at an earlier fire.

The original Chicago fire happened in 1871, and destroyed 46 million pounds' worth of property.

For the Fox imitation of this flare-

When he produced his big spectacle, "In Old Chicago," Darryl Zanuck took a tip from Nero and burnt a whole city in the cause of entertainment.

By MARY OLIVIER From Hollywood

up, the company bought a 110-acre golf course adjoining the studio. Then they covered it with buildings.

Between them and the studio itself was built a lake, covering several acres, which not only served its purpose in the picture, but acted as a fire-break.

Some of the biggest scenes for the

picture were filmed here, representing the escape of fugitives to the lake-front and the wading out into the water when the fire burned all the buildings down to the shore.

The amount of technical research and construction for these scenes alone was enormous.

Filming the fire shots was started one month before production officially began and continued for two months after the rest of the picture was finished. But when the actual burning sequences appear on the screen they will be of only fifteen minutes' duration.

Lou Witte was the man behind the fires! He constructed miniatures of his proposed sets, complete to the last small detail, and built, with the aid of photographs, in faithful reproduction of Chicago's pre-fire architecture.

From the miniatures full-sized buildings were reproduced.

Throughout them was installed a network of pipes and pressure gauges connected to pumps outside.

Chemicals in huge quantities were poured into them, one with a hypodermic base (lycopodium is used in making fireworks to produce heavy black smoke) and the other designed to give forth enormous quantities of yellow-greenish smoke.

The first bit of fire almost brought ruin to the picture. Photographic tests of fire were being made on one of the large street sets, using lycopodium gas flames to see how the effect would photograph.

A corner of one of the buildings accidentally caught alight, threatening to demolish the whole set prematurely. It was extinguished with only small damage.

Goldwyn's Hurricane

TO maintain the blaze 350 gallons of kerosene a day were used. Three miles of mains connected the fuel-tanks with the fire.

For safety, 18 members of the Los Angeles Fire Department stood by with the studio's private fire brigade, police department, and ambulance corps. Their modern fire-fighting devices provided an interesting contrast beside the obsolete 1871 models used in the film.

Another ace producer has recently spent a fortune on destruction. That was Sam Goldwyn, when he made "The Hurricane."

Sam blew an "Island" to bits for that show.

When it was being made, a number of natives who had survived a real hurricane in Samoa were brought to the set for atmosphere.

They were thoroughly scared, and one and all admitted after it was over that Goldwyn's storm was far worse than the original, which occurred in 1915.

To show how Hollywood could improve on nature, Goldwyn's sound men were not satisfied with just ordinary hurricane noises.

They argued that the monotony of a mere hurricane would annoy theatre audiences, so they provided a storm with music.

Brave Mary Astor

THEY'RE not telling how they did it, but they developed definite tones and characters into their sound effects with two dominant characteristics, one the weird, eerie wail of the wind, and the other the rumbling roar that is nature's overtone when she's on the warpath.

Jon Hall was knocked down eight times by 2000 gallons of water in making his way from the little church to the parau tree that saved his life.

Mary Astor surprised everyone by refusing to use a "double" when she had to brave the force of the descending cataracts. She made one mistake, thus enduring the force of sixteen successive freshets of water, a mere 32,000 gallons.

The Goldwyn hurricane destroyed an entire native village. It cost him \$38,000 to build, and another \$82,000 to inundate and blow to atoms, but it's certainly a grand show on the screen.



ANCIENT FIRE-ENGINES were exactly copied for the big 20th Century-Fox imitation of Chicago's dreadful 1871 blaze.

Tough Actor Denies He Has Heart Of Gold

By JOHN B. DAVIES, from New York

THERE will be no more stories written that Barton MacLane, who usually plays tough guys in the movies, possesses a heart of purest gold.

The hard-bolled Warner Brothers player has just written a special handbook for his publicity men.

In it he has listed the stories he doesn't want written.

Particularly taboo is the story about Mr. MacLane's mother awakening him by waving a freshly-picked rose under his nose. That story, Mr. MacLane points out, practically ruined George Bancroft.

"An alarm clock wakes me," Mr.



BART MACLANE insists his mother does not wake him with a freshly-picked rose.

MacLane says. "If it doesn't my mother bangs on the door."

"And if that doesn't work she sends my brother in to put ice down my neck."

"Never has anyone waved a rose under my nose. Never has anyone touched my lips with a fresh peach just off the tree."

Also forbidden is the one about Mr. MacLane taking care of every stray dog in the neighborhood. Mr. MacLane has never gone about picking up stray dogs or cats.

He has his own dogs and cats and feels that any such tales might hurt the feelings of his pets.

Another stock story to which Mr. MacLane objects is the one about the rugged star who goes around helping old ladies cross streets, and taking home down-and-outers.

You can't write that about him any more.

You can't write that anyone with a hard luck tale can get a few shillings from Mr. MacLane. "I am not an easy mark for a touch," he says. "There's no use saying that I am."

And here are some forbidden ones: That he keeps a canary in his bedroom;

That he never takes a drink of hard liquor;

That he can't stand the smell of a pipe;

That he sends half his pay cheque to orphans' homes;

That he can tear a telephone book apart with his bare hands;

That he used to be a blacksmith;

That he bends iron bars with his teeth.

Mr. MacLane's handbook doesn't give any tips on the stories he wants written. He's leaving that up to the writers.



"Hi, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy scowls on a day like this? . . . You can't change 'em . . . Oh, that's tough!"



"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor fellow—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so uncomfortable it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"



"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about any skin troubles you may have had. And every time mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is as soft as silk—not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps baby's skin smooth and healthy. Make protection doubly sure by using Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream also.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



EDDIE CANTOR
BELIEVES THAT UNLESS
HE DOES ONE BLACK-
FACE NUMBER IN ANY
PICTURE HE MAKES
IT WILL NOT BE A
SUCCESS.

DICK BALDWIN
WHO PLAYS THE
ROMANTIC LEAD IN
"LOVE AND HISSES", MADE
HIS THEATRICAL DEBUT
AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.
HE WAS END MAN
IN A MINSTREL
SHOW WITH HIS
FATHER'S CARNIVAL.

ALICE FAYE
KEEPS HER
FIGURE BY
BOWLING.

Here's Hot News from All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

JEANETTE MACDONALD has suffered an attack of ptomaine poisoning which prevented her from attending her scheduled broadcasts. Miss MacDonald's physician states that her condition is not serious, but she will be confined to her bed for some days.

JOAN CRAWFORD has been pulling strings to arrange a luncheon appointment with Shirley Temple.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S London libel action, arising out of a criticism of her "Wee Willie Winkie" film, has been settled.

She is to receive £2000 sterling. Shirley Temple and the 20th Century-Fox Corporation of Britain and America brought an action against "Night and Day" magazine, Graham Greene, author of the article, and the printers and publishers.

In addition to the award to Shirley Temple, the American company will receive £1000 and the English company £500.

JANET GAYNOR'S idea of re-decorating her dressing-room is to fill up every inch of wall space with photographs of Tyrone Power.

KAY FRANCIS says she will give up film work when her contract with Warner Brothers expires next September.

Three weeks ago it was announced that she would marry Baron Eric Barnekow, well-known German airman.

Miss Francis, who is 32, has been married four times.

CONSTANCE BENNETT spoke up in court on behalf of her friend and fellow actor (and inseparable companion), Gilbert Roland.

A 14-year-old girl is suing her on the grounds that she was injured by an automobile driven by Roland and owned by Connie.

Connie admits that she loaned the car to Gilbert, but denies that he drove carelessly.

HAVING been paid more than \$10,000 for doing nothing but wait for an assignment, Danielle Darrieux, Parisian importation, finally begins work at Universal in her first American film, "The Hage of Paris." Douglas Fairbanks, jun., has been called back from New York to take the male lead.

Universal is determined to do things right for La Darrieux in her first picture, and is assigning Henry Koster as her director. He was largely responsible for Deanna Durbin's sensational rise to fame.

THE damage to studios caused by the Hollywood flood has not yet been fully estimated. Universal, Warner and Republic are in a valley, and were hit hard.

The Los Angeles River, which is usually bone dry, was a raging torrent. An enormous prop whale, washed out of one of the studios, rode the waves, lending a Biblical touch reminiscent of the original Flood.

ROSA PONSSELLE arrived in Hollywood with her bridegroom, Carl Jackson, son of the Mayor of Baltimore.

BARBARA STANWYCK has gained a victory over her ex-husband, Frank Fay, in her fight for complete custody of their child, Dion Anthony Fay.

A lower court order had given Fay the right to see the boy several times a week. Barbara is appealing against this decision, and Fay's motion to dismiss the appeal has been refused.

JOHN BARRYMORE collapsed on the set during the filming of a picture at Balboa (California).

He was rushed by ambulance to the local hospital, which reported later that his condition had improved. Barrymore is suffering from a stomach ailment, believed to be ptomaine poisoning. His age is 56.

He was unconscious more than an hour.

FELICETE KIRBY was brought six thousand miles from a switchboard in Calcutta to act for six minutes in the British production, "Incident in Shanghai," in which Margaret Viner has a leading role.

The journey came about because Felicete can speak Chinese and "Incident in Shanghai" requires a Chinese telephonist.

She will not return to Calcutta, however, as she has signed a contract with British Paramount and has plugged in her last "wrong number."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, jun., assures Marlene Dietrich that he went to New York to see his mother, and not to see Gertrude Lawrence in her new play.

ALWAYS in search of novelty, the exclusive set of the film colony attended the Mediterranean beach party at the Trocadero, which went under the name of Bal Cap d'Antibes.

Most of the girls wore bathing suits or sweaters and shorts.

Marlene Dietrich, in spite of the fact that it was a beach party, wore a dinner jacket.

PRIVATE VIEWS

*** HAPPY LANDING

Sonja Henie, Don Ameche. (20th Century-Fox.)

THE comedy is higher-powered in this Sonja Henie film than in the first two.

And the skating introduces a variation—for the first time Sonja dances to hot music on ice.

Her acting is still restricted to a winsome smile. But there is no need for her to do much more while she is surrounded by amusing people.

Most consistently amusing of them is Cesar Romero. As a silly ass of a band-leader he is better value than he used to be when acting up to his appearance of a sinister tango-partner.

The plot is wangled to include some homely folk-life in Norway as well as the glass and chromium of New York.

Ameche and Romero bump into Sonja's native village after a transatlantic flight, and she follows them back to the States.

Many of the laughs come from Romero's amour with a predatory torch-singer, played by Ethel Merman. There are also some farcical side-shows, worked into the picture by slick direction.

The best is a scene at a hamburger stand where a fat waiter gets the orders more and more confused.

The music is pleasant, though not of hit quality. "A Gipsy Told Me" is not a bad tune.

Don Ameche is called upon to be just good-natured, rather than heroic or funny. He can be good-natured in a most engaging way; also, he has an admirable voice.

Skating has not yet staled as entertainment. Sonja Henie's complex evolutions are beautiful to watch, and are sometimes photographed ingeniously from ice-level—Regent; showing.

*** THEY WON'T FORGET

Claude Rains, Gloria Dickson. (Warner Brothers.)

PERHAPS you are one of the film patrons who like an occasional gin and bitters as a change from your chocolate nut sundae. If so, here is a stiff glass.

It is a murder-and-trial story set in a small town in "Deep Dixie"—the

Shows Still Running

**** Double Wedding:** William Powell, Myrna Loy; madcap comedy. St. James, 4th week.

**** The Hurricane:** Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour; spectacular drama. Century, 3rd week.

**** True Confession:** Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray; comedy. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

**** Paradise for Two:** Jack Hulbert; musical comedy. Embassy, 3rd week.

*** You're a Sweetheart:** Alice Faye, George Murphy; musical comedy. State, 2nd week.

southern States of America—where the old blood-spout of lynching is still popular.

As an indictment of prejudice and injustice in those backward States it is savage and strong. Mervyn Le Roy, the director who made "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain-Gang," does not pull his punches.

In the film a young teacher is accused of the murder of a little girl.

The evidence against him is negligible. But the town is prejudiced against him because he is a stranger from the north.

In a crescendo of horror the film shows the stages through which the mob closes on him to satisfy its blood-thirst.

We are not told at any point who really committed the murder.

The picture proves that a good director, given a strong story, can turn out a high-class film without the assistance of expensive stars.

Except for Claude Rains the cast was made up of little-known players—though some of them, such as Gloria Dickson and Lana Turner, have gone ahead since, largely because of their work in "They Won't Forget."

Rains is conspicuous as the unscrupulous district attorney who whips up the passion of the crowd. People who approved of "Dead End" and "Night Must Fall" will find that this is a still more moving film—Mayfair; showing.

*** WISE GIRL

Miriam Hopkins, Ray Milland. (R.K.O.)

THE socialite in the wilds of Bohemia is a theme for a series of recent comedies—"Double Wedding," for instance. The lady this time is Miriam Hopkins, the Bohemian is Ray Milland.

One of those child-custody rows runs through the picture, and is not very interesting, though the children, two little girls, are admirably unlike Shirley Temple.

But there are some very laughable scenes in the Bohemian quarter of New York, where young persons dedicate their lives to farce for art's sake. When, for instance, a crowd gathers to welcome an old friend in Miriam Hopkins' room while she is having a bath.

Miriam Hopkins is adequate in a straightforward part which lots of less celebrated actresses could do quite as well.

More individual is Ray Milland, as a forceful and independent fellow who teaches her to prefer farce and art to dignity and cash.

Good average amusement.—Plaza, showing.

*** FIRST LADY

Kay Francis. (Warner Brothers.)

TALKING pictures are sometimes far too talkative, and this is one of the times.

The people in it are members of political and diplomatic society at Washington.

Politicians and diplomats and their womenfolk are expected to have the gift of the gab, but for purposes of entertainment it should be carefully controlled.

Kay Francis is one of the prattling ladies of America's capital who complicate politics by feline personal intrigue. The part does not suit her; she is meant to be very clever and bright, but her brilliance is of the strained sort.

The best sections of the film are those where Walter Connolly gets a few silly words in edgewise among the tattling females.

He plays one of those eminent lawyers who relax in their spare time by reading True Love Stories, and listening to the Wopsey Family on the radio. Verree Teasdale is amusing as his discontented wife.

There are other amusing passages as well, but not enough to balance the tiresome verbosity of a badly-adapted stage play.—Mayfair; showing.

*** BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

Franchot Tone. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FRANCHOT TONE takes his place among the screen medicos who can't make up their minds whether they like their wife better than the prettiest member of the nursing staff.

The picture does not make a joke of the situation, as did "Wife, Doctor, and Nurse." Virginia Bruce, as the selfish wife, is no joke at all for earnest Franchot Tone.

Maureen O'Sullivan, the nurse, is also depressed, as she has to support an alcoholic husband.

And to make the sky more grey the film drags in a new sort of villain—a surgeon who amputates healthy legs because he loves the sight of blood.

This bad man and Virginia Bruce's affection for him remain improbable. But Virginia puts over a charming scene with Tone in the hospital, where she plays the ancient role of the lady who is not sick but is lonely.

The picture goes off towards the end, where the melodrama gets thicker and motor-horns and other things make an awful noise.

A well-acted picture, without originality.—Capitol; showing.

*** HAWAIIAN BUCKEROO

Smith Ballou. (Principal Productions.)

THE crooning cowboy, like the duck-billed platypus, is one of those freaks of nature that should never be removed from their native habitat. Here we find one of these quaint.

THEATRE ROYAL

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OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

*** Three stars—excellent.

** Two stars—good films.

* One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

rather touching creatures transported to Hawaii among ladies who wear grass skirts made of tinsel. The results are tragic from the point of view of the audience.

The action is dreary, the songs are nondescript.

Smith Ballou must be shipped back in an air-conditioned tank to his home on the range, where he will hear fewer discouraging words.

But that raises the whole problem of discovering the true habitat of the crooning cowboy. He is really just as out of place on the range as he is among the grass-skirts.

Perhaps Smith Ballou should be kept permanently in the tank, fed at intervals on sticks of barley-sugar.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

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EUCRASY Banishes All Desires for Drink

It is a precious boon to all who use it. For their relatives or friends, if you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write today for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Testimonial. Send R. THE EUCRASY CO., 297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

You Will Put On Flabby Fat

IF YOU ARE CONSTIPATED

Sagging, flabby fat grows rapidly on people who suffer from constipation. The retention of digestive wastes and poisons in the system causes unhealthy fat, with loss of fitness, good looks, figure, and brings a crop of unpleasant ailments. Flatulence, sick headache, liverishness, pimples, bad breath and depression being just a few.

Get back your fitness and dispel unhealthy fat by correcting constipation. Pinkettes are ideal for the purpose. These gentle little laxative pills naturally and effectively clear away the waste accumulations, without griping and purging. Compounded of safe, harmless vegetable ingredients, Pinkettes strengthen and exercise lax bowels, stir the liver, assure a good flow of bile which is essential for the proper, regular evacuation of food wastes. Disperse constipation and unhealthy fat by taking Pinkettes today. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

NEW FACE POWDER FASHION

TAKES PARIS BY STORM

The Season's Sensation

Paris

The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect 'matt' complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.



This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse de Cream'. Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse de Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the royal petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse de Cream' secret. Only 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax), in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse de Cream' process.

Antiseptic Oil Heals Eczema

Must Give Results in 7 Days or Money Back, Say the Makers, who will Gladly Return the Purchase Price if it Doesn't Help You.

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good) but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief; and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once; but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Remember that Moore's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue, and that it must give complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.

Real Life Stories

NEAR DISASTER IN Search for ORCHIDS

While searching for orchids in Queensland jungle, Mrs. R. Ap, 95 Rawson Street, Aberdare, N.S.W., nearly lost her life.

Her story wins £1/1/- in this week's Real Life Story awards. She writes:

DURING a severe storm in North Queensland several years ago, a party of us while orchid hunting sheltered in a prospector's hut.

Amazed at finding it decorated with exquisite orchids, we begged him to show us where he had found them, and, scarcely waiting until the storm had cleared, we set out.

Used as we were to jungle travelling, the terrible way "Charlie" chose was almost "beyond" us.

I cried out with relief when he cheerfully announced "the bridge!" But the cry died on my lips! Bridge!

Merely a huge log, which long ago, struck by lightning, had fallen across a chasm, fifty feet deep, over which trees leaned, blotting out all sunlight.

Two-thirds along its length the great log split, and on the upper arm clustered the desired orchid.

Charlie scrambled onto the "bridge," and motioning to me to follow, grasped his axe firmly as he led the way to the fork which was almost reached, when he slipped.

Clutching wildly at the splintered trunk he rolled the log, sending me hurtling down through that awful tangle into the gorge.

Never shall I forget that frightful journey! Ripped and stung by the cruel clinging vines as I tried to grasp them to break my fall, I only succeeded in tearing my hands and dislocating my arms.

Suddenly, with terrific force, I plunged into the stream at the foot of the chasm.

I struggled madly in the icy water, and was giving



... sending me hurtling down into the gorge.

up hope when suddenly a swirl of the stream flung me, utterly breathless, onto the stony side. Desperately, I tried to drag myself to safety, when something struck me violently on the neck.

What it was I did not know until later, when I awoke in hospital (whether I had been conveyed by my friends) with both shoulders dislocated, my neck gashed where Charlie's axe had fallen on me, and the rest of me a beautiful study in "black-and-blue," relieved artistically with crimson scratches!

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Ap, 95 Rawson St., Aberdare, N.S.W.

Thief Who Was Grateful

IT was my wedding day. Before leaving for the church I spread out on the bed my new fur coat, travelling frock and accessories, ready to change into after the reception, for we intended going to Melbourne for our honeymoon. There were two new leather suitcases on the floor packed with dainty clothes for which I had worked and made countless little sacrifices to purchase for my trousseau.

After the ceremony we drove back to the house for the reception, and I felt I was the happiest girl in the world.

But imagine how I felt when I walked into my bedroom to find that burglars had taken advantage of the empty house to pay us a visit.

Gone were my beautiful coat, frock, even my suitcases, all my lovely clothes that I had saved so long for.

I sobbed for hours, and all thoughts of our honeymoon were swept away. I would not go with my old, shabby clothes, so in the end we went straight into our new home and I gradually got over that (to me) tragic episode.

Two years later, almost to the day, I received by post a registered packet with five £10 notes enclosed, and the following message typed on a sheet of paper: "Please accept this money as I am now in a position to repay what I stole two years ago."

It had no signature or address, and

Make Money This Easy Way

EVERY week we pay prizes for the best Real Life Stories told by readers.

Stories may concern your childhood, schooldays, or present-day activities, and may relate to dramatic, romantic, humorous or other types of memorable incidents in your life.

A first prize of £1/1/- is awarded, and 5/- for all other stories published.

Endeavor to keep your story within 300 words. Post it to "Real Life Stories," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full postal address at top of Page 2.

to this day I have not the faintest idea who the culprit was or why the theft was committed.

5/- to Mrs. K. Lucy, Bridgewater, S.A.

Mine Drama

AS a small child I was taken by my father one day every week to his mining camp, several miles out of the town.

Father was working his claim quite alone, save for his faithful little fox-terrier, which never left him.

One never-to-be-forgotten day my father fell down an old mining hole, fully twelve feet deep, perhaps more. He called to me to be careful and to watch out for someone passing (which was most rare), and tell them of his plight.

Terror-stricken, I tried to find my way home to get help—but got lost. Next day mother sent a man out to the claim on a hike, but, seeing no one about, he hurried back to report.

Search parties started out, and found me asleep under a tree. Immediately on awakening I remembered what had happened, and after a day and a night in the mine father was brought to safety.

I was only six years of age, and spending a night in the bush, knowing one's father was in danger, was an experience that I shall never forget.

5/- to B. Mason, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

Living Log

IT was while staying at the Solomon Islands that I came closest to the most gruesome death.

The natives had made me a present of a beautifully-carved canoe-paddle, and as I was dying to use it my father made me a small canoe out of some unused packing-cases.

As I was fairly young my sister came down to the wharf with me. I launched my tiny craft just off from the wharf, where grey-brown rocks formed a rough enclosure.

I enjoyed myself paddling round and splashing as kiddies will. I paddled over to a shallow part near the wharf and hit out at what I thought to be a floating log, but you can imagine my horror when that log opened a huge mouth, revealing a set of large, sharp teeth.

The alligator, as it proved to be, must have been in the shallow water waiting for his chance for an evening meal. I sat petrified. It came slowly towards me. I screamed. My sister, jumping up from her fishing, saw my terrifying predicament. She picked up some large shells and threw them at the monster, and as she did so dashed into the water, caught the back of my canoe, and dragged me ashore. Luckily I was only about two yards from the shore.

The alligator made out to sea.

5/- to Miss Joan Price, 194 Edge-cliff Rd., Woolahra, N.S.W.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet
Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the clearest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1318, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the instructive Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

OLD STAINS on her FALSE TEETH vanished



TEETH & PLATE NOW
BEAUTIFULLY CLEAN

"After two applications of 'Steradent' all stains of long standing (counted for years) have quite disappeared and the teeth and plate are both beautifully clean. I have tried several other preparations but none had any effect." (Mrs. A.L.E.)

No matter how discoloured, stained or old your dental plates are, 'Steradent' is guaranteed to make them as clean, fresh and natural-looking as the day you first got them—and keep them that way. Simply put a little 'Steradent' powder in a glass of warm water. Soak well. Leave your dentures in it while you dress, or overnight. Every stain vanishes like magic; even the blackest tobacco stains of years standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Your plates regain their wholesome, fresh-pink colour. Dull, yellow-tinted teeth are made clean and lustrous. A powerful sterilising agent purifies your plates and leaves a cool, refreshing taste. No brushing. No acids. No odour or nasty taste. Absolutely harmless. Endorsed by over 10,000 Dentists as the finest preparation ever produced for keeping dental plates spotlessly clean and hygienic. Every package sold with positive guarantee of satisfactory results or money refunded. At all chemists.

Steradent

Get the tin and you'll get the Shine!

To give richer quality to your brass, to give it a lasting shine, use BRASSO. Swiftly this quality polish sets brass gleaming. But remember only one tin contains BRASSO.

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LIQUID METAL POLISH

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DAMP-SET
your own wave
with VELMOL

It works on hair of any texture... on any wave... and takes but four minutes!

It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save time and expense. And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a little VELMOL. (Only 2/- a bottle any chemist, store, hairdresser.) A Velmol Damp-set keeps hair fastidiously fresh... yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds a finger-wave for days. Makes "perms" last a lot longer.

Eleanor Whitney
Permanently
Plays

Ask for VELMOL

Begin Now—Intimate Life Story of The DUCHESS of KENT

By
**Baroness Helena
Von-Der-Hoven**

Told for the first time, and presented with
the personal approval of Her
Royal Highness

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

CHAPTER III—(continued)

SINCE her early days Princess Marina has been brought up to a social life. Her parents wanted their daughters to be used to different people, and therefore various children were invited to play with the little princesses.

Princess Olga and Princess Elisabeth, Princess Marina's sisters, were more inclined to friendships with some of their small companions, but Princess Marina, although always pleasant and friendly, preferred the company of her own sisters and cousins.

However, she never forgot the playmates of her childhood, and whenever she meets them now she is just as charming and friendly to them as she was then.

In those days, as now, Princess Marina was very reserved and few people outside her family circle knew anything of her beyond the pleasant cheerful exterior which she showed to the world.

Once in Paris, talking of the most vivid childish impressions, Princess Marina confessed, "When I was staying in the Crimea as a little girl with my Aunt Marie I once found on the seashore the skeleton of a fish and was convinced that it was a whale."

"I was told that it was not, but for a long time I believed that they must be wrong and that I had found a whale."

Horrors of War

OF the Great War Princess Marina remembers little. In her childish memories the horrors and trials of it are very closely associated with the civil unrest.

Fighting in the streets and shells flying over the Palace were very much the same to a little girl.

The three princesses were taken to the cellar where they spent long tedious hours frightened by the noise of the explosions, the shouts of the crowds, and the groanings of the wounded outside. Luckily they were kept from seeing any bloodshed.

Their parents decided to send the children away to their country villa at Kifissia, where, under the supervision of their English nurse, they

could live sheltered from painful experiences of war-time.

When actually the Great War was declared, the little princesses were staying with their maternal grandmother in Russia. Princess Marina was too young to realise what the word "war" meant, but she saw the soldiers marching in the streets and she loved their songs as they briskly turned out for daily exercise along the streets of St. Petersburg and Tsarskoe Selo, the residence of the Russian Emperor.

The homeward journey was an eventful one, as the princesses had to cross Russia to Rumania, and travelling in a country filled with mobilised troops moving to and fro is not an easy matter.

In Rumania it was no better, and Prince Nicholas and his family had to stop for a few days in Sinaia with the King and Queen of Rumania before they could get any farther.

There they met their small cousin, Princess Ileana, and for the children, who did not share the anxieties of the parents, it was all great fun, especially as Queen Marie, then the beautiful Crown Princess, told them interesting fairy tales.

The old Queen, Carmen Silva arranged for a special cinema performance to be held at the little theatre at the Palace for the benefit of the children.

The big Palace at Sinaia made an impression on the artistic mind of the little Princess Marina: not that she liked all its gaudy, gilded ornaments, but she remembers the beautiful pictures.

"Marina always likes to stare at beautiful things whilst we want to play," one of her cousins told me, but it did not prevent her from being very popular with her playmates.

"We have great fun with Marina," Princess Ileana remarked one day, telling me about some of their doings together, and on that particular occasion they joined in great games at Sinaia where the Royal Family resided.

Lost Luggage

LATER on in their journey the three little Greek princesses had another thrill. When they reached the frontier between Serbia and Bulgaria, it was discovered that their luggage had gone astray.

Those who were responsible for it rushed about distractedly trying to locate the missing servants, who had been lost together with the things, but the three little princesses thoroughly enjoyed themselves when bedtime came and grown-up nighties were produced for them by some obliging strangers.

These garments were not exactly of the Paris model type, and raised peals of laughter when one of the three sisters simply disappeared in its voluminous folds or tripped over its trailing hem.

Princess Marina picked up her "outsize" robes and performed a dance all over the floor, to the delight of her sisters and to the exasperation of her elders, who would gladly have their three little charges settled for the night.

This was soon done, however, as the little girls were tired after their long journey. The next day proved a real trial, and Princess Marina says she remembers "the heat and the flies and long dreary day, and eventually the watermelon which was so good!"

At Salonika another halt was made, and there they visited the monument erected to their grandfather, King George I, by his widow, Queen Olga.

This upset them very much, as the little girls had not yet become accustomed to the loss of their "dear



PRINCESS NICHOLAS, mother of the Duchess of Kent. Exile did not ruin her plans to train her daughters.

apapa," the handsome old King whom they had loved so much.

But, returning home to their familiar surroundings in Athens, they forgot their horrors, especially when they were sent to the villa. Kifissia they turned again to normal life.

Amused by Gun

ADMIRAL MARK KERR, who, during that time, was chief of the British Naval Mission in Greece, and Commander-in-Chief of the Grecian Navy, told me that, soon after the three princesses were sent to Kifissia, he had an opportunity of taking them on board the flagship, Averoff, from Spetses to Phaleron.

The three little princesses were very lively, and intensely interested in everything.

They proved quite good sailors, as the sea was very calm, and thoroughly enjoyed the lunch and tea on board, which they had in the Admiral's cabin.

Princess Marina wanted to see everything, and showed signs of being military-minded, by asking to be shown a real gun. The Admiral took her up into a turret, and showed her how to pull the trigger of one of the six-pounder guns.

This performance delighted the little princess, and she wanted to try it herself.

She succeeded so well that she continued shooting operations for quite 10 minutes, when her attention was diverted by something else, but presently she returned again to the gun and went on firing at an invisible enemy, with great satisfaction.

Admiral Mark Kerr told me recently that, in his opinion, she then spoke excellent English, except for the word "gun," which for some reason she found difficult to pronounce.

Otherwise, in her tastes and ways, she was exactly like a little English girl, very bright and full of mischief. English was the first language she picked up in the nursery, but later on she learnt Greek and French to perfection, and she can also speak German.

For a long time, however, like one of the sisters in "Little Women," she used the wrong expressions and was never at a loss for a word.

If she did not know it she invented one; thus, once when she was in Switzerland, someone asked her what was the diminutive of a walking-stick in French.

"Canne" is the word, and Princess Marina did not hesitate. "Caneton" of course," she replied brightly, and later in conversation, alluding to a lawyer's brief, she simply called it a "grief."

One day, when she was quite small and the doctor had prescribed her some medicine she did not like, she announced firmly, "I don't like him, he described me something horrid."

Continued on Next Page



HAPPY INFORMAL STUDY of the Duke and Duchess of Kent setting out for one of their many public engagements.



In spite of
her daily
bath...

she's an

UNDER-ARM VICTIM...

YOUR bath at 8 o'clock in the morning cannot protect you from underarm perspiration odour at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—all it can do is wash away traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odour from occurring later in the day.

MUM takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of MUM under each arm and you're safe for the day.

Harmless to clothing. MUM is absolutely harmless to fabrics, you can use it

after you are dressed. MUM is no trouble, no waiting and rinsing off.

Soothing to the skin and does not prevent natural perspiration... it merely prevents the objectionable odour.

Women who use MUM regularly each month know that MUM is the safe and efficient deodorant for this particular form of unpleasantness.

At Chemists and better class stores everywhere... Price 1/6, Double size 2/6.

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ODOUR OUT
OF
PERSPIRATION

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Five drops of Dr. Bendler's Kanatox in each nostril kills germs and soothes away irritation. Is fast, complete with special dropper.

45 BONES, S.S.

Treatment size 1/6-
Get Kanatox at any chemist.

KANATOX

Avoid Embarrassment of
FALSE TEETH
Dropping or Slipping

Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little FASTTEETH on your plates. This new, extremely fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security. No gummy, goopy taste or feeling. Any chemist has FASTTEETH (3 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

How to Lose Fat A Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

**Do Just One Simple Thing
and Fat Just Melts Away**

NO starvation or dieting; no going without foods or drinks. Instead, eat what you want with never a rebelling, upset stomach. Yet ugly fat quickly goes. You can easily lose from four to seven pounds a week. See the ugly fat replaced by a beautiful slim figure—and feel stronger, better and more energetic than you ever have in your life before—



What You Do
There is just one simple thing to do. Give your system the minerals and herb conditioners contained in BOKORA, obtainable at any chemist shop. Take two teaspoonfuls preferably in a glass of orange juice, before meals three times daily, a pleasant and inexpensive drink. Then eat whatever you want and watch the fat harmlessly and healthfully disappear.

7 to 10 Pounds Lost in 7 Days

At the end of one week you'll see the scales drop seven to ten pounds—according to how much overweight you are—from what you were the day you started. Your health, too, will be much better. You'll have more strength and energy, your complexion will be improved, nerves will be far calmer, your stomach won't be upset, and friends will comment about how much younger and better you look. You'll soon avoid the constant embarrassment of being fat and ugly. And you'll do it without going on a starvation diet. BOKORA supplies the system with minerals, stimulates a normal functioning of the body. BOKORA also clears the system of accumulated poisons most overweight people have. Start today. The BOKORA way is the safe way for men and women to take off fat. Test it for two weeks. BOKORA is absolutely harmless, safe and effective. It definitely does not contain thyroid—consisting only of natural and mineral ingredients. You can secure BOKORA at any chemist shop. Insist on the genuine BOKORA and refuse all inferior substitutes or imitations.

FREE SAMPLE

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WORLD AGENCIES PTY. LTD.,
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Please send me FREE SAMPLE and
full details of BOKORA Treatment.

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IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BOKORA, enclose postal note for 5/6 and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper. W.W., 5/6/38.

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Catarrh Deafness May be Overcome

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a 4/- bottle of Parmit (double-strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parmit to-day.

BILIOUSNESS

Is due to a disordered condition of the liver. When your liver functions properly, you no longer suffer from the tortures of biliousness. Mother Seigel's Syrup is admitted, on all hands, to be the best stomach and liver invigorator. Its action upon these organs soon restores them to healthy activity and natural efficiency. It is the special combination of herbal extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives it such supreme medicinal value. Buy a bottle to-day, and test it yourself.

At Chemists and Stores 1/6 and 3/6.

Intimate Life Story of The DUCHESS of KENT

CHAPTER IV

Into the wide, wide world.

*Continued from
Previous Page*

THE fortunes of war had turned against Greece in 1917. Exhausted not only by three years of the Great War but by several years of the Balkan War preceding it, Greece was incapable of continuing the fight.

The recent revolution in Russia added to the general turmoil of the world and accusing voices rose calumniating King Constantine and pointing to him as the cause of Greece's failure.

The fact that Queen Sophie was a German Princess provided an excellent pretext to heap one accusation after another against the Royal Family.

People forgot that Queen Sophie was Queen Victoria's favorite granddaughter, and that the German Emperor had always disapproved of his sister for her English tastes and ideas.

No one had any time or wish to look up facts recorded by serious historians who had studied and knew all about the upbringing and previous life of the Grecian Queen.

People wanted a target and Queen Sophie's origin provided it. As to her real feelings, no one cared.

Political dispute and general unrest in the country grew in accordance with the cries of the outer world's criticism and condemnation of King Constantine's politics. Everything he did was interpreted as an act of treachery and corruption. Party leaders sprang up. Venizelos came into power. Disorderly crowds filled the streets.

Friends of the King and loyal subjects were thrown into prisons and executed. There was bloodshed and murder and a voice rose above all the din—the cry of the infuriated savages demanding a victim: "The King must be exiled!"

In May, 1917, from a small village called Oropas the Royal yacht *Sphacteria* bore King Constantine and his family into exile towards the shores of Italy.

His eldest son and heir to the throne, Prince George, was exiled together with King Constantine and Queen Sophie, and his brother, Prince Alexander, was chosen to remain and guard his father's throne.

King Alexander, though I never met him personally, was said to be "charming" and a favorite in his family.

He was a young sportsman and athlete who had married a Greek girl of exceptional beauty and good family and was hardly prepared to shoulder the burden which was suddenly thrust upon him. Besides, at every step he was reminded by his enemies that he was a "chip of the old block," and every action of his was interpreted against him as were those of King Constantine before him.

His accusers forgot that the "old block" descended from King George I and Queen Olga who had made Greece their own country and had brought up their children and grandchildren to love it and serve it as they themselves had done.

Anyhow, King Constantine was no more King. The cause of all their misfortunes, as they had been led to believe, was removed, yet Greece was no better off.

People searched for further victims and demanded that all the other members of the Royal Family except young King Alexander should be sent out of the country.

Family Exiled

OF this period Princess Marina never liked to talk. If pressed by strangers she would reply that she "had forgotten," but her mother once told me that she remembered everything well.

She shared in the grief of the family at the departure of King Constantine and later lived herself the poignant scene when the *Amphitrite*, an old and dilapidated steamer which had served as a floating dock, took her and her family farther and farther away from the shores of Greece which she loved so well.

She knew it was not an ordinary journey and her parents did not hide the truth from her.

As the shore of the land of their birth receded farther and farther, and the horizon grew dimmer, three little Greek princesses stood close to their father and mother, and repeated with them through a mist of tears, "God bless and help Greece."

The first place of exile which re-

united and sheltered the Greek Royal Family was Switzerland.

The picturesque scenery and brilliant sunshine warmed their frozen hearts, and the snow-clad mountains rose like a cool white veil, effacing from their eyes the heated differences and burning injustices in far-away Greece, the home they loved so much.

Youth is youth, and whilst King Constantine and his generation still mourned Greece, young Princess Marina and her contemporaries learnt to skate and to ski.

Fresh air and healthy exercise soon wiped off all traces of tears from their youthful faces, and the daily routine which Princess Nicholas, with her practical mind, did not fail to establish proved extremely beneficial to the moulding of the young lives.

The Grand Duchess herself felt that now was not the time for her and her husband to mourn for themselves, but their task lay in bringing up their three young daughters and, to this, the parents devoted their days of exile.

A more united family could not be found, and in joining thus the family circle Princess Marina unavoidably grew older than were her years.

At this time also other trials befell the Greek Royal Family.

In Palermo at the Villa Igiea King Constantine fell victim to the raging Spanish influenza. This was a moment of terrible anxiety to everyone, augmented by the absence of friends, means, and consideration from their fellow-men.

Answer to Prayer

BUT in spite of all King Constantine recovered. I heard Princess Helen, the King's eldest daughter, talking of that ghastly time.

It was Easter-time, and their father, King Constantine, was dying. He was lying there suffering in body and soul, without any will left to live, exiled from the country to which he had devoted his life.

Midnight service was approaching, and in spite of their grief and heavy hearts, the Greek Royal Family gathered in the small church to celebrate the Resurrection of Our Lord.

"Christ is risen," chanted the priest. "Indeed He is," replied the congregation, and tremulously with deep faith in their hearts but hope not daring to enter their minds, the family returned to the sick-room.

O miracle! The temperature had fallen. During that midnight prayer King Constantine had taken a turn for the better.

Soon, however, Princess Marina and her sisters caught the same illness, but luckily their young and healthy constitutions easily surmounted the germ.

ABOUT this time her maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, escaped from the Russian Revolution. That dainty and fastidious old lady arrived abroad penniless and almost in tatters.

Her health was broken after the many sufferings she had undergone, but she was still a grande dame. She joined them in Switzerland, where she told her family many a story of sorrow and horror.

These stories of her beloved grandmother, who had changed so visibly after everything she had been through, made a great impression on Princess Marina, and her death shortly afterwards was a great grief to her.

Next came the tragic death of young King Alexander, and presently Greece was in a turmoil once more. The same voices which had demanded King Constantine's exile rose in an appeal for his return.

It was almost unbelievable, but the miracle had happened.

The nation wanted the King back, and with him all the Royal Family. Once more Princess Marina returned to her beloved Greece. This return was like a triumphant march.

Wherever they passed the Royal Family were acclaimed with joy. Thanksgiving services were sung in every church, and the people of Greece crowded the streets and filled the air with one joyful cry: "ERCHETE!" (He's coming!). Thus King Constantine returned to his beloved Greece.

This memorable journey made a deep impression on young Princess Marina, who took in all the artistic beauty and poignant emotion of the joyful scenes which met their eyes as they passed from place to place.

(To be Continued)

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B. Buede-yarn batiste, cor-tex bust section. 30-36. 3/11



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NEW Radio SONGSTER

Sheila Riddette's
Lucky "Break"

The story of Cinderella does not exist only in story-books.

It has its counterpart in the story of Sheila Riddette, the Perth girl, who is to-day featured from 2GB with Jack Lumsdaine.

A LITTLE over twelve months ago Sheila Riddette was an unknown visitor to Sydney with no thoughts of a career in radio. To-day she is well known to thousands of listeners.

"When I came to Sydney," she said, "I had no thought whatever of a radio career. I had a nice little hairdressing business in Perth, and was merely taking a holiday."

Her discovery by Jack Lumsdaine is one of those lucky "breaks" which read more like fiction than fact.

"I had been invited to an evening by some friends," said Miss Riddette. "We had been singing round the piano when a man whose face seemed vaguely familiar said: 'You have a real microphone voice. Will you come to 2GB and I will arrange an audition?'"

"At the time I took it rather as a joke, but when I discovered that the invitation came from Jack Lumsdaine,



SHEILA RIDDETTE, who partners Jack Lumsdaine on 2GB in delightful afternoon musicals.

whom I had seen and heard some years before appearing at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Perth, I decided to go along.

"I was feeling in a holiday mood, and thought it would be something to tell the folks in Perth, that I had had a radio audition at 2GB.

"I did not expect anything further, so you can imagine my surprise when I was given a series of parts in Radio Pie.

"Then, when Mr. Lumsdaine suggested that I should partner him in a new type of radio act, I suddenly began to think of a career."

Yet Jack Lumsdaine says that, of all the people he has met in the course of his career, this young woman has the best developed ear for melody and harmony.

"It is only necessary for me to play a song through once for her to memorise it," he says.

Sheila Riddette is already receiving many letters of congratulations. The most striking aspect of them is that listeners seem to picture her as Little Sheila Riddette, and many of them seem to think her still a child.

Of the three sessions that they put over the air together, Jack and Sheila have found that "Song Reminiscences" draws the biggest mail.

"Many listeners send us copies of the old, old songs, long out of print, which they want us to sing. These copies are always a great help, for while it is possible to remember the tune of an old song, the words are mostly gone beyond recall.

"Still, I love singing these old numbers," concluded Miss Riddette. "There is so much Old World grace and charm about them."

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Sarcherie And Adios Were My Special Tips

By BETTY GEE

Well happy days are here again.

That is if you backed Sarcherie and Adios as I advised you last week. They were my specials.

We are launched on our winning way again, so watch little Betty closely for the next few weeks.

EARLIER plans were for another Doncaster with Sarcherie. The florist's girl had it from a sweetheart of one of the stable boys up Rosehill way.

But now plans have been switched to the Sydney Cup, but it didn't alter plans to win the Rawson Stakes last Saturday at Rosehill.

Early backers got 5 to 2. I'm wearing the new short-length skirts, for my turf engagements so that nothing impedes my haste to the bookie who's offering the best odds.

Got Best Price

So I was early for the best Sarcherie offering.

What a marvellous old thing she is.

Rising 8 years, and still one of Sydney's swiftest racehorses.

She's been placed in three Melbourne Cups over two miles, and she shares the Australasian mile record with Peter Pan.

Sarcherie, you are an owner's dream of perpetual thoroughbred motion.

It's the way owner J. J. Leahy loves and cherishes her that she lasts so long, though.

He told me on Saturday at the races that he won't run her in races unless he believes the conditions are just as she wants them.

Getting down to tin tacks at Rosehill last Saturday, I got a nasty jolt when I had the tip about Selenus from Dr. Harold Ritchie for the first race.

He was as slow as a two-horned rhinoceros. I lost £2 on him.

I stuck to Loombah in the next race. Hadn't I lost £2 on him the week before at Rosehill?

This time he got up only in time to win by a head, but it never worries me how little the margin is so long as it is a margin.

You take my tip and follow up Loombah. He's good.

I ventured a whole £3 on Adios at 3 to 1.

No worry about it this time, either.

Won Very Easily

He won by four lengths. Maurice McCarten just wanted to see how fast he really could go, and that's what he did to the field.

He's another dyed-in-the-wool champion whom you can follow with safety and profit.

For the Autumn Handicap, Bert Jolley told me After Six, so I took £7 to 1.

But I had a feeling that Mestoravon might start winning again, so I saved on him at £3 to £1.

It gave me a shock though when everybody said Sir Regent would not start in a race, and here he hopped away beautifully and led into the straight as if he would win like a Phar Lap.

But all of a sudden there was a skurry of black and white colors, and along came Mestoravon to match it away from him.

The last race was a stunner for the punters. They backed everything in it—except Stuart M., and she led all the way and never gave anything else a look in.

I lost £2 on Forestage, and I think I'll give him away. He's too expensive and fickle.

There's a certainty for Randwick next Saturday.

Yes, the A.J.C. has done the racing community a good turn by transferring the Warwick Farm Cup meeting from the rural track to Randwick.

The syndicate gives Beechwood for the Liverpool. He's a Melbourne speedster and, believe me, he CAN travel fast.

Melbourne Tip

Here's another from Melbourne, Lady Montague, straight from Ack Murray, the trainer.

She's in the Fairfield division for fillies.

Of course Sarcherie ought to win again in the Chipping Norton.

The Ice Man says he's had Kai Tere for the Novice from one of his mates who calls on the trainer, Jack Jamieson's menage.

Then there's the Warwick Farm Cup.

Personally, I think Mestoravon will win it, but Brig-General Cohen, of Melbourne, says whatever I do I mustn't miss his horse, Northwind.

Well, it's an ill wind that can blow nobody good, so here, luck to him.

And Nuffield is the horse I've had from the Baker for the colts' division of the Fairfield.



The baker said that Nuffield will win the colts' division of the Fairfield Handicap.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:— "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

"Your Favourite Melodies"

Give the world a tune it can whistle and the world will remember that tune down through the years. Here, then, is an anthology of melody—of tunes the world loves to remember, from the grave, flowing melody of the Moonlight Sonata to the gay, sprightly dance tunes of to-day, flawlessly interpreted by the world's favourite singers.

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Aged like a fine old Liqueur

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Beauty, Wealth, Fashion on Empress of Britain

Continued from Page 3

HER Serene Highness Princess Della Torre E. Tasso, of Duino, Italy, is very much the Grand Dame, though she speaks with an unexpected American accent. Her well-cut, strong features look like a profile on a coin.

She wears several ropes of pearls fastened high-collar fashion with a big diamond clip, and on her long fingers were several beautiful rings, one a solitary diamond the size of a postage stamp.

Then there's Mlle. Manigler, from Paris, with an alert face, pert little nose, sleek Elton crop, and jaunty tailored suit.

A number of merry matrons share the limelight with the young things on board.

There's Mrs. H. Hogg, attractive, wide-eyed wife of Major Hogg, of Hong Kong. Her first reaction on arrival was "Where is the race club?" Her husband is veterinary surgeon to the Hong Kong Race Club.

Like many of the older people on board, Mrs. Hogg showed a naive enthusiasm about everything on the cruise programme. "My, look at all those people on the shore," she said, "I'm so bubbling with excitement I feel as if I'd had champagne for breakfast."

Probably the most gracious woman on board is quiet little Mrs. John Bowler, of Boston. "It is so nice to hear English spoken after all these strange foreign ports," she said. "Boston, we claim, is the most English city in U.S.A."

"My husband was an Englishman, I have been to England every year ever since I was married, so from that you'll know I love everything English."

"There are ten of us travelling alone, but we've had a very good time, even without joining in the good times of the young things."

"A lot of people feel sorry for women travelling alone. But I much prefer it. Travelling with friends or relations is a mixed blessing. You're rarely free to do exactly what you want to do, and it hampers you in meeting new, interesting people."

Mrs. Helen Palmer, of Ohio, with neither a silver-blue hair of her coiffure out of place nor a single tremor in her pencilled eyebrow, said she "always travels light: never more than twenty evening frocks," is almost terrifyingly smart.

FOUR pretty girls—Alice Thair and June Smith, both blondes, Mollie Lyle and Olive Crisp, brunettes—disperse beauty to the Empress of Britain passengers.

Miss Thair, a Londoner, who is in charge of face treatments, is on her fifth cruise.

"It's a marvellous life," she says, "much pleasanter than working ashore. A woman travelling on a ship is a different person. Because she's on holiday she is less nervy and temperamental than on land, less critical, more appreciative, and being in a happy, carefree frame of mind her face responds better to treatment."

"The women passengers devote a great deal of care to their complexions, except that as most of them want a sun-tan they do not bother with bleaching treatments."

Youngest and most popular passenger aboard is Celene, six-months-old baby daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. Cook, from Hong Kong. Celene wears the most decolete sports wear while sunbathing on deck.

NEXT to the Captain, Chief Steward Moss—stout little Yorkshireman with a comedian's round, smiling face—holds the most responsible job on the ship.

With 65 cooks who won't spoil the broth, more than 300 stewards and stewardesses, and 18 bellboys, he is not only responsible for the comfort of the passengers but also the contentment of his staff.

"This is the best trip I've ever made, which means something, for I've been at sea for 25 years," he said. "No one has a special diet, and there's no dieting even among the young things."

"I've never known such hearty eating. You might call it the 'Big Breakfasts Cruise.'"

"At sea, the young things rarely go to bed before three or four in the morning, and unless there are sports on, they stay there till 11 o'clock or later."

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"I received £5/2/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal'."
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, Justice. I received £4/10/6 for it."
"I have just received a cheque for £8/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George'."
"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Two Ships'."

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MISS WINIFRED McDERMID, 16-year-old Lismore horsewoman, is happy with her horse and her dog at the Showground.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH popularised this breed of dog — the Welsh Corgi. Benfro Gelert, shown above, is a proud representative of his breed.

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GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

ROUGHING IT in the HEART of the CITY

Fair Guardians of Precious Show Animals

With the opening of the Royal Easter Show next week, a Rip Van Winkle city comes to life again, and we see Australia Unlimited on parade.

Asleep for a year, a city in miniature awakens under the preparations for the 150th Anniversary Show.

AND at the early doors, waiting to play their colorful part in our national pageant, are the "Fair girls and grey horses" of which the poet Ogilvie sang as being the highlights of country life brought to the city for Show time.

Some owners are so devoted to their horses that they live beside them in the stables of the Showground. Others think so much of their dogs that they bring them by special caravan to the Show.

Even before the stalls for the Fat-test Lady, the Snake Charmer, the Pin-headed man, and the merry-go-round had been erected, Showground City's first women tenants had moved in.

They are Mrs. Winifred McDermid and her daughter, Winifred, from Lismore. They are "roughing it" within a few miles of the city's most luxurious hotels and flats.

Mrs. McDermid has ridden at fourteen Sydney Shows.

Winifred, sixteen years old, has ridden several times at Brisbane Show, but this is only her second visit to Sydney Show. She breaks in and trains her own horses, and does everything for them except the shoeing.

Drives Own Car

THEIR comfortable home, two miles out of Lismore, has electric light, wireless, and water laid on. Winifred drives her car regularly to the beach for surfing, and into Lismore to go to the pictures or roller-skating.

Roughing it in the city, they are living in a stable, next door to her favorite, Grey Beauty.

Their furnishings are two camp-beds, sacks on the earth floor, a rough table, packing-cases, and a primus stove.

With them are their five horses, Ginger, a very bolsherois kelpie, and Dinny, a more dignified black and tan.

"It's lovely here," said Winifred. "Last year we lived in a flat, but this is much more fun, and it's so beautifully quiet compared with the city."

"We get up about 6 a.m., the same as we do at home, and have a shower in the women competitors' dressing-rooms. Then we feed and groom the horses. We exercise them during the day. We usually cook breakfast here and go to the Showground cafe for other meals."

"We have had lots of guests already — usually people who come to see the horses. We boil the billy and have tea sitting on boxes outside the stable door where we can talk to the horses."

"Sometimes we go to bed early, but we've been to the pictures a few times."

"Claudette Colbert is my favorite actress, and I must see William Powell's new picture because he's my favorite actor."

"We've done a lot of shopping, too — riding clothes and frocks mostly."

"There are lots of people about

during the day, but at night it's as quiet as the bush."

Probably the greatest number of women exhibitors, however, will be found in the cat and dog sections.

During the Show these women are never very far away from their pets.

Most startling innovation in the dog world will be the arrival of Mrs. J. MacLaren, of Melbourne, with her dog tourists.

In a specially-built motor truck, designed by herself, she is bringing fifteen dogs, worth hundreds of pounds.

Canine Guests

BESIDES a dog shop in Melbourne she conducts a canine guest house, where she accommodated 300 dog boarders during the Christmas holidays, and 75 over the last holiday week-end.

Among the passengers in the truck are Mrs. G. J. Coles' bull-terrier, Butler Punchinello, Mrs. E. E. Keep's dachshund Hansel, a cocker spaniel from Mildura, and another from Launceston.

Besides a big entry of self-important Sealhams there is a record entry of 90 greyhounds. Most of them are racing dogs, and most of their owners are women.

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WRITTEN STARS

IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

When ARIES people fall in love, they fall hard and life takes on a glow of romance and high excitement.

ARIANS (those born between March 21 and April 21) are always being told to choose their partners with great care.

Likewise people married to Arians—or who wish to marry them—are always being advised to try to understand the vital and independent natures of these interesting people if they wish for true happiness in marriage.

But what Arians (and those who love them) should be told more often than anything else is just the types who make the best partners for them.

Arians are leaders and pioneers, with quick brains and quicker actions. They loathe stagnation and monotony, and thrive best of all when making changes, or when associated with excitement, crowds, noise, and cheerful associates.

They also shine when venturing into some unknown field of endeavor, or when fighting some difficult battle for supremacy and success.

Risky Partners

THEY are not money-grabbers, yet are not at all averse to worldly success and the rewards which usually go with it. As a rule, however, they are generous, and will spend as readily as they receive.

They live in the present and love it. The future always seems so far ahead that they hate to waste the present in planning it.

This being so, they would perhaps be wise to realise that their great vitality and ability to earn may not last forever, and that a little nest-egg is rather nice in times of need.

Now, as for partnerships! Once an Arian is really attracted to a mate, he or she will prove loyal and ardent. But to encourage and retain that loyalty the partner should never forget that these people love new things and many changes.

They like to see their loved ones smart and happy. They respond to attention and love, and the wise partner will strive to keep personal appearance and domestic life more than usually attractive.

As the majority of Arians must be the "boss," whether in the office or the home, their partners should be chosen with considerable caution.

They appreciate a person who can stand up to them, and put up a good fight at the proper time. They dislike a "worm," or a "whiner," but the partner must not be continually on the warpath, or raising arguments.

For an Arian to marry a person born under the sign Cancer (June 22 to July 23), is usually all right for the Arian, but rather "tough" on the sensitive and fight-hating Cancerian.

To wed a Libran (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24), is to risk disagreements and consequent estrangements unless each can really appreciate the different characteristics of the other.

To marry a Capricornian (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20), is endangering the greatly-loved liberty of the Arian, for Capricornians can be so strict, methodical, and dogmatic that even the forceful Arian cannot always win battles against them.

For the best results of all (unless the individual horoscope proclaims otherwise), Arians should marry partners who belong to the sign Sagittarius (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22), for these people are usually generous, tolerant, broad-minded, and enterprising, or Leonarians (July 23 to Aug. 24), who have plenty of charm, ability, quick wit, and resourcefulness.

Other splendid partners for Arians are those born under the signs Gemini (May 22 to June 22), and Aquarius (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19), for the quick intelligence and adaptability of these people intrigues the Arian mind. Like the Aries folk, too, they love change and excitement.

Two Aries people often mate well, but neither must try to boss the other.

If, lacking an individual horoscope, these general rules are followed, it will be found that the majority of Arian marriages will prove happy, and even more interesting than others.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Opportunities are possible now, so forge ahead with well-made plans. Begin new enterprises, make changes or ask favors, on April 9 and 10, but be cautious on April 7 and 8.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): April 9 and 10 poor; April 11 and 12 just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fair on April 5 and 6, but poor on April 11 and 12.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Avoid changes and risky ventures of any kind just now. Routine work best.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Do things and go places. Work hard, seek advancement, and make changes of some kind on April 9 and 10.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): April 11 and 12 unspectacular but fair for finishing routine tasks.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Turn aside from any temptations regarding changes or new ventures, for losses, disappointment and opposition are likely. Be particularly cautious on April 6 (after dusk), 7 and 8.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Just muddle along with routine tasks this week. April 7 and 8 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): This is the time for you to get busy and work hard over new plans and changes. Make the most of your good planetary vibrations on April 9 and 10. Seek promotion then.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Be wary of all things, for obstacles, setbacks, and worry can follow overconfidence or aggression. Take things quietly, especially on April 6 (after 6 p.m.), 7 and 8.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Just fair for you on April 6 and 8. Play safe on April 9 and 10.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Small benefits possible on April 7 and 8, but unlikely on April 11 and 12.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

PROOF about the RELIEF of RHEUMATISM of LUMBAGO SCIATICA NEURITIS

WE publish below some letters received which prove the effectiveness of 'ASPRO' in relieving the pains of Rheumatism — Neuritis — Lumbago and Sciatica. From the thousands of letters received from all parts of the world the few published are typical of the grateful expressions to 'ASPRO.' Every letter comes unsolicited and their frankness is just proof of the efficiency of 'ASPRO.' There is, however, a scientific reason why 'ASPRO' is so effective for complaints of Rheumatic origin — it is because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of URIC ACID — a powerful germicide and is anti-pyretic — anti-fermentative and anti-periodic.

'ASPRO' RELIEF COMES QUICKLY

PROOF

Unable to Walk for Six Months — now Back at Work

23 Morgan Street, MEREWETHER, NEWCASTLE, N.S.W. 2/7/37.

Dear Sirs,
'ASPRO' has been a great boon to me in recent years. I have been a sufferer from Sciatica for a long time. My doctor treated me and told me to take regular doses of 'ASPRO' Tablets. He said 'ASPRO' would not harm me and would relieve the pain. It certainly did that and after having been unable to walk for six months I am now working as a wharf laborer which speaks for itself.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) JOHN PLEASH

"'ASPRO' Has Never Failed To Relieve My Neuritis Pains"

64 Fitzgerald Street, WEST PERTH, W.A. 16/7/37.

Dear Sirs,
I would like you to accept a few words of recommendation to testify to the benefit and relief which I have obtained since taking your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets for Neuritis. During the past few years I have been a constant sufferer with Neuritis — but now when an attack comes on I immediately take 3 'ASPRO' Tablets and secure instant relief.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) (Mm.) G. Reginald

'ASPRO' 3: 1 1/2 4

FACTS

"My Rheumatism Pains Have Completely Gone"

26 Gibson Avenue, BANKSTOWN, N.S.W. 3/12/37.

Dear Sirs,
I have suffered from Rheumatism in my shoulders and arms for a couple of years now, and since using three bottles of your 'ASPRO' Tablets the pains have completely gone.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) W. MOORE

'ASPRO' The Only Medicine to Relieve Lumbago

HELENSVILLE, 3/9/36.

Dear Sirs,
I would like to let you know of the wonderful relief I get from 'ASPRO' for nerve pains. My husband is a sufferer with Lumbago and 'ASPRO' is the only medicine which gives him relief and enables him to carry on with his work. By following the directions on the pamphlet in the packet for Influenza and Colds, I know of nothing that is more effective than 'ASPRO.'

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. WILSON

EVIDENCE

"Rheumatism was A Constant Companion Until I Tried 'ASPRO'"

50 Cecil Street, GORDON, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
I suffer from Rheumatism and have received so much benefit from 'ASPRO' that I could truly call it a blessing as I rarely suffer from Rheumatism now except in damp weather.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) I. H. DUNCALF (Mrs.)

"My Rheumatics would be Unbearable Without 'ASPRO'"

Raros, Murdoch Street, TURRAMURRA, N.S.W. 17/1/37.

Dear Sirs,
I am a great user of your 'ASPRO' Tablets as I find they are the only effective medicine for my trouble. I suffer with Rheumatism of the Nerves and the Headaches which come from this complaint would be unbearable without 'ASPRO.'

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) T. W. PRETTY

ALWAYS Use 'ASPRO' for

Rheumatism	Sore Throat	Malaria	Asthma
Temperature	Toothache	Colds	Gout
Sleeplessness	Neuralgia	Headache	Dengue
Feverishness	Influenza	Lumbago	Neuritis
Irritability	Hay Fever	Sciatica	Earache

Alcoholic After Effects.

'ASPRO' gives Great Relief to Women when Depressed.

NICHOLAS LTD.

48/74

LOTTERY LUCK Follows

Astrologer's Advice

Reading a paragraph like this about Pundit Asrah, the Astrologer, Mr. M. J. Collins, of Berowra, wrote to him. He had been dangerously ill, and with an income of £5/- a week, and a wife and three children to keep, he badly needed some good luck. Pundit Asrah gave Mr. Collins certain advice about his lucky days and numbers, which he followed, and then he shared a £1000 Lottery prize.



Mr. M. J. Collins.

Mrs. W. J. Woods, of Hill-top Farm, Bulli, also read a similar paragraph, and she, too, wrote to Pundit Asrah. She acted on his advice. Then she shared in the £1000 Lottery win. Readers who are interested in lotteries and want advice similar to that given to the lucky lottery winners about lucky days and numbers, are invited to send this paragraph with a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped address envelope, and the day and year of their birth, to The Astrologer, Desk AWW 3, Box 568Z, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania. Within ten days Pundit Asrah will post them the days and numbers which, according to the stars, should be lucky for them. This is what he did for the £1000 winners. He will also send ten simple Rules on "How to be Lucky" — the rules which were followed by Mr. Collins and Mrs. Woods before they won. Help good luck come your way by sending to Pundit Asrah without delay.



SHIRLEY ROSS
Paramount Player

Women Praise "cocoanut-foam" Beauty-Wash

WHATEVER the natural color... and particularly if your hair is "difficult"... wash it with cocoanut-foam, and see a fascinating new loveliness.

Everyone's talking about this "new way to wash hair". See the magic new luster... the new silky-sleek appearance of your hair. Watch how waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling... easy to dress. **BLONDES**... Coloured cocoanut oil Shampoo preserves true color. **BRUNETTES**... Find new highlights. Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash." 2/6 bottles (approx. 14 shampoos). All Chemists, Stores or Hairdressers.



HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE Attacks Heart of Victims

Amazing New Prescription Controls Blood Pressure
Clears Blood Stream — Improves Circulation!

One of the most dramatic and amazing examples of this scientific fact is the case of the English society woman who, at the age of 55, was advised by doctors to make her will and put all her affairs in order. Suffering from High Blood Pressure, which caused dizziness, loss of memory and falling asleep, she was told she could not hope to get better. Her friends recommended her to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the most wonderful new prescription for the arteries. She has now made a wonderful recovery, and has regained so much vitality that she has gone on a world cruise.



Thousands now realize that their symptoms are a warning of sluggish blood stream. You can easily understand why these symptoms are caused by the condition of your arteries when you know that your blood must flow in your arteries at three feet per minute—if it stops you die—if it slows down you get high blood pressure, kidney and bladder weakness, rheumatism, arthritis, dizziness, constipation, chronic headache.

The wonderful new prescription Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS will clear your arteries young, vital... improve your blood circulation... carry along red blood to your legs, your arms, your head... drive out body poisons and give you new vitality with clear brain and pain-free muscles and joints. Your arteries can tell you how long you will live. Cleanse your blood of poisons that wear out your arteries and you will live long and free from rheumatism, arthritis, high blood pressure, kidney weakness and body pain. Begin MENTHOIDS to-day and see how in 24 hours you feel new life surging through your arteries—new youthful vitality.

Watch for these telltale Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

1. Kidney and bladder weakness.
2. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
3. Head noises.
4. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
5. Flashes to head.
6. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
7. Insomnia and nervousness.
8. Failing eyesight.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
11. Irritability and depression.
12. Loss of willpower.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms, start a course of Menthoids to-day. GO TO YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST and get a box of MENTHOIDS and take one Menthoid as medicine. You can get large boxes of MENTHOIDS containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 9/6. Menthoids contain no drugs and are harmless.

Every flask of MENTHOIDS contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Be sure you get genuine MENTHOIDS... this valuable substitute of this valuable herbal medicine.

FREE DIET CHART

Dr. Mackenzie's
MENTHOIDS

15 Day Treatment 3/6
Month's Treatment 6/6

He looked at her blankly for a moment, then with recognition creeping into his eyes, and with it, the ghost of his old smile. "Why, Bab!" he said, in a very faint voice. "You've come back to me!"

Tears hung on her lashes; she slipped to her knees, and laid her cheek against his. "You have come back to me, Charles. I shall never let you go again."

He put his arm weakly around her, and turned his head on the pillow to kiss her.

For a minute everything was forgotten in the passing away of all bitterness and grief between them. Neither spoke; explanations were not needed; for each all that signified was that they were together again.

Barbara raised her head at last, and, taking the Colonel's face between her hands, looked deep into his eyes, her own more beautiful through the mist of tears that filled them than he had ever seen them. "My darling!" she whispered.

He smiled wearily, but as fuller consciousness returned to him his thoughts turned from her.

"The battle? They were massing for an attack."

"It is over. The French have been overthrown: their whole army is in full retreat."

A flush of color came into his drawn face. "Boney's beat! Hurrah!"

She rose from her knees, and moved away to measure out the medicine that the surgeon had left for him. When she came back to the bedside the Colonel was lying with his hand across his eyes, and his lips gripped tightly together. Her heart was wrung, but she said only: "Here is a horrid potion for you to swallow, dear love."

He did not answer, but when she slid her arm under him to raise him, he moved his hand from his eyes, and said in a carefully matter-of-fact voice: "I remember now. I've lost my arm."

AN Infamous ARMY

Continued from Page 6

"Yes, dear." He drank the dose she was holding to his mouth, leaning against her shoulder. As she lowered him again on to the pillows, he said with an effort: "It's a lucky thing it was only my left. It has been a most unfortunate member. I was wounded in it once before."

"In that case we will say good riddance to it. Oh, my love, my love, does it hurt you very much?"

"Oh, no! Nothing to signify," he answered, lying gallantly.

He seemed as though he would sink back into the half-sleep, half-swoon which had held him for so long, but presently he opened his eyes, and turned them towards Barbara with an expression in them of painful anxiety. "Gordon? Have you heard?"

"Only that he had been wounded."

She saw that he was growing agitated, and although she longed to ask for news of her brothers she remained silent. But after a slight pause he said abruptly: "George was alive just before I was struck. I saw him."

Her pent-up anxiety found relief in a gasping sigh. She waited for a moment, then whispered: "Harry?"

He shook his head. A sob broke from her; she buried her face in the coverlet to stifle the sound, and presently felt his hand come back to hers, feebly clamping her fingers.

She remained on her knees until she saw that he had dropped into an uneasy sleep. As she rose, Worth came into the room. She laid a finger to her lips, and moved silently to meet him.

"Has he waked?" Worth asked in a low voice.

"Yes. He is quite himself, but I think in a good deal of pain."

"That was bound to be. Go down to breakfast. Your grandmother is here. I will send if he should rouse and wish for you."

She nodded, and slipped away. Judith was asleep on her bed, but breakfast had been laid in the parlor, and the Duchess of Avon was sitting behind the coffee-cups.

She greeted her granddaughter with a smile, and a tender embrace. "There, dearest! Such a happy morning for you after all! Sit down, and I will give you some coffee."

"Harry is dead," Barbara said. The Duchess' hand trembled. She set the coffee-pot down, and looked at Barbara.

"Charles told me. George was alive when he left the field."

The Duchess said nothing. Two large tears rolled down her cheeks. She wiped them away, picked up the coffee-pot again, poured a cup out rather unsteadily and gave it to Barbara. After a long pause, she said: "Such foolish thoughts keep crossing my mind. One remembers little, forgotten things. He would always call me 'The Old Lady.' In spite of your grandfather's disliking it so. Such a bad, merry boy!" She stretched out her hand to Barbara, and clasped one of hers. "Poor child, I wish I could say something to comfort you."

"It seems as though every joy that comes to one must have a grief to spoil it."

"It is so, but think instead, dearest, that every grief has joy to lighten it. Nothing in this world is quite perfect, nor quite unbearable." She patted Barbara's hand, and said in a voice of determined cheerfulness: "When you have eaten your breakfast, I am going to send you round to see your grandfather. A turn in the fresh air will make you feel better."

"I could not leave Charles." "Nonsense!" said her grace. "I am going to sit with your precious Charles, my dear. I know far better than you what to do for a wounded man. I have had a great deal of practice. I assure you."

So when Colonel Audley opened his eyes again, it was to see a grey-haired lady, with humorous eyes, bending over him. He blinked, and, since she was smiling, weakly smiled back at her.

"That is much better!" she said. "Now you shall take a little gruel, and be quite yourself again. Worth, be so good as to lift your brother slightly, while I put another pillow beneath his shoulders."

The Colonel turned his head, as Worth came up on the opposite side of the bed, and held out his hand. "Hallo, Julian!" he said. "How did I get here?"

"I brought you in. There! Is that comfortable?"

"Bab was here," said the Colonel, frowning. "She said Boney was beat. I didn't dream that."

"No, certainly you did not. Bab will be back directly. Meanwhile, here is her grandmother come to see you."

"So that is who you are!" said the Colonel, looking up at the Duchess. "But I don't quite understand—am I being very stupid?"

"Not at all. You cannot imagine how I come to be here. Well, I came to see what Bab was about to have felled you so shockingly, only to find that that was quite forgotten, and that you are going to be married after all. So now open your mouth!"

He swallowed the spoonful of gruel put to his lips, but said: "Am I going to be married?"

"Certainly you are. Open again!" He obeyed meekly. "I should like to see Bab," he said, when the spoon was once more removed.

"So you shall, when you have drunk up all your gruel," promised the Duchess.

The Colonel thought it over, and then said in a firm tone: "I'll be shaved first."

"My dear fellow, why worry?" Worth said.

"By all means let him be shaved," said the Duchess, frowning at him. "He will feel very much more the thing."

WHEN Barbara came in with her grandfather to be met by the news that Colonel Audley was in the valet's hands, being shaved, she exclaimed: "Shaved! Good heavens, how came you to let him disturb himself for such a foolish thing?"

"My love, when a man begins to think of shaving you may take it from me that he is on the road to recovery," said the Duchess. She took her husband's hands, and squeezed them. "Bab has told you, hasn't she, Avon? My dear, we must be very proud of our boys, and try not to grieve."

He put his arm round her, saying: "Poor Mary! Depend upon it, we shall soon get news of that scamp George's being safe and sound. I have been to Stuart's, and learned from him that the Duke is in the town. Our losses have been enormous, by all accounts, but just think of Bon parte completely over! It makes up for all!"

The arrival just then of the surgeon put an end to any further conversation. The Duchess and Worth accompanied him upstairs to the Colonel's room. He admitted that he had not expected to find his patient in such good shape, but pulled a long face over the leg wound, which, from having been so roughly bound upon the battlefield, and chafed by continued exertion, was in a bad state. He took Worth aside, and warned him that he should prepare the Colonel's mind for amputation.

Worth said, with such an icy rage in his voice that the surgeon almost recoiled: "You'll save that leg: do you hear me?"

"Certainly I shall do my utmost," replied the surgeon stiffly. "Perhaps you would like one of my colleagues to see it?"

"I should," said Worth. "I'll have every doctor this town holds to see it before I'll permit you or any other of your kidney to hack my brother about any more!"

"You are unreasonable, my lord!"

"Unreasonable! Get Hume!"

"Dr. Hume has already so much on his hands—"

"Get him!" snapped Worth.

The surgeon bowed, and walked off. The Duchess, who had come out of the Colonel's room, nodded approvingly, and said: "That's right. Don't pay any heed to him! We will apply fomentations, and say nothing at all to the poor boy about amputation. I wish you will ask my granddaughter to find some flannel, and bring it to me."

"I will," he said, and went downstairs in search of Barbara.

He met, instead, his wife, who informed him that the Comte de Layvise had that instant entered the house, and was with Barbara in the back parlor.

He looked annoyed, but she said: "He came, most kindly, to inquire after Charles. Only fancy, Worth! It was he who had Charles carried off the field! I declare, I could almost have embraced him, much as I dislike him!"

"I will see him, and thank him. Will you get the flannel for the fomentations?"

"Yes, immediately," she replied.

Downstairs, the Count faced Barbara across the small room, and said, gripping a chair-back: "I did not think to find you here! I may know what I am to understand, I suppose!"

She said abstractedly: "He is better. He has even desired to be shaved."

"I am delighted to hear it! You perhaps find me irrelevant?"

"Oh, no! I am so glad you are safe. Only my mind is so taken up just now—"

"It is seen! I think you are a devil!"

She said rather listlessly: "Yes, I know. It does no good to say I'm sorry, or I would."

He struck the chair-back with his open palm. "In fact, you made a fool of me!"

She replied with a flash of spirit: "Oh, the devil! You at least were fair game!"

He gave a short laugh. "Touche! I might have known! I cut an ignoble figure beside your heroic Staff Officer, do I not? You have doubtless heard that my brigade fled—fled without firing a shot!"

"I hadn't heard," she replied. "I am sorry." There did not seem to be anything more to say. She tried to find something, and added: "It was not that. I always loved Charles Audley."

"Thank you! It needs no more! Convey my congratulations to the Colonel: I wish that that shell had blown him to perdition!"

She was spared having to answer him by Worth's entering the room at that moment. The Count, picking up his shako, held out his hand. "Adieu! It is unlikely that we meet again."

She shook hands, and went back to the Colonel. Worth attempted to thank the Count for his kind offices the previous day, but was cut short.

"It is nothing. I was, in fact, ordered by my General to do my possible for the Colonel. I am happy to learn that my poor efforts were not wasted. I am returning immediately to my brigade."

Worth escorted him to the door, merely remarking: "You must allow me, however, to tell you that I cannot but consider myself under a deep obligation to you."

"Oh, parbleu! It is quite unnecessary!" He shook hands, but paused half-way down the steps, and looked back. "You will tell the Colonel, if you please, that his message was delivered," he said, and saluted, and walked quickly away.

Please turn to Page 40

HE KEEPS HIS JOB THOUGH TURNED 70

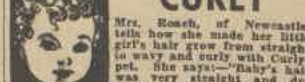
House Painter Who Takes His
Kruschen Every Day

How many painters can continue to work when they are over 70? Here is one who can—and he still does some of the most trying jobs in his trade. How does he do it? He tells us in this letter—

"I have been in the habit of taking a few grains of Kruschen Salts in every cup of tea I have had for a great number of years. I may state that I am turned 70 years of age, being born on July 22nd, 1864. I am a house painter by trade and still at work. I can work off any ladder, no matter what height, or in cradles which are hung outside high buildings. I have been asked many times how I carry my age so well, as I only look about 50. Well, I tell them all that I take Kruschen Salts regularly every day."—J.S.A.

Kruschen is a combination of six natural salts which stimulate your liver, kidneys and digestive tract to healthy, regular activity. They ensure internal cleanliness, and keep the blood-stream pure.

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight in waves and curly with Curlypet. She says:—"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lack, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 2/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. CURLYPET

What Women Are Doing

Visitor from Batavia

ON a holiday visit to Australia is Mrs. W. E. van der Veen, whose home is in Batavia. This charming young Dutch woman, who speaks English so attractively, was an analytical chemist before her marriage twelve years ago. Her married life has been spent mostly in the East Indies, sometimes in a city, sometimes in small townships.

Nursing and Swimming in London

MISS KATHLEEN DODWELL, of Brisbane, who went to England two years ago to study nursing, does not think she will ever settle down in Australia again. She is fascinated with England. At present she is training in the Hospital for Sick Children, where she is staff nurse. She says the hospital conditions are delightful—very comfortable quarters for the nurses and easy hours.

Miss Dodwell was a champion swimmer at the Brisbane Girls' Grammar School when a student there. Now she is captain of the hospital swimming club as well as captain of all the London hospital swimming clubs. They have their own carnivals, at which she frequently wins trophies.

Miss Dodwell is a member of the English Speaking Union, and she spends many pleasant social hours at the home of Lady Ryder, who is one of the hostesses for the E.S.U. in London, and who always extends a warm welcome to young people from overseas.

Church Worker Speaks of Women's Guilds in England

AN energetic and interesting visitor to Adelaide is Mrs. Alex E. Glassey, president-elect of the Congregational Church Women's Guild in England and Wales. Although this is primarily a holiday visit, Mrs. Glassey is meeting many people belonging to societies affiliated with the Guild. She has also accepted invitations to speak of her work to some of the societies.

She says that the ambition of her organisation was to have guilds attached to every Congregational Church in England. The guilds had regular meetings, at which all kinds of subjects of interest to women were chosen, and experts delivered addresses on these. The creches attached to the guilds made it more convenient for mothers of small children to attend. With her husband, Mrs. Glassey was the guest of Principal and Rev. Winifred Kiek while in Adelaide.

Retains Interest in All Things Scottish

MRS. RONALD MACKAY, of Brisbane, who came from Scotland to Australia soon after the war, retains her interest in all things Scottish, and is an authority on the clans and tartans of her native land. She has, too, a very attractive Scottish accent which her years in Australia have not affected.

Mrs. Mackay is a member of the R.S.S.I.A., having served during the war as a V.A.D. of the Scottish Ambulance. At present she is putting in her spare hours working up the membership of the Queensland Cameron Highlanders' Society, recently formed by Sir Donald Cameron.

Mrs. Mackay is convener of the Juvenile Boys' Pipe Band of the Australian Scottish Society. Although this has just been formed there are 21 young pipers and drummers rehearsing very hard so as to be able to give their services to charity.

Cordial Welcome

A CORDIAL welcome awaits the arrival of members of the first American women's hockey team to visit Australia. The team is due in Sydney on April 17 and will be greeted by Mrs. F. J. Day, honorary secretary of the Australian and N.S.W. Women's Hockey Associations, and leading N.S.W. players. Miss Martha Gable is manager of the visiting team. An interesting member is Miss Gertrude Hooper, president of the U.S.A. Women's Hockey Association.

Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of N.S.W., and Sydney's Lady Mayoress, Mrs. N. Nock, are among those who will entertain the visitors. After parties and matches in Sydney the team will go to Brisbane, playing en route, and later to Melbourne.

With Eye to Comfort Of Weary Travellers

LAST year 7809 members of the travelling public were assisted by the Travellers' Aid Society of New South Wales. These figures were given by Miss Margaret Allen, organising secretary of the Travellers' Aid Department of the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney, at the recent official opening of the society's new offices at the Central Railway Station, Sydney.

The offices were donated by the N.S.W. Department of Railways, and have been furnished with an eye to the comfort of weary travellers. The keys were handed over to Mrs. Howard Palmer, chairwoman of the travellers' aid committee, by Mr. P. C. Garside, Assistant Commissioner for Railways. Mrs. R. D. Lyons, president of the Y.W.C.A., Sydney, presided.

The association is a world-wide movement. Its aim is to help all travellers, but particularly young children and girls and elderly people.

Elected Secretary of New Theatre Guild

MISS ROXY SIMS, so well known in amateur theatrical circles in Adelaide, has cheerfully taken on yet another responsibility in that direction. She has been elected secretary of the newly-formed Adelaide University Theatre Guild, the only other women on the committee being Misses Heather Gell and Hope Crampton.

Miss Sims says the Guild hopes to have its first meeting in May, but whether this will be an actual performance or not has not yet been decided.

Miss Sims is a very active member of the Adelaide Repertory Theatre, and of the Alliance Francaise, which occasionally produces French plays.

Wife of New Vice-Chancellor Is Oxford Graduate

MRS. J. D. D. MEDLEY, wife of the new Vice-Chancellor of the University of Melbourne, is looking forward to renewing acquaintance with University life, to which she is no stranger. Like her husband, Mrs. Medley is a graduate of Oxford, where she was a student at Lady Margaret Hall. She took her degree in English language and literature.

She is much interested in the collegiate life of the University, particularly the Women's College. The sporting side of University life will also have attractions for her as she played hockey for Oxford during her undergraduate days.

Mr. and Mrs. Medley already have many friends in Melbourne, where they lived for some time when they first came from England ten years ago. Their son was at Geelong Grammar, and is now a student at Trinity College. Their daughter is at school in Sydney.

Has Been Appointed to Victorian Hospital

SISTER HELEN MURRAY, of Tasmania, has been appointed to the General Hospital, Mildura, Victoria. She will be in charge of after-care patients.

Sister Murray will be much missed in Launceston where, for the past seven years, she worked at the child welfare centre. She was principally in charge of the clinic at Newstead, but gave equally valuable assistance at the Sandhill clinic, visiting each on alternate weeks.

Interested in the Church, Tennis and Sailing

COMING from England seventeen years ago, Mrs. Kenneth Thomson made her home at Chelmer, a few miles out of Brisbane. She quickly interested herself in the activities of the district. She is honorary secretary of the Church of England Ladies' Guild in Chelmer, which is working to raise funds to build a church there.



Mrs. Thomson
—Postman

Mrs. Thomson's other interests include tennis and sailing. For ten years she has been honorary secretary of the ladies committee of the Oxley Sailing Club, and the excellent work she has done for the club is much appreciated.

Met King and Queen at Sandringham

CARAVANING through England, Scotland and Wales was one of the outstanding thrills of the tour abroad just completed by a party of Girl Guide Rangers who returned to Sydney last week from New Zealand. This is the first time in the history of the Girl Guide movement that a group of Rangers from the Southern Hemisphere has made a world tour.

Miss Hope Meek, Commissioner for Rangers in N.S.W., was in charge of the party, which included Misses L. J. Cluth, M. A. Leadbitter, Elsie Baker, Jill Elwin, Evelyn Brown, and Joan Walsh, all from N.S.W.

At Sandringham they were received by the King and Queen. The King was much interested in the tour, and the Queen also spoke to each member of the party.

Refresher Course at Y.W.C.A. College in England

AFTER nine years in the East, where she was at first general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at Singapore, and latterly national general secretary of the movement for the whole of Malaya, Miss Gertrude Owen has returned to Australia. She is at present holidaying with relatives in Melbourne.

She is one of the fortunate members of the movement who can boast of a visit to Selby Oak, the Y.W.C.A. college in England, as she did a refresher course there about three years ago.

Has Been Playing Bowls For Six Years

MRS. N. BURTON, of Brisbane, president of the Laurel Ladies' Bowling Club, has been playing bowls for about six years. Before that, when she lived in North Queensland, she was an enthusiastic tennis player. Bowls she finds very interesting. Last year she was runner-up in the pairs championship, and also skipped one of the rinks for the Blue Pennant for her club.

The Laurel Club is only a small one, and members play at Nundah. Mrs. Burton is also an office-bearer of the Order of the Eastern Star.



Mrs. Burton
—Regent

Is an Energetic Worker For Good Causes

MRS. E. HOPE HUME, of Brisbane, president of the Women's Fellowship of the Brighton Road Congregational Church, is a most energetic worker. This organisation is a very active one. Members supply and arrange flowers for the church every week, and afterwards personally distribute them to the sick. They also assist the Home Mission Board by co-operating with the women of other churches in raising funds. Another effort is an annual fete.



Mrs. Hume
—Postman

Mrs. Hume was born in Ipswich; she was educated at the Central State School and the Girls' Grammar School, and later engaged in educational work in Brisbane and Glen Innes.

She has taken an interest in the Christian Endeavor Societies and was for several years superintendent of the Sunday-school at the Gerringong church, N.S.W.

They Are New to Championship Rowing

ONE of the most interesting crews entered for the women's Australian rowing championships, to be rowed in Sydney on April 16, is the Adelaide team. Three members of it, Miss Mary Dent and two sisters, Misses Jean and Thora Zennack, had never rowed in a race until they took part as members of the winning crew in the State trial race, held to decide the crew to represent South Australia in the championships.

Jean and Thora Zennack come from a rowing family, as both their grandfather and father have rowed in championship races on the Port Adelaide River. The two girls formed a women's rowing club at Port Adelaide, but lack of finances crippled it, and they then joined the Adelaide crew.

The stroke, Miss Pat O'Malley, is the only member of the crew with previous experience of interstate rowing. She is secretary of the South Australian Association this year.

Delegate to Women's Peace Conference

MISS KATHLEEN COURTNEY, a delegate from England, will be one of the chief speakers at the conference of the Women's Commission for the International Peace Campaign, to be held in Sydney this month. Miss Courtney has made a study of the causes and prevention of war, and at the conference she will speak on subjects related to international affairs.

Other distinguished delegates include Mrs. Fabian Chow and Mrs. Elsie Lee Soong, of China. Daily meetings of the conference will be held, and delegates will discuss important phases of the work of the League of Nations, and the training of the child for the maintenance of world peace.

Gave Time and Energy to Girls' Club

A PERSONALITY who will be very much missed in Adelaide is Miss Jean Mills, who for forty years has given her time and energies voluntarily to the Lady Victoria Buxton Girls' Club in Adelaide, of which she was in charge.

Miss Mills is going to live in Scotland. She left Adelaide by the Moreton Bay recently for London, where she intends to stay for a short while at the Overseas League Club before motoring up to Scotland. An untiring worker and a wonderful organiser, Miss Mills was extremely popular among the girls of the club.

Wrote Lyrics For Musical Comedy

MISS GWEN BELSON, of Brisbane, is spending most of her time these days rehearsing. With Mr. Eric John and Mr. Jack Rivkin as co-directors, she is putting on a three-act musical comedy at the end of this month. It is an ambitious undertaking, with scenery and costumes to be planned. Miss Belson has written a number of the lyrics, which have been orchestrated by Mr. John.

Miss Belson, who was educated at All Hallows' Convent, Brisbane, has done broadcasting work as well as teaching elocution at several State schools.



Miss Belson
—McCarthy

Different and Successful is this Quick-Action Remedy for

INDIGESTION

THE FIRST DOSE BRINGS RELIEF

It is the constant pain caused by indigestion that makes the sufferer so despondent. Day after day the gripping pains get more severe. That sour taste in the mouth, furred tongue, heartburn, flatulence, acidity, may lead to chronic dyspepsia. Gastritis may result, causing serious pain and danger.

You can stop indigestion quickly if you will only take De Witt's Antacid Powder regularly for a little while. Relief is felt immediately. The stomach lining is soothed and the pain goes. Your food is properly digested, so that you enjoy it and know it is doing you good. De Witt's Antacid Powder must conquer digestive disorders, no matter how severe, because—

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4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—thus there is no need for you to keep on taking medicines. You enjoy your food, are ready for meal-times and happy comfortable afterwards.

Stop living in pain and the danger caused by indigestion. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for and see that you get—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The most economical and successful Indigestion Remedy. Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canister, price 2/6.

Relief from PILES



Thousands of sufferers have found quick and lasting relief from this distressing affliction by the use of Rexona Ointment. The soothing medications reduce the inflammation and provide a course of laxative is taken with the Rexona treatment a complete cure will result except in such rare cases as require surgical treatment. The regular use of Rexona Soap, containing the same mild but effective medications as the Ointment, is recommended for bathing.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

THE Duchess remained in the house all day, and the Duke, after trying in vain to obtain intelligence of George's fate, and calling at the Fisher lodging to see Lucy (whom he declared to be a poor little dab of a thing, not worth looking at) took up his quarters in Lady Worth's salon. He was permitted to visit Audley for a few minutes before dinner, and took his hand in a strong hold, saying with a softened expression in his rather hard eyes: "Well, my boy, so you mean to have that vixen of mine, do you? You're deserving of a better fate, but if you're determined you may take her with my blessing."

"Thank you, sir," said the Colonel. "And mind you keep her this time!" said his grace. "I won't have her back on my hands again!"

His wife and granddaughter, judging that a very little of his bracing personality was enough for the Colonel in his present condition, then sent him away, and he went off to announce to Judith that whatever he might think of George's choice, he was very well satisfied with Barbara's.

He bore his wife off to the Hotel de Belle Vue for dinner, promising, however, to permit of her returning to Worth's house later in the evening, to see how the Colonel went on. The fomentations had afforded some relief; there was no recurrence of the fever which had alarmed the ladies earlier in the day; and although the pulse was unsteady, the Duchess was able to inform her granddaughter before leaving the house that she had every expectation of the Colonel's speedy recovery.

He was too weak to wish to indulge in much conversation, but he seemed to like to have Barbara near him. He lay mostly with closed eyes under a frowning brow, but if she moved from her chair it was seen

AN Infamous ARMY

Continued from Page 38

fatigue. He cut short Judith's greetings, saying curtly: "I came to inquire after Audley. Can I see him?"

"He is better, but very weak. But sit down! You look quite worn out, and you are wounded!"

"Oh, this!" he raised his hand to his head. "That will only spoil my beauty. Don't waste your pity on me, ma'am!"

"Have you dined?" Worth asked.

"Yes; at my wife's!" George replied, flinging the word at him. "I have also seen my grandparents, and have nothing left to do before rejoining my regiment except to thank Audley for his kind offices towards my wife."

"I am very sure he does not wish to be thanked. Oh, how relieved your grandparents must be to know you are safe; to have had the comfort of seeing you!"

HE replied, with the flash of his sardonic smile: "Yes, extremely gratifying! It is wonderful what a slash across the brow can do for one. You will be happy to hear, ma'am, that my wife will remain in my grandparents' charge until such time as she may follow me to Paris. May I now see Audley?"

She looked doubtful. He saw it, and said rather harshly: "Oblige me in this, if you please! What I have to ask him will not take me long."

"To ask him?" she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am, to ask him! Audley saw my brother die, and I want to know where to search for his body!"

She put out her hand impulsively. "Ah, poor boy! Of course you shall see him! Worth will take you up at once."

"Thank you," he said with a slight bow, and limped to the door, and opened it for Worth to lead the way out.

Judith was left to her own melancholy reflections, but these were interrupted in a very few minutes by yet another knock on the street door. She paid little heed, expecting merely to have a card brought in to her with kind inquiries after the state of Colonel Audley's health, but to her astonishment the butler very soon opened the door into the salon and announced the Duke of Wellington.

She started up immediately. The Duke came in, dressed in plain clothes, and shook hands, saying: "How do you do? I have come to see poor Audley. How does he go on?"

She was quite overpowered. She had never imagined that in the midst of the work in which he must be immersed he could find time to visit the Colonel. She had even doubted his sparing as much as a thought for his aides-de-camp. She could only say in a moved voice: "How kind this is in you! We think him a little better. He will be so happy to receive a visit from you!"

"Better, is he? That's right! Poor fellow, they tell me he has had to lose his arm."

She nodded, and, recollecting herself a little, began to congratulate him upon his great victory.

He stopped her at once, saying hastily: "Oh, do not congratulate me! I have lost all my dearest friends!"

She said in a subdued voice: "You must feel it, indeed!"

"I am heart-broken at the loss I

have sustained," he replied, taking a quick turn about the room. "My friends, my poor soldiers—how many of them have I to regret! I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired." He stopped, and said in a serious tone: "I have never fought such a battle, and I trust I shall never fight such another. War is a terrible evil, Lady Worth."

She could only throw him a speaking glance. Her feelings threatened to overcome her. She was glad to see Worth come back into the room at that moment, and to be relieved of the necessity of answering the Duke. She sank down into a chair while Worth shook hands with his lordship. He too offered congratulations and comments on the nature of the engagement.

The Duke replied in an animated tone: "Never did I see such a pouncing match. Both were what you boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery."

"From what my brother has said I collect that the French cavalry was very numerous?"

"It was! I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well!"

"It has been a glorious action, sir."

"Yes, but the glory has been dearly bought. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down. But I must not say: I have very little time at my disposal, as you may imagine. I came only to see Audley."

"I will take you to him at once, sir. Nothing, I am persuaded, will do him as much good as a visit from you."

"Oh, pooh, nonsense!" the Duke said, going with him to the door. "I shall be in a bad way without him, and the others whom I have lost. I can tell you."

He followed Worth upstairs to Colonel Audley's room, only to be brought up short on the threshold by the sight of Lord George, standing by the bed. A frosty glare was bent on him; a snap was imminent; but Audley, startled by the sight of his chief, still kept his wits about him, and said quickly: "Lord George Alastair, my lord, who has been sent in to have his wounds attended to, and has been kind enough to visit me on his way back to his brigade."

"Oh!" said his lordship. "Avon's grandson, are you? I'm glad to see you're alive, but get back to your brigade, sir! There's too much of this going on leave!"

Thankful to have escaped with only this mild reproach, George effaced himself. The Duke stepped up to the bed and clasped Colonel Audley's hand.

"Well! We have given the French a handsome dressing!" he said heartily. "But I'm sorry to see you like this, my poor fellow. Never mind. Fitzroy's had the misfortune to lose his right arm, you know. I've just seen him: he's perfectly free from fever, and as well as anybody could be under such circumstances."

Please turn to Page 41



NEW BODY-BUILDING DISCOVERY...

The left-hand illustration shows your colon clogged by fermenting, poisonous food waste. Your partial bowel movements may be regular, but modern devitalised food waste has clogged your colon and the self-poisoning arising therefrom is keeping you thin and emaciated. To develop a flat chest and round out skinny limbs to natural attractiveness, you must get rid of a clogged colon. Laxatives are useless—they only act on the lower part of the bowels. They do not clear away the weakening poisons from the colon walls. 'Coloseptic', however, cleans the entire colon of waste matter, as shown in the right-hand illustration. It neutralises all acid conditions and restores the body's alkaline reserve, also stimulates the kidneys, skin pores and respiratory apparatus—other vital organs by means of which the system gets rid of acids and poisons. Amazing gains in weight follow this new, easy scientific way. You need the vital elements in food to build you up and restore normal, good-looking pounds. 'Coloseptic' gives you a digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food. Start and clear your colon now and add attractive pounds to your weakened body.

AT ALL CHEMISTS: INDIVIDUAL SIZE, 2/9; ECONOMY SIZE, 5/6

Unobtainable locally, write to Coloseptic (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell St., Sydney.

FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS

Coloseptic
CHECKS SELF-POISONING AID NUTRITION
COMBATS ACIDITY—BUILDS HEALTH

NO NEED TO BE SKINNY

Thousands Gain 12 to 30lbs. QUICKLY—
With New Natural Treatment

Food scientists have at last discovered a new, simple, natural and scientific method to get rid of miserable indigestion and constipation—to build glorious new strength and energy and add as much as 30 lbs. of firm flesh and muscle to emaciated, weak bodies. People get thin and run-down because their organs are so weak that their digestive system is unable to make the most of the strengthening and blood-enriching elements which come from their daily food. Instead, food which should be nourishing the body lies in the colon (large intestine), decays and develops self-poisoning.

THE CAUSE OF SELF-POISONING...

Devitalised and demineralised modern foods give insufficient exercise to the walls of the colon (large intestine), thereby losing their power of normal movement, and are unable to get rid of the poisonous acid-forming food waste—which settles in colon folds. Essential alkalising food minerals, which are necessary to maintain the body's alkaline reserve, are not extracted from your foods by the lifeless walls. Your strength, vigour and vitality are undermined and you lose weight through actual lack of nourishment, although you eat three meals a day. Meanwhile, the food waste lies stagnant and fermenting in the colon, giving rise to poisons which pass into the blood-stream, developing a generally acid condition, evidenced by nervousness, weakness, depression, tiredness, lack of vigour, bad breath. Your blood becomes thin, giving rise to skin diseases, pimples, anaemia and rheumatism.

"... main factor in recovery!"

West Wyalong, August 12, 1936.

About 1934 my health was in a bad state. I was suffering badly from indigestion. My brother told me to try 'Coloseptic' and I bought a bottle. My weight was then about 100 lbs. The doctor and nurses said that the condition of my blood was one of the main factors in my recovery. I have been consistently taking 'Coloseptic.' My weight is now 120 lbs. A.O.R.

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in three minutes
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INDEX

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GRACEFUL MODE

WW2204.—Smart frock cut on lovely slimming lines. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 6½ yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CLEVER FEATURES

WW2206.—Unusual and chic afternoon frock, with buttons introduced. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36in. wide, and ¼ yard 36in. contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WEE COAT

WW2205.—A remnant will suffice to make this charming coat for the little tot. Sizes, 1-6 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SNAPPY COAT

WW2207.—Slim-fitting hipline and slightly flared skirt are special features of this coat. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36in. wide, and 5-8 yd. fur fabric. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TRIM AND CHIC

WW2208.—A very smart style for afternoon wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR INFORMAL OCCASIONS

WW2209.—For informal occasions you will feel very well-dressed in this demure afternoon frock. Sizes, 32in. to 40in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36in. wide, and 3-8 yd. 36in. contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww 2210

SQUARE-NECK BLOUSE

WW2210.—Square front neckline and short sleeves add charm to this blouse. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SPORTING RIG

WW2211.—For spectator sports or outdoor functions, a debonair and useful frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½-8 yards, 36in. wide, and 5-8 yd. contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ww 2211

FASHION LEADERS

THREE frocks, shown at right, may be made from our three-in-one concession pattern, this week, and each is in the very latest and most becoming mode.

Pattern is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and is available now from our Pattern Department for 3d. See coupon for directions.

Material required, 36 inches wide, for each: 5½ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right 3d in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

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PERTH.—Box 4910, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4297, G.P.O.
If calling, 164 Castlereagh Street, at Dalmen House, 115 Pitt Street.

TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 181, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 2.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
Size Pattern Coupon, 3/1/33.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKE R

April 9, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

HELP YOURSELF to a NEW FACE!



THEY look lovely, don't they? June Lang and Claire Trevor, of Fox; Lana Turner, of Warner Bros.; and, immediately above, Paramount's Carole Lombard. Immaculate grooming and skilful make-up give them allure. Don't be discouraged if you do not possess regular features. Read this article, experiment smartly with your hair and make-up, groom yourself to perfection—and note the results!

By
EVELYN

DON'T be discouraged if your features are irregular. Here is the way to make yourself chic, interesting to look at—even pretty.

HAVE you ever looked long and peevishly at your face in a mirror and wondered why you had not been born a beauty?

Of course you have! So have thousands of other women the world over.

But think! You might have a receding chin, but you have lovely hair, pearly teeth, or a beautiful speaking voice.

And, remember, some girls have big noses, others have big mouths or thin lips, too long or too round faces.

Few possess perfect features. In fact, your favorite film star, glamorous and lovely to look at, is probably very far from perfect as far as regularity of features is concerned. But her bad points are skilfully camouflaged; her good points emphasised.

She is perfectly groomed; she exercises; does everything possible in the interests of beauty—never lets up!

You can groom yourself, be immaculately attired. You can experiment with hair styles, with powder, rouge and lipstick.

Here is help for you, for all: You can make your face seem longer, narrower, not so full if you brush your hair back, dress it high, keep it close to your head at the sides. High curls above the forehead help, too. Do not fluff your hair out at the sides, or elongate your eyebrows, or use vast expanses of rouge.

Place rouge in a deep narrow triangle underneath the eyes. Do not let it approach the laugh lines. Wear deep, triangular neck lines, or a deep square neck. Do not wear high collars or boat-shaped necks.

On the other hand, if you have a long face, here is beautifying advice for you: Part your hair in the middle and wear it in a wide arrangement



over the ears. Elongate your eyebrows if they are short. Rouge your lips to the corners.

Place rouge in a wide triangle on the round part of cheeks. Avoid rouging in the hollows of your cheeks. Rouge chin and lobes of ears if this is becoming. Wear wide collars, wide necklines, or high collars if your neck is long. Wear hats with width or horizontal details.

Are You Long-necked?

A LONG graceful neck can be a real asset. Keep it round and perfect in color and texture. Practise a lovely pose of the head. Wear hair in a low knot at the nape of your neck—or in a shoulder-length bob—either turned up in a roll or in the newer turned-under page style. Flowers under your chin or high Chinese necklines are smart and becoming.

If your jaws are inclined to be heavy, use darker powder here than on the rest of the face. Do your hair high but with a soft line in back. Pay particular attention to this feature when you buy hats—your hat should not cut off the upper part of your face and make the lower part prominent. Necklines should be soft but simple.

A receding chin can be camouflaged quite easily. Use a light finishing lotion on lower half of face. Powder lower part of the face with lighter shade of powder than on rest of face. Hair should be soft around face and over the ears. Avoid bringing it forward on lower cheek, also avoid having low curls at the back.

Make up the eyes to call attention to them; rouge lips brightly and to their full extent. Wear hats with brims; dresses with high, interesting necklines.

If the nose and mouth are big, cheekbones and jawline heavy, the hair should be softly arranged. Waves should be large and loose, curls in big rolls. Usually it is wise to break the line at the forehead.

If Nature endowed you with a very low forehead, sweeping the hair back emphasises this fault. Just cover the hair line with flat curls, a soft sweep of hair, or a horizontal roll curl. Keep eyebrows sleek and trim.

If you have a high forehead, wear a group of curls that come down on the forehead. Don't pluck your eyebrows too thinly. A high forehead is usually considered a beauty asset, so instead of concealing it you may, if it is well-shaped, emphasise it by sweeping your hair back and wearing off-the-face hats.

Your coiffure should be low enough to give width to the lower part of the face. If your natural hair-line is not interesting, make it so by the way you pull waves or curls into place.

If you think your nose is too big you should arrange your hair softly over the ears. Do not part it in the centre, and do not allow the hair to come forward over your face. Use a darker shade of powder on the nose than you use on the rest of your face. Wear a hat with a brim or with trimming that comes forward on one side so that the nose is not so prominent.



"It's so strange, doctor—Alan seems to fall in his morning subjects and do much better after dinner."
"What does he have for breakfast?"
"Well—he really doesn't have much—he doesn't seem to fancy anything."



"There's the trouble," explained the doctor. "He doesn't get enough nourishment to carry on the morning's work. If he's fussy give him Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—children seem to like that funny little 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' that Rice Bubbles make when the milk is poured on. My children have Rice Bubbles every day."



Now Alan has two big bowls of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles at breakfast time and has gained in weight and improved at school. Rice is one of the most nourishing and easily digested cereals—that's why doctors recommend it for growing children. And Rice Bubbles just "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP" with crisp, delicious goodness. Order some to-day from your grocer.



• Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL, low-down from Hollywood, by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a nation-wide relay—Mondays at 8:30 P.M.—SCH. 1NO. 17A. TWO. 18K-AX. 108-CK. 543-MU-PI-SE.

R-1

BEAUTY — to ARMS!

Whether your arms are too thin, too fat, rough or red, they will respond beautifully to the simple treatments outlined in this article.

By OUR BEAUTY SPECIALIST

SMOOTH, rounded arms are as fascinating as perfectly-groomed hands. And yet arms, like the feet, are so often the Cinderellas of beauty care.

Now just look your arms over. Are they rough or mottled, too fat or too thin? Are your elbows pretty or unattractive?

Don't be discouraged! Read on, and then follow faithfully the various treatments given for beautifying them.

The mottled roughness of the upper arm, which is commonly called "goose flesh," can be got rid of very quickly with a quite simple treatment.

First procure a basin full of water which is as hot as can comfortably be borne. Then, with a good skin soap and stiff-bristled nail-brush, scrub the

whole arm until the skin tingles and becomes quite red.

Now rinse and dry the skin and massage very thickly with vanishing cream.

Carry out this treatment every night for a week, and the arms will soon be quite soft and white.

Another very easy and simple method: Gently massage the "goose-fleshy" part of the arms with some kitchen salt, finally washing them in warm water, drying, and massaging with cold cream.

This treatment also should be carried out every night, although it is not quite so efficacious as the scrubbing.

Arms which are too fat never look pretty, and it is marvellous how the upper part of the arm sometimes seems to bulge from your dress sleeve. In swimming costume they may not look so bulky, but in a smart evening



ABOVE: When you cream your face always rub a little on your elbows.

RIGHT: Lemon juice is good for bleaching and softening rough elbows. Cap them as shown by Lana Turner, of Warner Bros.



dress and when you particularly want to appear alluring there is nothing more ugly than to see this bulging flesh.

The following exercise will be most effective in slimming them down:

Stand erect and gradually lift the arms above the head. Then drop them until the fingers touch your shoulders, with the elbows sharply bent.

Now clench your hands as tightly as you can. Open the hands and allow the arms to fall to your sides.

This will exercise every muscle in the arm, wrist, and hand, and if it is carried out ten times every night and morning, in no time your arms will become quite slim.

After you have reduced them, the next thing is to mould them into a pretty shape. This can be accomplished with the following exercise:

Stand at attention and lift the right arm forward and straight up above your head.

Now bend the hand backwards from the wrist.

Open the fingers wide. Close, straighten the hand, drop the arm to the side, and then repeat with the other arm.

The whole of this exercise should be carried out very slowly and smoothly, and as your muscles become accustomed to the movements so can you increase the exercising.

Too-thin arms can be beautifully rounded also. But in order to achieve this desired state much patience must be exercised.

For Rounded Beauty

PRACTISE breast-stroke swimming on the floor of your bedroom each morning; and each night massage the arms with a mixture of equal parts of olive oil and milk. The milk will prevent the oil from darkening the skin.

If the skin is red, rough or coarse, mix together 3 tablespoons of olive oil, 2 tablespoons of glycerine and the juice of two lemons.

Beat them well together and then bottle.

After washing the hands and arms in warm water, pour a little of the mixture into the palms of the hands and massage it well into the skin. All massage movements should be upwards from the wrists.

If the arms are at all discolored and you wish them to appear especially beautiful for some very important occasion, you can temporarily improve them with liquid powder.

The bottle should be well shaken and a little poured onto a sponge and patted over the arms, then it should be rubbed into the skin with the hands until the skin is dry and the powder is evenly and smoothly applied.

Finally give them a light rub with a small piece of chamotte leather.

Then, so that the hands will appear as soft and as white as the arms, first wash and dry them carefully, and place a dab of vanishing cream in the palm of each hand. Add about 2 drops of lemon juice, and mix to a creamy liquid by rubbing the hands around each other.

The mixture should be rubbed into the skin of both hands until the skin is perfectly dry.

And last, there is that important problem—"horny" elbows. This "horniness" will prevent the most attractively-shaped arms from appearing beautiful.

The first thing to do is to cease leaning on your elbows.

The next thing is to remove the



SCRUBBING with a soft brush or rubber flesh brush is excellent for the upper arms as well as for the elbows. Use very warm water and a good skin soap.

hard skin which is already present.

This can be quite easily done by feeding them with plenty of grease.

Feed them this way: Procure small pads of absorbent cotton-wool, apply the nourishing cream to the elbows, place the pads of cotton-wool to the elbows and strap into place with some adhesive tape.

Do this just before slipping into bed and keep the grease pads on all night.

If you carry out this treatment for a week, you will find that the skin on your elbows is then quite soft and smooth.

BEAUTY COMPACTS

TACT, it is said, is the greatest single quality of charm. It is mental grace; and unfailing in its effect on others.

NEVER rub powder into the skin when making up. Instead, pat it generously and evenly over the face with a puff. Remove the surplus with a soft, complexion brush which gives a velvety finish to the complexion.

NOT every woman needs rouge.

Those blessed with a creamy complexion and slight, natural color should not use it. A good foundation cream and powder with lipstick to tone with the natural coloring are the simple requirements.

IF your face is too full you can make it appear less wide if you use a darkish powder on the outside of your cheeks, from the ear down the jaw line to the chin. This would, as it were, throw your cheeks into "shadow." The same trick is useful for large noses.

HERE'S a simple little hint to ensure "happy feet" even on hot summer days. Vary your heel heights as much as possible throughout the day, then neither "spikes" nor flat heels will worry you.

SYLVIA LEARNS THE DANGER OF "MIDDLE-AGED" SKIN

BOB HADN'T EVEN (THOUGHT FOR WEEKS) AND I HEAR HE'S TAKING JEAN BROWN TO THE CLUB DANCE!

HE DIDN'T REALLY CARE FOR HER, BUT YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO OLD. LOOKING IF YOU SEE A BEAUTY SPECIALIST...

SYLVIA SEES DIMITRY, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY SPECIALIST

IT'S VERY FOOLISH TO THINK JUST ANY SOAP WILL DO! TO KEEP SKIN YOUNG I RECOMMEND PALMOLIVE BECAUSE...

DIMITRY EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE KEEPS SKIN YOUNG!

"Because it is made with Olive Oil, Palmolive Soap has a special protective quality all its own. Its gentle lather protects your skin against the loss of its natural, 'youth-giving' oils which feed and nourish it. Without these oils, skin becomes dry, rough, old-looking. With them, skin stays soft, smooth and younger!"

(Signed) Dimitry

6 West 57 St., New York City

4 WEEKS LATER



To keep your skin Young...

Protect it against the loss of its "youth-giving" oils . . . Use Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil

SKIN will stay young, beauty experts say, as long as it retains its own "youth-giving" oils, which feed and nourish it. Once these precious natural oils are lost, your skin grows dry, rough, middle-aged looking . . . even though you are only 20.

To protect your skin against the loss of these vital, "youth-giving" oils, complexion authorities the world over recommend Palmolive because it is the beauty soap made with soothing Olive Oil.

Do this for a Lovely Skin!

Massage Palmolive's fine-textured lather thoroughly into your skin. Notice how this bland lather (that Olive Oil alone makes possible) deeply and thoroughly cleanses your pores. Gently removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, allowing every pore to breathe and function normally. Now rinse with warm water, then with cold. See how much lovelier your skin looks . . . Get 3 cakes of Palmolive to-day!

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Delfoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

PALMOLIVE SOAP



LONDON IS USING the new, painted wrought-iron furniture with pieces made of mirror glass. Here is seen one of the latest bridge-table sets and a nest of tables in cream wrought-iron, together with a mirror chest etched with a Chinese design. The screen and the lamp repeat the Chinese motif. Note the card conventions decorating the chairs.

METAL FURNITURE is Latest CRAZE

By Air Mail
from MARY
ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special
Representative
in England.



DO YOU LIKE THIS ROOM? The dressing-table combines painted wrought-iron with mirror glass. Tiny metal lovers' knots are used for handles. The headboard of the bed is of quilted satin of the same smart shade of olive-green as the bedspread, and is surrounded with a wrought-iron frame. The walls are decorated with charming murals.

Exquisitely wrought, light yet strong, this metal furniture brings a sophisticated lightness and brightness to modern rooms . . .

DESIGNERS of furniture are nothing if not ingenious. Change is the order of the day, and in this respect they almost rank with the designers in the world of fashion.

Five years ago, chromium metal furniture was hailed as the find of this modern era.

It became the craze.

No smart young modern could afford to pass it by.

Its life as a fashion leader in interior decoration, however, was short-lived. It reminded its fastidious owners too much of black-and-chromium-decorated milk-bars.

Wood came back into favor stronger than before. And now . . .

Transition from London's gloomy winter to happy spring has brought a new idea to decoration—an entirely new type of furniture which expresses the lightness of the spring mood, and which is especially suited to warmer days and for use in a golden climate.

This new furniture is made of wrought-iron, painted in creams, ivories, or pastel shades, often touched faintly with silver and gold. It is usually combined with glass in its various new forms.

It is light; it is easy to look after,

and goes well with most types of furniture.

Painted wrought-iron was first used only for accessories. Small occasional tables or consoles were most popular, and once in a while an iron hall-bench or stool was seen in a daring decorating scheme.

Regency Influence

THEN someone realised how charmingly this type of metalwork could be adapted to other uses, and how suited it was to the growing influence of the Regency period. Experiments were made, and soon the smartest decorators were showing not only wrought-iron screens, lamps, and accessories, but dining-room tables and chairs, and even wrought-iron beds.

One decorator in Brompton Road has done a complete dining-room in which charming ivory-painted iron tables and chairs, mural decorations, and new, indirect lighting combine to produce an atmosphere of lightness and gaiety.

The walls are washed white with delicious Regency figures superimposed in palest pastels.

They are most unobtrusive, so that you have to look twice to see that demure, bonneted lass meeting her young man under a cherry tree, or to catch those poodle puppies at their pranks beside the lily pool.



A PRACTICAL DINING-ROOM TABLE in the new, painted wrought-iron has a gleaming semi-opaque glass top and two curved "end" tables which can be used separately or as extensions. In the above picture one is shown against the wall. The chairs have crushed velvet seats, but look equally charming covered with bright chintz or linen.

The dining-table in the centre of the room is rectangular in shape. The top is made of a sheet of thick, greenish, semi-opaque glass resting in the white wrought-iron frame.

No linen should be used for colored glass. Delicate china shows up to the best advantage when placed directly upon its gleaming surface.

The chairs are small, with graceful backs and legs, their seats covered in beige-toned crushed velvet. Little semi-circular side-tables against the


wall can be placed at either end of the main table and used as extensions for extra guests.

Wrought-iron bedroom furniture is usually combined with the new glass or mirrored dressing-tables and chests, with trimmings in the same metal. For instance, a charming bed with the headboard design worked out in a cord-and-fassel effect—very feminine—has little lovers' knots looping the cords back. The lovers' knots are then repeated as handles in the dressing-table and chest of drawers.

With this iron-and-mirror combination there is a wardrobe made of ivory-colored kid, nail-studded in rows along the doors.

This type of furniture not only creates a really new theme for decoration, but permits refreshing innovations in rooms where a complete transformation is not desired.

It creates a sophisticated gaiety and brightness lacking in heavier pieces, and is particularly suited to houses where the atmosphere is not too formal.



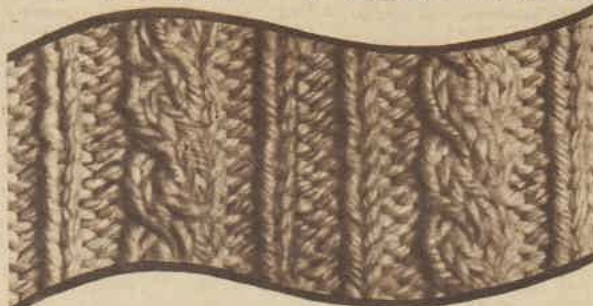
You call her **FINICKY**
but the Doctor says
FAULTY
ELIMINATION

Mere constipation, which is easy to detect, is bad enough, but faulty elimination is much more insidious and far more serious. When those vital cleansing organs—the kidneys and liver, as well as the bowels—are failing in their work of elimination, unsuspected poisons are absorbed, and are left circulating in the blood stream. Loss of appetite is one of the first warnings that your child is partly poisoned. The impurities not removed from the blood stream cause sluggishness, naughtiness, crankiness, and so on. At the first signs of danger give genuine Laxettes—the cleansers which promote complete bowel action and relieve over-worked kidneys and liver. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only safe, thorough treatment. They are excellent for adults. And kiddies are eager to take delicious Laxettes. All chemists and storekeepers stock genuine Laxettes—1/6 the large tin and 6d. the sample tin. Warning: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty Elimination

DIRECT From VIENNA

This smartly designed knitted two-piece has been specially selected for our readers. It is youthful, flattering, slimming!



CLOSE-UP of the novel, slenderizing stitch used throughout the woolly suit. Accurate directions for working are given below.

WHILE winter's chilliest winds are still at bay, now is the time to start working this distinctive suit.

A brisk, serviceable suit, with snug collar and fitting sleeves, designed on tailored, slenderizing lines, it is knitted in an unusual stitch that adds greatly to the slimming effect.

We suggest a warm nut-brown, with buttons to match. Navy, or wine-red or the new privet-green are other suggested colors.

Here are the knitting directions:—
Materials: 250zs. Daphne crochet wool, 2-ply, dark brown; 1 pr. needles, No. 10; 1 spare needle; 12 button moulds; 1 buckle; a length of petersham; 1 medium crochet hook; 6 press-studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Skirt: Width at lower edge, 42

inches; length, 34 inches; waist, 29 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, tog. together, st. stitch.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch. 10 rows to 1 inch.

SKIRT (Front)

Cast on 156 sts., which should measure 21 inches, and work in pattern.

1st Row (right side of work): * P. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, cross the next 4 sts. to form a cable as follows: Slip 2 sts. on to a spare needle, and allow it to lie to the front of work; knit the next 2 sts., then knit the 2 sts. from spare needle, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl the stitches that were knitted in the previous row, and knit the stitches that were purled.

3rd Row: * P. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 4, repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row. These four rows complete pattern, repeat

throughout, decreasing 1 st. each end of the 21st row, and then every 20th row following 11 times. Work 7 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of the next row and every 6th row following 9 times. Work 9 rows, then k. 2 tog. at each end of the next row and every 10th row following 4 times. Work 1 row. Cast off.

THE BACK

Cast on 156 sts. and work the same as for the front.

THE CARDIGAN (Back)

Cast on 114 sts. (k. into back of cast-on sts.), p. 1 row.

1st Row: * P. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, cross 4, repeat from * to last 6 sts. (p. 2, k. 1) twice.

2nd Row: Purl the sts. that were knitted in the preceding row, and knit the sts. that were purled.

3rd Row: * P. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 4, repeat from * to last 6 sts. (p. 2, k. 1) twice.

Repeat last 4 rows, being careful



AS THE SUIT looks when complete. Simple in design, it has a charming youthfulness, which will instantly make its appeal.

to keep in pattern. Shape side seams by decreasing 1 st. each end of the 13th, 26th and 40th rows. Then increase 1 st. each end of the next row and every 9th row following 11 times. Work even and when work measures 14 inches, shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows. Work even for 5 inches. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 54 sts. (k. into back of cast-on sts.), p. 1 row. Work in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. at beginning of 5th, 7th and 9th rows (centre edge), then increase 1 st. at centre edge of next 3 rows.

13th Row: Increase 1 st. at beginning of row, work in pattern to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

14th Row: Repeat 2nd row. Continue in pattern, and increase 1 st. at centre edge of every 2nd row 5 times.

26th Row: K. 2 tog., repeat 2nd row.

27th Row: Work 4 sts., cast off 4, work in pattern to end of row.

28th Row: Work in pattern to last 4 sts., cast on 4, work 4. Continue in pattern, decreasing 1 st. at seam edge of the 40th row. Then increase 1 st. at seam edge of the 41st row, and every 9th row following, at the same time making a buttonhole at centre edge in every 15th and 16th rows as in 27th and 28th rows. When work measures 14 inches, and sts. are increased to 75 shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 3 times, then k. 2 tog. at armhole edge of every row 6 times.

Work even until the 12th buttonhole is completed. Work 2 rows. Shape neck by casting off 3 sts. at neck edge of next row and every 2nd row following 3 times.

Then cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row 3 times. Then shape shoulder by casting off 3 sts. at shoulder edge, and at the same time decrease 1 st. at neck edge of every 2nd row following until all sts. are cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 54 sts. and work as for right front, but shaping at opposite ends of row, and omitting buttonholes.

LEFT SLEEVE AND YOKE

Commence at cuff edge by casting on 54 sts. (k. into back of cast-on sts.), work in pattern as for right front. Increase 1 st. each end of the 9th row, and every 9th row following 20 times.

Work 4 rows; shape top of sleeve by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Then k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 36 sts. remain.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 12 rows. Work on remaining 12 sts. for yoke. Shape as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): Inc. 1 st. at beginning of row; work in pattern.

Work 3 rows even.

5th Row: Repeat 1st row.

Repeat last 4 rows 10 times.

46th Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to last st., inc. in last st.

47th Row: Work even in pattern.

48th Row: Cast off 3 sts., work in pattern to last st., inc. in last st.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

53rd Row: Work to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

54th Row: Work even.

55th Row: Inc. 1 st. in 1st st., work to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

56th Row: K. 2 tog., work to end of row.

57th Row: Repeat 55th row.

58th Row: K. 2 tog., work to last st., inc. in last st.

59th Row: Repeat 55th row.

60th Row: Repeat 56th row.

61st Row: Repeat 55th row.

62nd Row: Repeat 47th row.

63rd Row: Repeat 55th row.

Work 3 rows even.

67th Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

68th Row: Work even.

Repeat last 2 rows until all sts. are cast off.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Work the same as the left, reversing the increased and decreased sts.

COLLAR

Cast on 108 sts. and work 24 rows of pattern. Cast off. Turn a narrow hem around edge, rounding the corners as shown in illustration.

BELT

Cast on 16 sts. and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 34 inches. Cast off.

TO COVER BUTTONS

Crochet a square in double crochet, place mould in centre, and draw the ends tightly together, with a darning needle and thread. The buckle is also covered with double crochet.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulders, stitching yoke neatly to back and fronts of cardigan. Join seams. Stitch collar to cardigan. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Stitch buckle to belt. Stitch skirt to a petersham band, leaving an opening of 8 inches at left side. Sew 6 press-studs at opening. Press garment carefully with a warm iron and damp cloth.

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POTPOURRI of ENGLISH FLOWERS

Sow, transplant, and prepare the ground now for a lovely showing next spring of wall-flowers, azaleas, rhododendrons, pansies, delphiniums

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

THE wallflower is always a popular flower with growers because of its perfume, and because it makes such charming decoration.

Now is the time to sow the seed.

An old English favorite, these flowers have greatly improved of latter years, so that to-day there are some beautiful shades on the market.

There are perennials as well as annuals. The annual variety is the easier to grow, and if the seed is sown now there will be a grand display during the spring. Massed in beds by themselves they look particularly charming.

Sow the seed in beds or boxes in well-prepared soil. When the plants are large enough, prick them out into boxes, then at transplanting time the boxes can be carried to the plot, and the plants transplanted without any check to the growth.

Wallflowers revel in potash, so save all your wood ashes, and when preparing the plot work them into the soil.

After transplanting and during the growing period make constant applications of sulphate of potash, using



DO NOT allow wind or sun to get at the roots of plants when transplanting. Keep them covered with moist soil.

a teaspoonful to each gallon of water, and pour around the roots. Stocks also revel in potash, so give them this same treatment.

Many people who are planting their shrub garden this season will select the rhododendron. Plant this type of shrub in the position which will suit it, and shade from the hot sun during the middle of the day.

It must also be grown in acid soil, otherwise the leaves turn a sickly yellow-green in color and die. The soil must be kept acid at all times by constant mulching of either peat moss or oak leaves.

The leaves and moss not only hold the moisture, but add a certain amount of acidity. It is the usual procedure also to sprinkle tannic acid, Epsom salts or aluminium sulphate liberally around the roots of the tree several times a year.

Azaleas are a kind of rhododendron, and need similar treatment. They too, must have sour soil. Azaleas, the most beautiful flowering shrubs in existence, can be had in many different varieties, ranging from dwarf plants about a foot high to twenty feet in height.

They make a splendid show as shrubs, and give the garden a gay appearance in the spring.

They also require a semi-shaded position, if possible facing the north-east, where they catch the morning sun and are partially sheltered during the hot part of the day.

It is advisable during the winter to give them a good mulching with well-decayed animal manure.

Azaleas and rhododendrons are usually attacked with red spider, which, if not destroyed in time, kill the plants right out. They can very easily be discovered, as they attack the under-part of the leaf which becomes sickly and discolored.

They make splendid tub specimens, which, placed around the home, give a very bright appearance throughout the year. Especially is this so if the evergreen types are chosen, for, even after the flowering season has finished, the beautiful foliage still adds charm to the surroundings.

The pansy is another flower which, grown now, will bloom in spring. These flowers have been improved of

late in size, color, and general formation.

They are not difficult flowers to grow, and thrive in soil that is very rich.

Best way to grow pansies is to take off two to three inches of the top soil, placing it to one side, cover the whole of the bed with hard lumps of cow manure, place the soil back on top of this, and plant.

At flowering time the roots are set well down into this manure, and so are continually being fed at the time when they most need it.

Violas should be treated in the same manner.

The delphinium should be transplanted out now. These beautiful flowers also thrive in the cold weather, and, if planted now, give beautiful

long spikes of blooms in the spring. A massed bed of the hybrid delphinium with a border of the butterfly type is really lovely.

In the colder climates or on the highlands the crowns grow well, but in the warmer climates along the coast-line raising them from seed gives better results.

Feed Them Regularly

DURING their growing period a constant application of sulphate of ammonia—one teaspoonful to every gallon of water—poured around the plants once every ten days works miracles.

They love deep soil, rich in manure. Keep a constant look-out for mildew and spray them continually with lime sulphur or other special mixture.

Bougardias are beautiful shrubs and should be grown more often in Australian gardens. They love an open, sunny position; the soil must be rich and well-drained, and right through their growing season they must receive plenty of moisture and never be allowed to dry up.

It is advisable during the summer months to keep them mulched with well-decayed manure, rotted leaves, grass or any material that will prevent rapid evaporation of the moisture. Applications from time to time of weak liquid manure will be beneficial.

The best time to prune them is during the winter months. It is necessary to prune them thoroughly, so that they will give a profusion of blooms the next season from the new growth which is made during the spring.

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Every garment you knit with **SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool** keeps its soft, lustrous, unshrinkable beauty to the end of its life. You'll notice no difference after hard and frequent washings — your knit-wear continues to keep the beauty it had when first knitted. **SUN-GLO** colours are fadeless.

Remember — **SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool** is pure wool — it contains no cotton or rayon; also the scientific process of making it shrinkproof actually improves the wool, rendering it more soft to the feel and much less prone to rub than ordinary wools.

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FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Care and Treatment of a Distressing Skin Complaint

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

THE most common, most distressing, and the most tedious to treat of the skin troubles met with in the first two years of life is that known as "infantile eczema."

This is an inflammation of the skin which at first just looks unusually red and rough.

In a few days small blisters form on the red skin and when these break a clear, watery fluid discharges on the skin, dries, and forms a crust.

This "weeping" and "crusting" are characteristic of eczema.

It may occur on any part of the skin, but most often begins where there are folds, especially in the bend of the elbows, and the knees, in the groins and in the armpits.

It often appears on the head, especially on the cheeks, forehead and scalp, and behind the ears.

Scurry patches on the scalp may lead to eczema.

The rash is most irritable and when the itching surface is scratched or irritated in any way it bleeds and the trouble is greatly aggravated.

Pre-disposing causes are either external or internal.

Among the external causes are local irritants such as strong, irritating soaps, hard water, poor talcum powder, imperfect drying of the folds of the skin, irritating flannel or harsh woolen underclothing, or soiled napkins.

Excessive exposure of the face and limbs to direct sunlight or to strong winds (especially cold, dry winds) is a definite exciting cause.

Internal Causes

poor hygiene, breathing and living in impure air, or overfeeding (the commonest predisposing cause) which may be a general overfeeding or an overfeeding with one of the food components—sugar, fat, or protein.

The baby may be breast-fed (in which case it is interesting to note that most milk tests taken show a much higher fat percentage than the average) or may be artificially fed.

In the latter case it is often found that the dairy milk used is a rich Jersey milk, or that the baby is on a badly balanced diet.

A doctor should be consulted before the trouble is allowed to spread.

Where parents live in parts of the country remote from any doctor or Baby Health Centre, the following course may be pursued:—

1. The exciting cause should be looked for and, if found, removed.
2. The affected area should never be washed with water or soap and water, but should be cleansed with olive oil (great care being taken not to rub the skin but to use a dabbing movement only).

3. Thin cotton or silk must be worn next to the skin, and no blanket, flannel or other irritating material be allowed to come in contact with it.

4. Scratching or rubbing must be prevented. (This is most important, and various methods for prevention can be used, but great care must be taken that the child is not too restricted in movement.)

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

If you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299XX, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age

Birth Weight

Present Weight (without clothing).

Have you written before? (Yes or no)

A good plan to prevent scratching is to cut a hole in the end of a pillow-case, to put the baby's head through the hole; then secure the arms at the sides with a row of safety-pins, pinning together the front and the back of the pillow-case between the arms and trunk. A similar row of pins may be used to fix each leg.

5. Scabs and "crusts" must be carefully removed after soaking with warm sweet oil for some hours, or after applying starch poultices.

6. The inflamed area must then be protected by applying a soothing ointment. (If the doctor's prescription or other ointment is not available, perfectly fresh—recently boiled—unsalted lard may be used.)

The ointment should be spread on butter-mullin, and when the face is badly affected a muslin mask (with holes for nose, eyes and mouth) should be used.

Avoid Overfeeding

When there is a "flare-up" of the trouble which often occurs at teething times, it is best to give a day's starvation, giving only cool boiled water to drink. The next day whey or diluted milk-mixture can be given and a return to full diet should be gradual, taking at least two to three weeks before full rations are given.

In the case of a breast-fed baby the mother's health is of great importance.

Tests of her milk should be taken, and if it is proved that it is too rich in any one of the food-components, her diet should be carefully adjusted and should be a non-stimulating one, with plenty of fruit, vegetables, and water, and she must keep herself perfectly free from constipation.

Any tendency on the part of the babe to constipation must be overcome by prompt measures, as this condition only aggravates the trouble.

It is noticeable that it is usually the well-nourished, over-fat type of baby who is prone to attacks of eczema. It is comparatively seldom seen in thin and under-nourished babies.

THEN . . .

A fruit bowl typical of silverware fashions when George II was King of England.

and

NOW

A silver fruit bowl of to-day—fine example of modern craftsmanship.



CHERISH your Silver treasures with SILVO—the wonderful liquid polish that will wipe away all dimness but will never injure the lovely surface.

You may safely trust Silvo to care for your Silver. Use Silvo, too, for polishing Chromium and Glassware.

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LIQUID SILVER POLISH

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six cord brilliant cordonnet used extensively for all kinds of crochet work

the perfect cable twisted crochet cotton is most desirable thread for general crochet work; this firm thread ensures a permanency and distinctness of detail in finished work even after much laundering

high quality fast colours

can be obtained from all art and craft stores.

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For Dusting Polishing and Preserving Pianos Furniture Woodwork Automobiles

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CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC NOW EATS ANYTHING

"I used to dread the approach of meal time because of my inability to eat ordinary food. Now I can eat anything that is put before me, and enjoy it, thanks to TWIN SODA."

Extract from satisfied patient's report! You, too, can gain this wonderful relief. Buy a packet of TWIN SODA from your chemist to-day. It costs only 1/6.

Here's Quickest, Simplest Way to Stop a Cold



1. Take 2 Bayer's Aspirin Tablets.
2. Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 2 Bayer's Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water, and gargle according to directions.

Almost Instant Relief in this Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognised as the **QUICK-EST**, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real **BAYER'S Aspirin Tablets**. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost

instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, **BAYER'S Aspirin Tablets** dissolve so completely they leave no irritating particles.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-, Bayer means Better.



Kidney Acid Germs Killed in 3 Hours

The underlying cause of much ill health and most kidney and bladder disorders is irritating germs which develop in the body during colds and from Bad Teeth and Tonsils or other bacterial diseases, so it's no wonder that many every day suffer from the danger of germs in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System. These irritating germs cause a generally run-down condition and many dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up at Night, Urine Acid, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Nervous, Itching Passions.

Helps Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have a new twin-tablet treatment called **Cystex**, which is a doctor's prescription. **Cystex** acts in 3 positive ways to overcome the cause of your trouble: 1. It kills the germs responsible for most kidney and bladder disorders. 2. It soothes and helps irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. Gently stimulates the Kidneys and helps them to remove Urine Acid and other Poisons from the blood.

No matter how long you have suffered or how many medicines you have tried, you must remember that you cannot expect to get the satisfactory result you desire until you attack your trouble and the underlying cause in these 3 ways with the doctor's prescription **Cystex**.

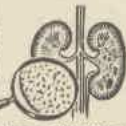
Feel 10 Years Younger

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used **Cystex**.

Many of them can not praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. J. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly run-down condition. My appetite was gone, I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of **Cystex** and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting **Cystex** to the test. Simply get **Cystex** from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get **Cystex** from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Germs Irritate Your Kidneys.

What My Patients Ask Me

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is the liver a very important organ in the body?

TO the human body have been given certain organs, the operation of which is essential to life and the maintenance of good health. There are other organs which can be removed without material damage to the welfare. Among those that are "vital" and cannot be spared is the liver.

This important organ has many duties to perform. If it becomes diseased, only a small portion of it remaining healthy, it continues to carry on its many functions. For these reasons, it is fortunate for us that the liver is a large organ with an abundance of substances to be called upon if the need comes.

As a rule, the liver weighs about three pounds.

This varies according to the size of the individual. In proportion to the size of the body, it is larger in young children and decreases in proportionate size as the child matures.

The liver is located in the upper right portion of the abdomen, and it pushes up against the dome of the diaphragm—the breathing membrane. It rests upon several of the abdominal organs, such as the right kidney, the large intestine and parts of the small

intestine and stomach. It is a structure of considerable size, measuring over five inches in thickness on the right side, but tapering to a thin edge on the left.

There remains much to be learned about this, the largest gland in the body.

The most important task performed by the liver is in its action on certain foods. It converts sugar into "glycogen," animal starch. This is stored away and, when needed, is turned back into sugar.

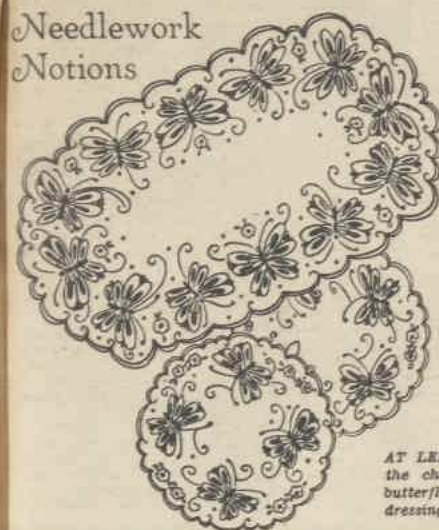
The bile manufactured by this organ aids in the digestion of fats. The liver assists the processes of nutrition by converting the waste materials of the body into certain chemicals, known as urea and uric acid. These substances are carried by the bloodstream to the kidneys, where they are dissolved in and discharged with the urine.

In addition to the vital part it plays in digestion, the liver aids in the manufacture of red blood cells and hemoglobin, the coloring matter of the blood. It assists in the manufacture of "fibrinogen," which is an important element necessary for the clotting of blood.

Disturbances of the liver often follow after certain constitutional diseases and infections. As a rule, such ailments require rigid medical attention, together with regulation of the diet.

FOR YOUR HOME Or GLORY BOX

Needlework
Notions



Item one is a three-piece Duchesse Set, traced in exquisite butterfly design for swift embroidery.

ENCHANTING linen duchesse set for your own home or for your representation at linen tea or trousseau showing. Traced in a lovely butterfly design for embroidery, on oblong centre and circular mats, it will repay you handsomely for the very short time it will take to work.

Centre mat measures 12 x 18 inches, and the side mats 8 x 8 inches.

Obtainable in best quality Irish linen, in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green, from our Needlework Department, for 2/6 the set, post free. We regret no C.O.D. orders can be taken for traced linen articles.



SKETCH to show how attractive the butterfly duchesse set looks laid upon a table.

To work, butterflies should be satin-stitched, with the centres worked in a darker shade. The lines are in stem-stitch and the spots either french knots or eyelet holes.

She Wears Such
Lovely Clothes



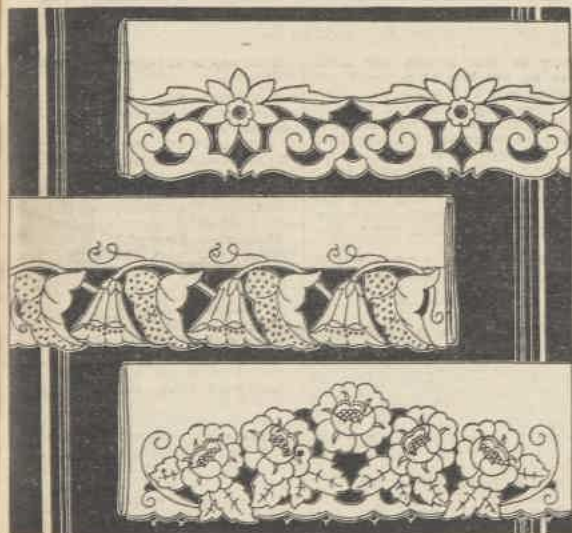
You'd never guess she dyed them herself . . . with Fairy Dyes, of course. They're so easy to use, and give new life and freshness to clothes and household furnishings.

Fairy Dyes
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

AT LEFT: Illustration of the charming three-piece butterfly duchesse set for dressing-table or sideboard.

For Brighter Bathrooms

Item Two: Individual guest towels, traced for Roman cutwork in delightful flower designs.



ABOVE: The three lovely flower designs traced ready for working on linen or huckaback guest towels. Obtainable from our Needlework Department.

STRICTLY utilitarian, but notably decorative, the guest-towels, illustrated above, make ideal gifts for the bride-to-be, and for any beauty-loving friend.

They are light and interesting pieces to work, and if you start now and have several on hand you will never be at a loss for an unexpected gift in the busy bridal season.

You may choose between the camellia, the convolvulus, and the rose design. Traced on white huckaback or cream

linen, also on blue, green, pink, or yellow silk huckaback, price of each is 2/6, post free.

"The Camellia" Design: Work the camellia and leaves in satin-stitch. Work bars in double buttonhole.

"The Convolvulus Border" Design: Work flowers in buttonhole with the spots in either satin-stitch or french knots. Work bars in double buttonhole, and the vine in stem-stitch.

"The Conventional Rose" Design: The flowers should be worked in satin-stitch with the centres in french knots. The leaves are worked in buttonhole with the stamens stem-stitched. Buttonhole the edge.

All work should be well pressed before cutting out.

No more
rubbing and
long boiling on
washing day!



Rinso
2-MINUTE BOIL
METHOD gives
whiter wash!

DO THIS!

FOR WHITES



NOTE: Very dirty clothes should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

WOMEN SAVE WORK
AND FUEL...FINISH
HOURS SOONER...
yet Wash Clothes
far Whiter

The newest, quickest, easiest way of all to wash clothes is the Rinso 2-minute boil method. No hard rubbing needed . . . money saved on fuel, because the clothes are at the boil only 2 minutes instead of 30 or 40! Fancy boiling clothes brilliantly white in less time than it takes to boil an egg! You can do it with Rinso. TRY NEXT WASHING-DAY.



Lukewarm RINSO
suds—wonderful for
Silks, Colours and
Woollens

Make rich lukewarm Rinso suds and give silks, woollens and coloured articles a few minutes' gentle run-through. Squeeze and swish around to loosen and remove the dirt. Don't rub, twist or wring. Rinse well and dry in the shade. Rinso suds are so rich they remove dirt and dullness quickly, thoroughly—without harmful rubbing. That's how this simple Rinso method keeps silks, woollens and colours so new-looking.



Flavour unequalled.



CHAMPION'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR



*Do clothes
make the man?...*

Not half so much as good health and good food. It's the things he enjoys that do him most good, and there are very few things he enjoys half so much as sandwiches of Peck's Anchovette or Salmon and Shrimp. Give him Peck's when he's peckish and he'll be fine.

**Peck's
ANCHOVETTE
FISH PASTE**



STARCH

and its Digestion



Many everyday foods contain an excess of "raw" or "unconverted" starch, which gives you that unpleasant feeling of stuffiness and lassitude, known as starch-heaviness.

Beware of starch-heaviness! It is Nature's warning that constipation, indigestion, and a bad complexion will follow, unless you alter your diet.

Change to Peck Frean Vita-Weat, the sensible modern Crispbread. It's made from the same good wheat as ordinary bread, with all its precious vitamins and nourishment left in, and "unconverted" starch left out.

PECK FREAN
Vita-Weat
CRISP BREAD

THE BREAD THAT LETS YOUR STOMACH TRAVEL LIGHT

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 108-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

LIGHT, Nourishing BREAKFAST DISHES

*Readers Enter Excellent
Recipes and Win Cash Prizes in
Our Cooking Competition*

A FEW weeks ago we asked our readers for interesting and appetising recipes for breakfast dishes containing eggs.

The response was instantaneous. From the hundreds of entries submitted, those published hereunder were selected by our cookery expert. They are a fine lot.

We now ask readers for their favorite casserole recipes. Winter faces us, and hot, nourishing, savory dishes will be welcome in every household.

Every week we award a first prize of £1 and consolation prizes at 2/6 each for best recipes received.

Eggs with Kidneys: Take 3 sheep's kidneys, 1 tablespoon of beef dripping, 1 onion, salt, pepper, and 4 eggs. Scald the kidneys, remove the skin, and cut them into thin slices. Put the dripping into a shallow pan, and, when hot, add the onion chopped up. When slightly browned, add the kidneys with salt and pepper to taste. Cook for about 3 minutes, add the eggs separately, and when firm serve on a hot dish.

Curried Eggs: Take 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. flour, 1 small onion, 5 hard-boiled eggs, a small apple, 1½ teaspoons curry powder, and 1 pint of stock. Fry the apple and onion sliced finely to a light brown color in the butter, mix the flour and curry powder smoothly with a little of the stock, add it gradually to the apple and onion, then the rest of the stock, stirring all the time. Let this curry sauce cook for about 20 minutes. Slice the eggs and warm them through in the sauce. Serve hot.

Italian Eggs: Place a few slices of thin cheese in a fireproof dish (well buttered), sprinkle on salt and pepper, then break in as many eggs as required, cover with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, bake in a quick oven for 10 to 15 minutes, and serve with a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Norwegian Eggs: Allow 1 egg per person. Boil them hard, shell, and cut in two lengthwise. Brush over with flour and beaten egg and roll in vermicelli, fry in deep fat to a golden brown, drain on paper, pile in the centre of a hot dish and serve with a border of Brussels sprouts. Hot tomato sauce is a delightful accompaniment to this dish.

Swiss Eggs: 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 oz. margarine or butter, and 1 oz. grated cheese. Melt half the margarine in a fireproof dish, sprinkle on half the cheese, break in the eggs, season with pepper and salt, add the milk, sprinkle on the rest of the cheese and dot the top with tiny nuts of margarine or butter. Bake in a fair oven till the eggs are set.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. E. Mack, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

HAM AND EGG RAREBIT
Half cup chopped ham, 1 egg, 1 cupful grated cheese, 1½ tablespoons milk, salt and pepper, 3 rounds of buttered toast.

Beat egg well, season, and stir into milk. Add cheese and ham, mixing thoroughly. Turn into a pan, and stir until egg is cooked. Spread on buttered toast, and lightly brown under grill.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Welch, 33 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

POACHED EGGS ON SPINACH
Poached eggs, spinach, butter, salt, pepper, hot buttered toast.

Wash spinach in at least three separate waters. Boil a small quantity of salted water in a saucepan, add a pinch of carbonate soda to improve the color of spinach, add spinach and cook till tender. Drain, and press out with a saucer all the water. Return to saucepan, add a good lump of butter, salt, and pepper to taste. Mix, and mash all well together. Cover each slice of hot buttered toast with spinach, and place a neatly-trimmed poached egg on top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Campbell, Pindimar, Port Stephens, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE WELSH RAREBIT
Melt 1 tablespoon butter in large saucepan, then add gradually 1 lb. cheese broken into small pieces. Stir constantly until cheese is melted. Add 1 egg beaten and diluted with 1 cup cream, pinch soda, salt, pepper and paprika, and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Finally add 2 cups crushed pineapple. Serve on hot buttered toast. These quantities may be halved or quartered.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Kennedy, c/o Flat 3, 607 St. Kilda Road, S.C., Vic.

CHUTNEY EGGS ON TOAST
This is quick and easy and just right for breakfast. Take four slices of toast; mix together 4 teaspoons chutney, 4 teaspoons mustard, and 4 oz. butter. Cover toast with this and let it soak in. Keep warm, but don't let harden. Put 2 oz. butter in a saucepan, and when warm break in 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons cream or milk, a little pepper and salt. Stir over fire till set but not too thick. Pour over toast and top with slices of crisp bacon. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

EGGS A LA CREOLE
Butter moulds well (muffin pans will do), scatter finely-chopped



EGGS, from a health standpoint, are worth their weight in gold. No other food has packed away in such a small space so much concentrated food values.

parsley in the bottom and sides; break an egg into each mould and steam or bake until white is set. Have rice thoroughly boiled and piled in the centre of an oblong dish, with eggs arranged around the edge. Pour the following tomato sauce over all: Two cups strained tomatoes, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 4 whole cloves, 4 whole peppers, and 1 tablespoon each parsley, cornstarch, butter, and sugar; let boil 15 minutes, then add 1 tablespoon capers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wain, 30 Anglo Rd., Camper, N.S.W.

RICE BALLS
One cup boiled rice, 1 finely-chopped onion, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, a little milk.

Beat eggs well, add flour and enough milk to make a smooth, rather thick batter, also salt. Now add rice and onion. Mix well, then add baking powder. Drop in teaspoons into boiling fat, cook until golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. M. Beatty, Nukun, Winton, Qld.

EGGS IN BATTER

Poach 2 new-laid eggs and leave them until such time as they are needed. These can be done the night before, as they are all the better for standing and getting firm. Put 1 tablespoon of butter into frying pan, allow to melt slowly until a blue flame arises. Meantime take 1 egg and its weight in flour, break the egg in a cup and whisk thoroughly; put flour in a basin with pinch of salt, stir in egg until a nice creamy batter is made. Trim poached eggs nicely and dip in batter, taking care to cover them completely. Fry for 2 minutes. A delicious dish which takes about 5 minutes to prepare. Serve with garnishing of chopped parsley and anchovy sauce if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. John Stewart, 5 Flat, St. Marina, Rickard Ave., Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.

BREAKFAST PANCAKES
One cup stale breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon

flour, pepper to taste, a little milk, dripping.

Mix crumbs with a little milk until moist—but not sloppy—stir in salt, pepper, flour, egg, and beat until egg is well mixed in. Melt dripping in pan and, when smoking hot, drop in dessertspoonfuls of mixture, leaving a little room to spread. Fry till brown underneath, then turn. Serve very hot with fried bacon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Cairns, Glencairn, Oakleigh Ave., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

EGG CUTLETS

Two hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon finely-minced ham or tongue, 1 teaspoon of finely-minced parsley, a mushroom or two if in season, about 1 gill of any good, thick, white sauce, 1 raw yolk of egg, pepper and salt.

Mix all ingredients over heat until quite hot but not boiling, then put on a dish and leave till quite cold. Form into neat cutlets with well-floured hands, then dip in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry a golden brown and serve. These can be made of any scraps of sweetbread, brains, etc.; and melted butter answers for the sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Price, Taranna, Tas.

SARDINE OMELETTE

Beat the whites of 4 eggs until stiff, then add the yolks and pepper and salt to taste, and beat well together. Heat 2 ounces of butter in a large frying pan. Tip into melted butter contents of one large tin of sardines and keep shaking pan until the sardines are very hot. Remove hot sardines and pour in the omelette mixture. Turn in from the edges as the omelette begins to set, then tip the hot sardines into the middle. Keep folding from the edge of the pan until the omelette is cooked, then fold in half and serve hot with thin slices of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Riley, 4 C.R.S. Buildings, King William St., Adelaide.

FOR RICH SOUPS and GRAVIES
add one or two OXO cubes

OXO
CUBES



Sales Agents: Hodgson & Co. Pty. Ltd.
Sydney and Melbourne.



ABOVE you see cream of herrings, cooked and served in individual ramekins. The recipe for this easily-made, appetising and nourishing food is given on this page.



HERRING MAYONNAISE IN ASPIC RING—a tempting dish. Within a ring mould of aspic jelly is a centre of herrings whipped to the consistency of thick cream with mayonnaise dressing. Set in the aspic are "flowers." Petals are cut from the white of a hard-boiled egg, with yolk centres. Leaves and stems are made of gherkin. Around the dish repose crisp lettuce leaves and the halves of tomatoes from which the pulp has been removed to make way for the delectable herring mixture. Garnish with lemon.

CATERING for EASTER WEEK

Our Cookery Expert gives you some excellent recipes for sweets, salads, savory dishes and substantial cake

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

PLANNING the food requirements of family and friends over the Easter holidays is no easy task for the housewife.

The weather may be hot—real picnic weather. On the other hand, it may be blowing cold—even raining some of the time.

The only way to meet every emergency (even unexpected or hungry visitors) is to have plenty in the house.

Prepare ahead. Have at least one large cake, also a piece of boiled bacon, on hand.

During the early part of the week

it might be a good plan to make some pastry cases and meringue cases, and store in airtight tins. The meringues can be filled with flavored whipped cream; the pastries with a sweet or savory filling.

Stale sponge cake can quickly become trifle with the addition of custard or cream, jam, fruit juices, or sherry.

A few tins of fish and other canned delicacies should also stand in readiness on the cupboard shelves.

Now for recipes:

RAISIN POUND CAKE

Half-pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon brandy, 9oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. raisins, 2oz. almonds, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar till as white as possible. Add beaten eggs, then brandy, then sifted flour, and baking powder with the fruit and nuts. Pour into well-greased seven-inch square cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven from 1½ to 2 hours. Turn out carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, store in airtight tin.

SURPRISE TRIFLE

One sponge cake, tinned or fresh stewed fruit, 1 cup cream, 3 tablespoons milk, 1oz. gelatine, lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water.

Soak gelatine in water, then stir over low heat until dissolved. Rub fruit through strainer, add sugar to taste, then gelatine, milk, cream, lemon juice. Mix well. Scoop centre out of sponge cake, and stand it in a basin. Fill up space with fruit cream. Leave in a cool place to set. Turn on to a flat dish. Pour little fruit juice over. Serve, surrounded with fruit, and decorated with cream.

DANTZIG PUDDING

Slices of stale sponge cake, stewed fruit, chopped nuts, glace cherries, whipped cream.

Put stewed fruit through a strainer. Cut slices of cake very thinly, and arrange some in deep glass dish, and over them some fruit puree. Sprinkle with nuts. Make layers of cake, fruit, and nuts until dish is full, ending with cake. Allow to stand till cake is well soaked. Chill. Pour whipped cream over all, and decorate with glace cherries.

ROLLED STEAK IN CASSEROLE

Two pounds topside steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon veal seasoning herbs, salt, cayenne, 1 dessertspoon plain flour.

Peel and chop onion, also tomatoes. Have steak cut thinly. Lay out flat.

Sprinkle with herbs, onion, crumbs, tomato, and flour. Roll up, and fasten securely with skewer. Fry in hot fat to seal outside. Drain. Put into casserole and add about 1 inch water. Cover with lid. Bake in very slow oven 1½ hours, adding more water if necessary. Remove any fat and the skewers. Reheat and serve at once.

SAUSAGE SAVORY

Sausages, mashed potatoes, eggs, salt, cayenne.

Spread a thick layer of mashed potatoes on a flat fireproof dish. Divide into squares with lightly-cooked sausages. Make a hollow in each square and break into it an egg. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Bake in a moderate oven till the eggs are quite set. Serve at once very hot.

APPLE COLESLAW

Six small red apples, juice lemon, 1 cup chopped cabbage, 1 cup diced celery, mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, lettuce leaves.

Wash and core apples. Cut slice off top of each apple. Scoop out centre, leaving a thin shell. The apple cups may be serrated round the edge if liked. Brush the inside of cups with

alices, hollow out centre. Mix fish or meat with vegetables, add mayonnaise and seasoning. Fill slices with mixture. Serve on bed of lettuce.

CREAM OF HERRINGS

One ounce butter, yolks 3 eggs, tablespoon milk or cream, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, tin fresh herrings or herrings in tomato sauce.

Beat yolks well in a basin, add milk, butter, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Mix well. Stand the basin over saucepan of boiling water and stir until the mixture thickens. Remove from water immediately. Heat contents of tin of herrings and place portion of herrings in individual ramekins. Pour over sauce until ramekins are filled. Top with crumbs or grated cheese. Place in oven to re-heat. Serve piping hot.

N.B.: If herrings in tomato sauce are used, add liquor to the cream sauce. It will not only lend it a distinctive flavor, but will color it attractively.

BAKED APPLES

With Clove Sauce

Apples, sugar, lemon rind, butter, water, sauce.

Peel apples thinly, remove cores, stand on greased fireproof dish. Put little sugar in hollow of each apple, piece of rind, dab of butter, then more sugar. Pour little water round. Bake in moderate oven until the apples are soft, but not broken. Pour the sauce over, and serve at once.

CLOVE SAUCE: 1½ cups water,

1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 12 cloves, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon butter.

Boil cloves in the water to extract flavor and reduce liquid to 1 cupful. Mix arrowroot and sugar. Add a little cold water and mix to smooth paste. Pour over the strained clove liquid, return to heat, and cook 1 minute. Add butter and pour over the apples.



A PAGE FROM
The New COOKERY BOOK
you'd like to own

The new "Davis Delicacy Dishes" is beautifully illustrated in colour, with many full page pictures. The dishes look so tempting and the recipes are so simple that you want to make them at once. To obtain your copy, send the top page from two (2) packets of Davis Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, or the flap from one 4oz. size, or the leaflet from the 3oz. or 16oz. canister, enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

And remember to ask for the special folder, "Simple Savories."

DAVIS GELATINE

G.P.O. BOX 35835, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Hot Cross Buns

Half pint warm milk, 1oz. compressed yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 1lb. plain flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. sultanas, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Mix yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons flour, and warm milk together and stand in warm place 20 minutes. Rub the butter into the flour, and add salt, sugar and sultanas. Beat egg well, add it to the yeast mixture, then add to the dry ingredients. Mix well. Place in basin and stand 20 minutes. Knead and cut into the required number, make into rounds. Place on greased tin. Mark with back of a knife. Glaze. Stand for 10 minutes to rise. Place in hot oven. Bake 10 to 12 minutes according to the size. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

lemon juice (this keeps them from turning black). Chill. Chop the centres, add lemon juice, and chill. Just before serving, add the centres to the cabbage and celery. Add salt, cayenne, and mayonnaise. Fill the cups with the slaw and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

CUCUMBER HORS D'OEUVRES

Large thick cucumber, cold cooked vegetables, mayonnaise, left-over fish or meat, salt, cayenne.

Cut cucumber into 2-inch thick



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By G. H. Teed

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MYSTERY SHIP

By G. H. TEED



WHEN a regal ship like the new leviathan, *Corsair*, starts on a luxury cruise it is natural to assume that the fortunate passengers may expect a beguiling voyage in which no pains will be spared to administer to their comfort and pleasure.

It can also be anticipated that, before the cruise is finished, there will have been burnt and died, many little plants that thrive upon the weaknesses of human emotions—romantic attachments, some of them brief, some light and trifling, and some deep and suffering as the withering touch of death.

One does not look for anything of a seriously tragic nature in a vast, floating hotel where every possible amenity is provided, where everything is light and laughter and music, where cares are supposed to be carried away on the first burst of the sea breeze.

On the maiden voyage of the *Corsair*, although every possible effort had been made to anticipate the demands of those who had been fortunate enough to secure bookings, and although the ship left England under the best auguries, that maiden voyage was to record a series of dreadful and tragic happenings before it was finished.

For not all those who travelled in her were there for simple recreation.

The tall, good-looking, well-tailored man who was down in the passenger list as "Mr. Grant Rushton," did not come aboard at Southampton with the bulk of the passengers. He slipped up the gangway quietly at Cherbourg where the *Corsair* had put in for a brief call to pick up the complement from France.

His main luggage, however (all but a small blue case which he carried) was in his cabin, and to this he proceeded immediately he set foot on deck.

The "cabin" was, in fact, a most luxuriously arranged suite of bedroom, sitting-room and bathroom, with a tiny enclosed balcony all its own, and a small vestibule as one entered from the corridor. It was one of the three finest suites in the ship.

He stood for a moment looking at his main luggage that had been neatly piled by the steward. It could remain as it was for the present. He had something more important to attend to.

Walking lightly to the desk, he drew out the chair and sat down. He paused as if listening and, hearing what sounded like the tinkle of glass in the outer cabin, he leant forward a little and took hold of the handle of the lower right hand drawer.

On being drawn almost fully open it was

revealed as being perfectly empty, waiting for the tenant's personal material to be put in.

But Rushton did not seem to be interested in its emptiness. In fact, he scarcely glanced into the drawer. Instead, he bent still lower so that he could thrust his hand in a considerable distance and then upwards so that his fingers touched the dustboard separating it from the drawer above.

But his exploring fingers encountered something else. They came into contact with a small piece of folded paper that had been secured to the dustboard by a flat drawing-pin. Rushton loosened it and drew out pin and paper.

He thrust the pin quickly into a waistcoat pocket and unfolded the paper—it was no more than three inches square and had been folded only once.

But it was what Rushton expected to find, what he knew should have been placed there while the ship lay at Southampton, for him to find when he came aboard at Cherbourg.

It contained only a few words, which he scanned closely. Then, while still holding it in his hand, he drew out a pocket lighter, snapped it open and held the paper to the flame.

It flared up so suddenly and became completely consumed so quickly that one would think the paper had been treated with some highly inflammable matter to ensure just such swift destruction—which, indeed, was the case.

He leant down again and closed the drawer. Then, straightening up, he was about to rise when, in the glass over a large picture of a sailing ship that hung over the desk, he saw reflected the door leading to the sitting-room just beginning to open slowly.

He stiffened. It could not be the steward. He would never enter in that fashion.

Next, he sprang to his feet, the chair going over with a soft thud as he did so. His hand shot in under his coat as if he were reaching for a shoulder holster but, before his fingers could grasp any weapon, a hand came in through the opening, a curious looking blued steel bit of metal appeared, and then there sounded what was extraordinarily like the light cough of a nervous child.

One—two—three.

The sound could not have been heard a dozen yards away and, certainly, not through the walls, windows or doors of the suite.

Then, as Rushton reeled sideways and fell to the floor, the weapon was withdrawn, the door closed, and for a brief moment there was silence.

But now a most extraordinary thing hap-

pened. The bullets that had been discharged by the strange and almost completely silent weapon, had struck Grant Rushton full in the back. They had been carried with a velocity and foot-poundage at muzzle that were sufficient to knock a buffalo cold.

And it is certain that the one who had fired the shots must have felt satisfied that the deed had been successfully done from the manner in which the victim had crashed to the carpet.

Nor had there been any sham about that fall. The speed and weight of the bullets had sent him down as if he had been pole-axed, but that was all. Not one had penetrated the very fine, light but marvellously effective bullet-proof chain shirt he was wearing.

THE door had scarcely closed when Rushton rolled over and got groggily to his feet. He caught hold of the desk with one hand as if to steady himself, while, with the other, he drew from an arm-pit holster an automatic pistol.

With every sign of the effort requiring all his reserves of strength and will power, he reeled to the door of the sitting-room and turned the spring catch.

Then, with his weapon upraised, he lurched into the outer cabin. It was empty.

Rushton continued to the small entrance vestibule and opened the door leading into the corridor.

Flinging open the door he was about to plunge into the corridor when, immediately in his path, a little old lady threw her hands in the air and, with a terrified look at his gun, began to emit hysterical screams.

There is no doubt that Rushton must have presented a somewhat terrifying sight as he appeared in such sudden fashion, brandishing a gun and now, instead of looking for his would-be murderer, he found all his time and persuasion employed in soothing the frightened woman.

In a flash he thrust the gun out of sight, then he broke into apologies, assuring her earnestly that she had nothing to fear and making up the first excuse that came into his mind.

While he was engaged in this, for him, strange and awkward task, his steward appeared, accompanied by the stewardess. It was now that Rushton discovered that the frightened lady was his immediate neighbor, her suite being the one directly across from his.

Those few moments during which he had lain half stunned on the floor, and this delay through the old lady's hysterics, had been more than sufficient for his would-

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be murderer to escape in some direction or other.

BACK in his own cabin he stood watching the steward while he set down a tray and rearranged the few things.

He had no doubt that Winchell was curious as to what had taken him into the corridor and why his neighbor had been in such an upset state. But Rushton decided not to enlighten him. Let the stewardess tell him whatever explanation the old lady might give.

But the fact that someone could enter the suite so easily was another matter.

When the steward had gone, Rushton bolted the vestibule door and made for the inner cabin. He went straight to the pile of luggage which, until now, he had not examined.

Placing them side by side, he took out his bunch of private keys and opened them. Then, with quick fingers, he turned over the contents of each, noting keenly as he did so, just how each item was packed. For he knew exactly how each had been packed.

He didn't have to finish the job to know that between Southampton and Cherbourg, during the brief period in which he had been separated from them, someone had gone through them very thoroughly and with an eye to replacing the various articles so as to make them appear undisturbed.

But Rushton had arranged the packing expecting just such a contingency, and there were many ways, impossible for anyone else to know, in which he could detect positively that they had been interfered with.

He slammed the lid of the trunk and, rising, lit a cigarette. He didn't bother investigating the blue morocco case that he had brought on board with him. That hadn't been out of his possession one instant.

But the attack upon him and the fact that, thus early in the cruise, his luggage had been searched, was all the proof he needed to tell him that he was already marked down.

Sitting down at the desk, he took from a waistcoat pocket a small folder of what looked exactly like cigarette papers. Indeed, had one glanced at the red cover one would have seen the name of a well-known brand of such papers.

Rushton carefully abstracted one of the flimsy sheets and, taking a pencil from another pocket, he wrote four words: "MUST SEE YOU TO-NIGHT."

Then, folding the paper, he took a drawing-pin and stuck the message to the dust-board above the bottom drawer of the desk where he had found the other paper on entering.

Switching out all lights and looking all the doors he made his way along the side corridor to the main gangway, and from there to the lift that would take him to the main promenade deck.

On his way, he passed the entrance to the restaurant. It was brilliantly lighted, with most of the tables full. On his left was the ballroom, where several couples were dancing to a lively foxtrot.

He stepped into the smokeroom which, at the dinner hour, did not contain more than a dozen or so late diners and bridge fiends.

Rushton approached the cocktail bar, and ordered a sidecar, then, while he sipped the drink, he gave the place the once-over. No face was familiar to him. The majority seemed to be just the type one would expect to see upon a rather lengthy cruise such as the Corsair was bound upon, a little more sophisticated and, probably, in somewhat

better circumstances than those one would have found upon a shorter cruise.

But that did not eliminate anyone from Rushton's calculations. He knew that the person or persons who were so eager for his death might appear in any guise, that even now he might be in the presence of the one who had plugged him already.

He ordered a second cocktail and lit a cigarette. One or two other persons came in from the deck and appeared to be casting about for a game of bridge.

Three or four who had been drinking cocktails went off to dinner and, shortly after he finished his second cocktail, Rushton made for the door.

He stepped out on to the deck. A thick blanket of fog had descended upon the ship, one of those sudden curtains that the Channel can drop with little warning. And, just as the door slammed behind him, Rushton heard the dismal dirge of the siren.

He intended to take a more detailed look in the restaurant and the ballroom before he went below, so, turning up his collar against the driving damp, he started forward.

He bumped into someone before he had gone half a dozen steps. There were mutual apologies and he passed on without being able to distinguish more than the voice of the other.

Another dozen strides or so, and, without the slightest warning, someone sprang upon him from behind.

Rushton was a powerful and active man who had handled many a surprise attack in his time. But this leap had come so silently and so unexpectedly that he had no more than time to stiffen against it when he felt something driven against his shoulderblades with terrific force.

A strong wrist had driven that stab, but, for the second time that night, Rushton's mail shirt saved him. Before his assailant could stab again Rushton had twisted round.

Luck was with him, for, as he shot out his hand, he felt his fingers close about the wrist that held the knife. His right hand grasped the smooth, but hard, material of a coat, and then, failed in his first purpose, the other strained furiously and savagely to squirm from Rushton's hold.

But Rushton held on, driving his man back and back, step by step, until he had him almost at the rail, his object being to cramp him against that, and then free his right hand for punching.

But his assailant dragged free with such furious determination that one button was torn from his coat and left in Rushton's grasp.

Rushton felt another savage blow from the knife, then the fellow vanished as swiftly as he had come, put to flight, Rushton guessed, by the sound of laughing voices as other passengers came along the deck.

RUSHTON did not pause as he had intended to have a look at the passengers in the restaurant and ballroom.

He made his way to the lift, trying not to limp in yielding to the throbbing pain in his groin.

Stepping out at his own deck he went along and let himself into his suite. He bolted the vestibule door and switched on the lights.

Everything seemed just as he had left it. He unlocked the other door and stepped into the sleeping-cabin. Closing the door so that the lock snapped into place, he went to the desk, and, thrusting his fingers into the lower drawer, found a piece of paper pinned to the top partition. He did not know if it

was the one he had left until he had unfolded it. Then he knew that it was an answer to the one he had affixed before leaving the suite.

He frowned in puzzlement as he read the few words that were written, for they said: "Enter your bathroom. Tap on the long mirror at the end."

Rushton touched the flame of his pocket-lighter to it as before, and when it was consumed, rubbed the ashes before allowing them to fall into the wastepaper basket.

Slipping out of his coat and tossing his hat on to the bed, he stepped into the bathroom, closed the door and bolted it after him, then walked past the tub until he was close to a pier glass that had been set in the wall at the end, occupying, indeed, almost the whole width of the narrow space.

Tap, tap-tap, tap, tap-tap, tap, tap-tap.

Thrice he gave the one, one-two signal, then waited. He was not left long. Within a few moments there reached him a slight sound on the other side of the mirror, and then the whole glass swung away from him to reveal an exactly similar bathroom on the other side.

Facing him was a small, elderly man with white moustache and white pointed beard. But if his body was frail, his eyes revealed the courage of a lion. It was Sir Charles Gilson, owner of the Gilson Line, of which the Corsair was now the pride.

HE moved back so that Rushton could step through the opening. Sir Charles closed the panel and jerked his hand towards the other door.

"Green and Follet are having a bite to eat in the outer cabin. You and I can talk in the sleeping-cabin. I thought it wiser not to tell even you about this secret panel. No one else knows but Captain Forbes. What has happened?"

Rushton did not answer until they were in the other cabin, a sleeping-apartment very much like his own, though somewhat larger. Then, turning round, he indicated the back of his coat.

"I've been on board about an hour," he said laconically. "Those holes are where I was plugged three times and I fancy you will be able to see the slit from a dagger stab."

Sir Charles gave a low whistle.

"They haven't lost much time, have they?"

"Not much. But that isn't all. Somewhere, between Southampton and Cherbourg, my luggage was searched thoroughly."

"Well, they didn't find much there."

"No, sir. But it shows that my movements are known intimately. There has been a bad leak somewhere. What worries me is the possibility of that same knowledge extending to your presence on board."

They were facing each other now.

"How could they know that?" asked Sir Charles. "It was given out publicly that I had gone up to Scotland for a month. I was smuggled aboard secretly in the middle of the night at Southampton. That was before any passengers were permitted on the dock. Not a soul on board knows but Captain Forbes, the chief steward, and the steward who is looking after this suite, and I can trust them to the limit. Do you think you were trailed from London to Paris or from Paris to Cherbourg?"

"I tell you, sir, it was known before the ship left Cherbourg that I would be on board."

"I can't imagine how that could be. Not even Frick, my confidential assistant, knew about the plans. I have always kept that to myself, and, anyway, he is thoroughly trustworthy. Nor would anyone else in the

MYSTERY SHIP

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

office betray anything even if they knew it, which they don't."

"Well, sir, there is a very determined enemy on board. What is the latest of the floating aerodrome?"

"I had a wireless this evening. The tug with the drome in tow left Las Palmas to-day. It is a slow job and they ought to be just about at the anchoring spot in the South Atlantic by the time we get there. It is your job, Rushton, to deal with any enemies who may be on board. Green and Follet are working on the plans steadily. They know what is required and will be able to complete the work by the time we get to the anchoring spot."

"What about the appliances, sir? Do you think there is any chance of the enemy getting at them?"

"Not a chance. The cases are stored in the strong room. No one can approach them. And, when Green and Follet and I are not working on the plans they are in my personal possession. With Green and Follet sleeping in the outer cabin, myself in here with the plans under my pillow with a gun, and you in the other suite flanking this, I don't see how they can do anything."

"What they attempted to-night, sir, proves that they are ready to go to any lengths. But I shall lose no time in trying to identify them. If anything comes up I'll communicate in the usual way."

"Come and speak to Green and Follet before you go."

Rushton followed Sir Charles into the outer cabin where, at the central table, two men sat in their shirt sleeves. Both wore glasses and were strongly of a similar stamp (though they were not even distantly related)—thin, sandy, clean-shaven, of medium height one would say, studying them as they sat.

One end of the large table was laid with some food. The other was bare and, on this, were some blue-prints about twelve inches square. There were also some drawing instruments such as are employed by mechanical draughtsmen.

Rushton had met both before. He knew them as Sir Charles' confidential experts who were employed now in studying those plans which, until he boarded the Corsair, Sir Charles had kept secret even from his most trusted associate. Not even Rushton, whose job it was to protect Sir Charles and them, had ever seen them before.

The shipowner told the two engineers briefly of what had happened to Rushton.

"It proves that I did not warn you too strongly," he added. "Those people who are after these things will stop at nothing. I'd like to let you fellows out for a breath of air, but this is enough to warn me that you'd better remain in here. You'll have to get what air you can on the balcony outside."

They nodded together. It didn't seem to bother them that they must remain shut up in the suite. Their interest seemed to be concentrated entirely on the plans before them. And well might that be, for they represented something that engineers all over the world had been striving to find—and Sir Charles had reached the goal first.

Those bits of blue-prints represented what might be the control of the air traffic between Europe and America. There was no secret that rich and influential interests on the Continent in North and South America and in England (as represented by Sir Charles Gilson) had been running a hectic race to be first with a floating aero-

drome that could be anchored in mid-Atlantic and retained there without fear of the worst gales that might blow.

It was known, too, that Sir Charles had devised and built a massive floating drome that was even now being towed out to the anchorage spot in the South Atlantic, the one about which he had told Rushton he had been advised that day.

But it was also known that the drome afloat was no more than a useless shell until certain vital parts were fitted, parts that would serve to stabilise it so as to ride immune from any gale and, further, a secret system of internal action that would keep the surrounding sea calm in any weather.

The secret of those vital parts was on those blue-prints.

BACK in his own cabin, Rushton lit a cigarette and set his thoughts to the puzzle that had been nagging him ever since the first attack.

And here was another puzzle.

He took from his pocket a button that he had torn from the coat of the person who had attacked him in the fog.

It was an ordinary black bone button such as one would find on a blue suit or black jacket.

Attached to it, were some shreds of cloth that had come away in the violent tug, not many, but enough for him to be able to identify the sort of cloth used in the coat. It was black in shade and, he thought, from a weave that was either serge or hopsack.

He was still examining button and cloth when, suddenly, his gaze was attracted by something white that was moving at the bottom of the vestibule door.

In an instant he was on his feet, speeding towards the spot. He soon saw that it was a small, square envelope that someone had just pushed under the door.

Swiftly he thrust back the bolts and peered out into the passage. Not a soul was in sight.

He raced along to where the short passage debouched into the main gangway but, beyond a steward in the distance, he saw no one.

Rushton returned to his suite and made to close the door. He was both angry and baffled. For the second or third time someone had found it possible to approach close to him without his being able to do a thing to hinder the unknown.

He bent to pick up the envelope that he had left lying on the floor but, to his amazement, could not locate it.

With a muttered imprecation, he pushed the door wide open and looked all about. Then he stepped into the passage to search there, thinking it possible that in his haste, he had inadvertently kicked it over the sill.

But, nowhere, inside or out, could he find the thing and, more angry than ever, he was about to close the door of the vestibule when his gaze happened to fall on the handle of the opposite door. He stood rigid, watching it intently.

It was perfectly still now, but he could have sworn that, a moment before, he had seen the handle moving, just as if someone on the other side had released it very cautiously.

RUSHTON was more perturbed than he cared to admit over the mysterious appearance of that envelope and its still more puzzling disappearance.

He rang for Winchell, the steward. When the man appeared, he motioned him to come close.

"Have you seen the stewardess who was looking after my neighbor?"

"Yes, sir. The lady is all right now."

"Did she say why she was frightened?"

"She told stewardess that you appeared very suddenly, sir."

"Nothing else?"

"No, sir, except that she has never travelled alone before and is a little nervous."

"Quite natural. Do you know her name?"

"Mrs. Rentley, sir."

"Very well, Winchell. I shall not want you again to-night."

"Very good, sir."

When the steward was gone again, Rushton lit a cigarette and stood by the table frowning.

He knew that he had to watch everyone and suspect everyone. He wouldn't have been alive now had he not watched his step in the past.

He poured himself a whisky and soda and smoked a final cigarette. By the time he was ready to turn in he was no nearer a solution than ever.

He made sure enough that the windows were fastened and the vestibule door locked and bolted. He also fastened the door connecting the two cabins and, when he tumbled into bed, his gun was within quick reach.

Despite the strenuous evening he had had, and the peril that, he knew, surrounded him, Rushton went off to sleep almost at once.

But, subconsciously, he was alert for the slightest sign of danger. Therefore, when the small buzzer went just over his head, he was awake in an instant.

He pressed the button that controlled the light on the bedside table. His watch showed that it was just a few minutes after midnight.

The buzzer could only be rung from two places, one in the outer cabin and the other in the passage outside the vestibule door.

Alert to any trap, Rushton grabbed his gun and made for the door leading to the outer cabin. Very cautiously, he opened this, reaching for the light switch as he did so. The place proved to be quite empty.

He stepped into the outer cabin, just as the buzzer sounded again—once, twice, thrice, quickly, insistently.

Someone was pressing the button in the passage.

Rushton sped to the vestibule and pushed back the bolts. But, before opening the door, he spoke in a low tone.

"What is it? Who is there?"

No one answered but, instead, there came to his ears the same sound he had heard once before that night, a sound that was like a short, sharp cough. On the previous occasion, it had been caused by the explosion of a silenced gun. What was it now?

He spoke again. Something seemed to bump against the door, but no voice answered him.

Turning the key he laid his fingers on the handle and turned. He thrust his gun forward so that he could meet any menace from outside.

Then he eased the door open, and, as he did so, he felt it press against his hand as if some weight were against it. A little more and he saw the reason.

A body lay huddled so close that the head and shoulders came in over the threshold as the support of the door was withdrawn.

Rushton jerked the door wider and pushed into the passage. It was empty. With a wary eye against ambush he made for the main passage. No one to be seen.

Returning to his own door he kept his

eye on the door of the suite opposite. It yielded no suggestion at all. Then he gave his attention to the huddled form at his feet.

His first glance showed him the body of a man, dressed, apparently, in a brown monkish robe. A wide-brimmed, low-crowned black felt hat lay a foot or so away where it had fallen. The man's face was hidden for the moment.

Rushton dragged the body into the cabin and closed the door.

He got the body on to the couch and then he got a second shock. For he knew the features.

The man before him had been one of the smoothest criminals on the Continent, a man of great daring and resource who had gone by the name of "The Brown Monk."

What was he doing dead outside his door?

Rushton knew that he must send for the doctor quickly. But no doctor could put life back into that corpse. So, with quick, practised fingers, he lifted the brown robe and began to make a search of his clothing.

He came upon two curious things almost at once. The first was the discovery that, beneath the brown robe, the man had been wearing a black jacket with black trousers, and that the top button of the jacket had been torn away at some time with great violence, so violently, in fact, that a portion of the cloth had come away with it. The remaining buttons were of plain black bone containing only two thread holes instead of four. Rushton took the loose button from his pocket and compared it with the others. It matched perfectly.

His second discovery was an envelope in one pocket of the jacket. It bore no writing, but, on a piece of folded paper inside, he saw some words printed in French. They said: "I will see you at midnight. G.R."

His own initials, and the man had been outside his door at as nearly midnight as might be.

Who had lured him there with that fake message?

WHEN he finished his own examination of the "Brown Monk" Rushton rang for the steward. When the man came he despatched him for the ship's doctor. He also sent a note to the second in command, Commander Braund, for the sooner the ship's officers took control of this phase of the matter, the better pleased he would be.

His association with Sir Charles Gilson was secretly known to the commander and to Captain Forbes. Nevertheless, he told the commander as little as was necessary. He wanted to see Sir Charles before he committed himself too far.

It was past two in the morning when, very quietly, the body was removed. It was an incident that must be kept from the passengers in general. Things like that did no good to a luxury ship like the Corsair.

But further sleep was out of the question for Rushton. He had plenty to occupy his mind.

Nevertheless, at an early hour the following morning he was bathed, shaved, and ready to go on deck. The fog had lifted, and, soon after dawn, Rushton had made a thorough examination of the private balcony outside the suite. Not a trace was there to be seen of any mysterious prowler.

That done, he stood just inside the vestibule door listening to the occasional sounds that reached him from across the corridor. But, when he heard definite sounds that told him someone was coming out of the cabin, and recognised the voice of the old lady whom he had so startled the

evening before, he opened his own door somewhat abruptly and stepped out.

Two women were just leaving the other suite. One was Mrs. Rentley, enveloped in a huge travelling coat and furs, with a veil over her hat that only allowed two rosy cheeks and a pair of bright blue eyes to be seen.

The other was a girl, rather pale, Rushton thought, as if she had been going through the qualms of *mal de mer*. Yet, even in that quick first glance he saw that she was lovely; and that was a lot of thought for Grant Rushton to give to one of the other sex along those lines, for he was no gallant.

He smiled in response to the old lady's greeting.

"It seems we are fated to meet here," she chirruped. "But you are not so terrifying this time."

"I owe you my most profound apologies for startling you so," he assured her. "I hope you are none the worse for it."

"Not at all, not at all, young man. But don't do it again. What is your name?"

"Rushton, madam—Grant Rushton."

"Well, Mr. Rushton, as we are to be neighbors we had better become acquainted. I am Mrs. Rentley and this is my companion, Cara Hume."

Rushton bowed and found the girl's brown eyes fixed on him gravely. He was wondering if her employer had told her about the incident of the night before.

They moved along the passage together but, just as they reached the end where it joined the main gangway, the stewardess came bustling round the bend and, in trying to avoid her, the girl dropped a rug and book she was carrying.

Rushton bent quickly to retrieve the fallen objects. As he picked up the book, he noticed that it had fallen with the cover open and the fly leaf visible, showing the bookmark of the ship's library.

He only had a moment's glance at the leaf, but it was enough to show him that it was almost covered with pencilled characters that looked more like hieroglyphics than anything else. Then, as he straightened up, the book was snatched from his hand with a violence that caused him to turn surprised eyes upon the one who did it.

He saw an amazing change in the old lady. She who had been so genial a moment or two before, was now displaying a countenance twisted with sudden passion. Her eyes were blazing upon the girl and she burst out into a tirade that seemed to surprise the girl as much as it did Rushton.

"Stupid, clumsy girl! Why aren't you more careful?"

"But—but, Mrs. Rentley, I didn't know the stewardess was coming."

"No, ma'am, it was quite my fault," broke in the surprised woman. "I'm very sorry. I hope no harm has been done."

The old lady's return to gentility was as amazingly swift as her anger.

"Put, tut, say no more. I am quick tempered. Don't worry my dear," she added patting the girl's arm. "Perhaps I didn't want this gentleman to see what sort of books a silly old woman enjoys."

She smiled at Rushton who smiled back, for he had been feeling distinctly uncomfortable. Yet he knew that it might all be due to what she had said—quick temper. Heaven knew she had gone into hysterics quickly enough the night before.

He left them in the library, where the only other person besides the library steward, seemed to be a dark, very sleek and prosperous-looking man whom Rushton placed as a South American.

In the smoke-room, Rushton found several men gathered round the bulletin board on which had been pinned the latest wireless news sheets.

At the moment, one of them who looked like a business man, was commenting on one particular item that read:

"It is reported from Bordeaux that the notorious ship known as the 'Ship of the Accursed' has left that port for an unknown destination. None of the criminals on board were allowed to land at Bordeaux though permission was given for stores and fuel to be loaded. It is rumored that the ship will make for some deserted part of the African or South American coast in order to put ashore secretly the human cargo it carries. It will be recalled that the notorious ship has been turned away from almost every port in Europe."

"What does that mean, anyway?" Rushton heard the man asking.

"THAT'S the ship there's been so much about in the papers," volunteered one. "After that last revolution in the Argentine, the authorities collected all the criminal scum they could find in Buenos Aires and shipped them away, some six hundred I understand. They belong to all nationalities and the ship has been trying to dump them where they came from. But nothing doing—the nations won't own them. So they've been pushing about the sea for six months or more. What is it they call it, oh yes, it says here—the 'Ship of the Accursed.' And, judging from what one reads, they're about the worst bunch of criminals that could be collected together. I'll bet that gang is ripe and ready for anything now."

"That's right," put in another. "They say there isn't one of them that has done less than one murder. It must be a sweet job to keep them under control—like a ship full of wild beasts. If they should break loose—"

Rushton moved on, but he had taken only a few steps when, through the port-hole, or rather window, he saw two persons that caused him to swing round and dive through the nearest door.

He watched the pair as they went along the deck at a brisk pace and then vanished round the promenade forward. He cut round the end of the smoke saloon so as to reach the other side and there, as he hoped, he saw them coming towards him.

They were a striking couple, the woman particularly. She was tall and slim and beautifully dressed. A crush hat was pulled down rakishly over hair of that purplish-black shade peculiar to some types of southern women. Her eyes were black, her color rich and warm and she moved with a voluptuous hip movement when walking that completed a picture that was alluring to the last degree.

The man was short and stout, wearing a long, luxuriant beard so common among Frenchmen.

Rushton knew them well by sight, as they knew him. He knew they passed as the Count and Countess de Saladier, a couple who were seen everywhere on the Continent where society gathered, who followed the migration from Paris after the Grand Prix to Vichy, then down to Monte Carlo or Cannes and thence to Deauville for August, always mixing with the smartest of the smart set, but never quite a part of it.

Rushton had heard many whispers about them. It was said that they lived by their wits, that a good many shady affairs could

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be traced to them that the woman was an irresistible bait to draw victims into the trap.

They would, of course, recognise him. Would they speak? He watched them while they drew nearer and then, suddenly, the woman turned her eyes upon him with a smile that explained in its dazzling fascination why she had been called the "Orchid."

"Good morning, monsieur," she said in a rich, contralto voice, and in quite good English.

Rushton lifted his cap and smiled. "We seem to meet in many places," went on the woman, "but it is the surprise to see Monsieur Rushton on board this ship."

"And to see you," countered Rushton, still smiling.

"We come for the complete change," put in the count, speaking for the first time.

"YOU will get that in an English ship," observed Rushton. "It is the fresh experience," agreed the woman.

They were still talking polite nothings when they were interrupted by a page from the wireless office. The count took the message but did not open it. He thrust it into his pocket and bowed to Rushton. Rushton returned the bow and then, for a moment, his gaze held that of the woman. There was something enigmatic in her smile. Was it mockery, he asked himself?

Rushton continued his way along the deck, racking his brains.

He turned into the library and approached the library steward, stating his requirements.

"A lady left a book here this morning that I'd like to read," he said. "It was called 'Murders in the Park.' Will you give it to me, please?"

"Sorry, sir, but that is impossible. That book was taken out again almost as soon as it was returned."

"Ah, it seems a popular choice. Do you recall who took it?"

"Yes, sir. It was selected by a gentleman who was sitting here when you and Mrs. Bentley came in. He is a foreigner and wanted anything to read just to practise in English, he said. The book was lying on the table here and he took it."

"It doesn't matter, but the choice was an odd one for a foreigner. I'll take anything."

Rushton chose almost the first volume that came to hand. He stood by the table while the steward wrote his name in the record-book and thus was able to read the names of those who had preceded him.

There weren't many this early in the day, only six or seven, and, just under Mrs. Bentley's name, he saw that of the passenger who had chosen the book she had returned. "Mr. Ricardo" was the name he read.

Back again in his own suite, Rushton made for the bathroom, locking the doors after him as he went.

In response to his cautious tapping, Sir Charles appeared at the panel connecting the two suites.

Rushton stepped through and followed him into the bedroom.

"I think I've got them," he announced in a whisper.

"What have you found?"

Rushton told him about the Saladiers.

"I'm going to act, at any rate," he added.

"But I want to get a closer line on them if possible. While I was talking to them on deck a wireless message was handed to them. I want to know what is in it. Can you arrange, sir, for me to have copies of all wireless messages that have been received since the ship sailed?"

"Nothing easier. I'll send a note to Captain Forbes at once."

"Very good, sir. Then I'll decide. Of course, I'll not act on my own. I'll get Braund to gather them in officially. He can do it through the killing of the Brown Monk. I can state positively that they were previously connected with him."

"Use your own methods. It will be a relief to know that they are rounded up, though how they knew so much I can't imagine."

"I am more than ever certain that there has been a leakage from someone very close to you."

Half an hour later Rushton was poring over a wad of flimsies, copies of wireless messages received since the Corsair sailed from Southampton.

One or two were business messages in plain English which seemed innocent enough. Then Rushton came to one that caused him to ponder.

It was from Paris and in French and was addressed to Count de Saladier. A rough translation ran something as follows:

"Hope everything all right expect your good news earliest opportunity the hawk has flown from Paris to Cherbourg."

It was signed "Jean," which told Rushton nothing at all, nor could he fathom, at the moment, what was meant by that cryptic reference to a hawk.

He laid it aside for the time being and continued his task. After several more discards he found another that caught his attention. It had been handed in at Cherbourg, and, again, was addressed to the Saladiers. It said simply: "The hawk has alighted." It bore no name of the sender.

The "hawk" again. He was getting intrigued in earnest now.

The next one that engaged his attention was in Spanish and had been handed in at Bordeaux. It was addressed to "Senor Jose Ricardo" and ran:

"Sailing to-night all well rendezvous as arranged."

It was not signed. But Rushton studied it more closely than the others. It was harmless enough on the face of it. It seemed to be no more than a message from one person to another, both of whom were sailing in different ships.

He laid it aside, and then, after further discards, reached the message that he knew from the time indicated, must be the one that had been handed to the Saladiers while he was with them. It was from London and read:

"The eagle flies with the hawk they nest on the same branch."

Grant Rushton finished the few remaining flimsies and then, lighting a cigarette, began to pace the room.

THE fog that had cleared early in the morning, came down in a thick blanket at midday. It was like night. Even with the lights going full on in the saloons there was a haze penetrating everywhere that shrouded even nearby objects. The siren kept up a steady dirge.

In a much less luxurious suite than was occupied by Grant Rushton, three persons sat in close confab.

They were the Count and Countess de Saladier and a man of slim but athletic build, swarthy skin and the smoky brown eyes of the born killer, though the average observer would not have seen that unless they should be turned full upon him in open menace. Usually, Andre Bernaud was regarded as a somewhat stupid, sleepy sort of fellow, too lazy to take much interest in anything but the pocket sketch-book without which he was seldom seen.

But the eyes were not sleepy now. They were fixed full upon the "Orchid," who, reclining on the couch with a cigarette, was speaking.

"It is a thing very mysterious," she was saying in French. "Who has seen him since he went last night to the suite of this Monsieur Rushton? He was to return and inform us of the result of that visit. He has not come. Nor have you, Andre, been able to find him. Yet we see the Monsieur Rushton on deck this morning. I tell you again, something has gone amiss."

She turned to her husband, who was stroking his beard thoughtfully.

"I agree with you, my dear," he said slowly. "Something has happened to the Brown Monk. He would not stay away so long. And now that we know Monsieur Gilson himself is on board everything is altered. But if we must act without him then let us do so. We shall wait until to-night. If the Brown Monk has not appeared we shall carry out the plan without him. I think Rushton is suspicious. It places things in our hands now that we know Monsieur Gilson is on board. We shall deal first with Rushton; then for the other. You will be ready, Andre?"

The killer shrugged.

"Am I not always ready?"

The "Orchid" was about to speak again when, suddenly, there came a low tap at the door. All three looked at each other swiftly, then the "Orchid" nodded almost imperceptibly at Bernaud. The killer slipped a gun out of an empty holster and, holding it against his hip, stepped softly to the door.

He unlocked it and opened it an inch or so. The first thing he saw was the rough material of a monk's robe, brown in color. Instantly he drew the door wider.

"Volla," he said to the two behind him, "here he is now. We have been waiting for you, mon vieux—mon dieu!"

The exclamation burst from him as the business end of a pistol was pushed into his ribs.

"Quite so," came the rasping voice of Rushton. "Drop that gun—quick."

Bernaud, the killer, caught napping for the first time in his whole career of crime, hesitated. He was quick as lightning with a gun and he was debating swiftly what his chances were of flinging up the weapon and pouring a stream of lead into the bulk in front of him.

But Grant Rushton jammed the muzzle in harder.

"Quick, I said," he snarled, "drop it, or I'll rub you out where you stand. And you two," he added to the Saladiers, "sit just as you are."

Bernaud let the gun fall with a thud to the carpet. Rushton prodded him farther into the cabin and, with his free hand, frisked him expertly for further guns, still keeping half an eye on the "Orchid," who still reclined on the couch as if the visit was quite ordinary.

But Rushton mistrusted her and well was it for him that he did so. One moment she was utterly relaxed, watching him from under half lowered lids. The next she had sprung up in an incredibly swift leap, one hand holding her bag while the other tore it open.

In the same moment the count also came into action and, sensing what was going on behind him, Bernaud stiffened to spring.

But Rushton felt him tense. Like lightning his left fist caught Bernaud full on the chin, sending him back and down with a crash. Then Rushton leaped for the "Orchid," grasped her wrist just as she dragged a gun out of the bag.

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He swung her round with brutal force and held her despite her struggles while he kept the count covered with the gun. "That will be about enough," he snapped. "Hold it as it is or someone is going to get hurt."

"As you have dealt with the Brown Monk," panted the "Orchid," still struggling.

Although the words were ignored by Rushton at the time, he was to recall them later. But now he had other things to attend to. Dragging the woman with him, he backed to the door and turned his head a little.

"All right," he called so that his voice went along the passage.

There followed the tramp of feet in step and then appeared the uniformed figures of Commander Braund followed by one of his officers and a file of half a dozen armed men.

"It is as I told you," remarked Rushton curtly. "That fellow on the floor pulled a gun on me. It is there where he dropped it. The woman's gun is by the couch. You will probably find the count armed as well. I turn them over to you, Commander."

He released the woman, who flung round upon him like a fury. But, at sight of the stolid guard, she shrugged and reached for her cigarette case.

"I don't know the meaning of this outrage," she said coolly, "but I protest strongly against such treatment. There will be more heard of this."

"They will need a sharp eye kept on them," was what Rushton said to the Commander, ignoring her. "Will you carry on now?"

"We shall see that they are well taken care of until we reach Las Palmas," was the reply.

Rushton nodded and slipped his gun away. Then he passed out and started briskly along the corridor.

He was more than satisfied with the swift coup he had effected. It had been impossible to make an open arrest only on the suspicion he held.

There was no need now to reach Sir Charles by way of the secret panel in the bathroom. He strode boldly along until he came to the branch passage leading down to Sir Charles' suite.

He rapped on the door confidently and stood waiting. At first no answering sound came from within. He rapped again and then a frown gathered as an odd noise reached his ears.

He bent his head so that his ear was close to the panel. Again the sound reached him, an indistinct, gurgling sound.

More puzzled than ever, Rushton turned the handle and found that the door yielded readily.

He pushed it open and then he stood on the threshold, appalled at the scene before him.

It looked as if a cyclone had struck the place. But the wreckage of the place itself was nothing to what lay in the chaotic setting.

One man lay sprawled on the floor, his head on a great stain that Rushton knew was blood.

A second lay half in, half out of the french window, one leg bent oddly. It was Follet.

But what sent Rushton leaping across the room was a third figure, lying flat on its face, spreadeagled. One glance was enough to show him that it was Sir Charles Gilson.

He turned him over and found he was breathing. Getting to his feet he sprang to the bell. He met the steward at the door.

"Listen, you," he said sharply, "bring the doctor here at once. Tell him it is of the utmost urgency. Make haste."

He was bathing Sir Charles' temples when a knock came at the door. He admitted the doctor, who gazed dumbfounded at the scene.

"What on earth has happened here, Mr. Rushton?"

"I don't know. This is what I found when I arrived. Will you look at the others, Doctor? I believe Sir Charles is coming round."

The other nodded and went first to Green. A few moments only were enough to enable him to give his verdict there.

"He's dead," he muttered. "Shot clean between the eyes—instantaneous."

He knelt over Follet and found that he too, was past aid. A bullet had plunged into his heart.

He joined Rushton, who had pointed to the side of Sir Charles' head.

"A bullet creased him there," he jerked. "Whoever plugged him thought he had got him. But it did little more than stun him. He's coming round now. Shall we try and get some brandy down him?"

"Yes, hold him like that while I try."

They managed to get the semi-conscious man to swallow some of the brandy. He choked, sputtered and tried to sit up.

Rushton held him with an arm about his shoulders.

"It's all right, sir," he kept assuring him. "You'll be better in a few minutes."

"Better—I'm better now," mumbled the game old fellow. "Let me get at those blighters and—where's Green—and Follet?"

"They got it worse than you did, sir," Rushton told him frankly. He knew it would serve no purpose to dissemble with Sir Charles when the two others lay dead before his eyes. "Take it easy for a bit."

"It's you, is it, Rushton? Help me up. Where's Forbes? Get Captain Forbes here."

Rushton and the doctor got Sir Charles to his feet. Rushton rang for the steward again and sent a message to Captain Forbes. Then he slid out of the brown monk's robe. He saw the doctor helping Sir Charles into the inner cabin.

They persuaded him to lie on the bed while the doctor dressed the wound on the side of his head. But the indomitable old fellow was impatient for him to finish.

"You were too late," he said to Rushton. "You should have acted sooner."

"But I did act, sir," said Rushton quickly. "I did just as I told you I would do. I caught them together and backed them down with a gun. Then I turned them over to Commander Braund. They are under arrest now."

"Then how the devil did they get up?" demanded Sir Charles. "Never mind, we'll discuss this presently. Who is that?"

It was Commander Braund looking for Rushton.

"Captain Forbes can't leave the bridge just now," he announced. "What has happened, sir?"

Rushton drew back and listened to what Sir Charles had to say. His pointed white beard was working frantically while he talked.

"I was in here," he said, "when I thought I saw something in the fog out on the balcony. It passed so swiftly I couldn't be sure. Then I heard sounds in the outer cabin where Green and Follet were working. I opened the door and found them held up by a masked figure. They were game. They defied the blackguard's gun so as to save the plans, and there was a pitched fight. I

don't think the intruder wanted to shoot for fear of attracting attention, though, when he did shoot the gun didn't make much noise—silencer. I rushed in to help, but he got me with a bullet. That's all I remember. Of course the plans are gone. Rushton says he rounded up the gang we suspected. If they didn't do it, then who the devil did? We'll comb this ship from stem to stern, Braund. Get that murderer, and get him soon."

"I'll report to the captain at once, sir."

The Commander glanced at Rushton who shook his head.

"I want to speak to Sir Charles alone," he said.

"No time to waste here," snapped Sir Charles. "There must be more of that gang running loose."

"I've got something to tell you."

"Very well," agreed the other. "Leave us, will you?"

The Commander and doctor withdrew, closing the door. Then Rushton sat down on the side of the bed and began to talk in low tones.

A QUARTER of an hour passed before he came out. He found Captain Forbes waiting, a harassed expression on his weather-beaten face.

"Go in now, will you, Captain? He wants to see you."

The other glanced at him keenly.

"This is terrible, Mr. Rushton. What do you make of it?"

Rushton shook his head.

"I don't know. But see Sir Charles. He's in a great state."

With that, Rushton opened the door and stepped into the passage. He walked slowly along to his own suite and went in, slamming the door after him with great force.

Lighting a cigarette, he sat down, his face moody. He was in the same position when, a few minutes later, a loud voice could be heard in the passage outside.

"Where is he? Where is he, I say? I've got something to say to him."

With that the door was flung open, revealing Sir Charles Gilson as the one who had been shouting. Behind him was Captain Forbes, trying to soothe him. And, back of him again, was the doctor.

"So there you are," cried Sir Charles. "A devil of a nice mess you've made of things. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Rushton rose, frowning as if it were an effort to restrain a hot retort.

"You have already said that, Sir Charles," he protested. "Why repeat it?"

"Why repeat it? You've got a nerve asking that after making a mess of things. And all you can do is to sit here smoking. I'm finished with you, do you understand? You are no longer acting for me. You can go ashore at Las Palmas and get what money is coming to you in London. Frick warned me that you were no good, said he wouldn't put it past you to sell out if someone offered you enough, and by heavens I wouldn't be surprised if you had done it. There's been something crooked that needs explaining."

"I've done nothing crooked," blazed Rushton. "If you listen to Frick you'll listen to anything. This is my suite even if you are the owner of the ship, and I'll be obliged if you'll leave me alone."

"By heavens, for two pins I'd have you put under arrest."

"You can't do it. You'd be better under arrest yourself. If you try any tricks on me, I'll make a case in court that will fix your luxury cruises for you."

In the midst of these shouted recrimina-

tions, Captain Forbes managed to persuade Sir Charles to listen to him.

"Don't get yourself worked up like this, sir. You're still in no condition to do so. I beg you to come away. Say no more, Mr. Rushton. I command you to refrain from exciting Sir Charles further, or I will put you under arrest."

"Then let him take his insults away," snapped Rushton. "I'm fed up with his accusations."

Between them, the captain and doctor got Sir Charles along the passage. Rushton closed the door with a slam and bolted it noisily. Then he went to the sideboard and poured himself a drink.

When he had downed that, he got into a loose overcoat and cap, lit a fresh cigarette and unbolted the door.

"Even fog will be a relief after that," he muttered as he closed the door, no longer taking pains to lock it.

His face was so stern that it invited no approach from those he passed. Had the "Orchid" seen him then her eyes would have been more mocking than ever, for his discomfiture would have given her great joy.

But she was safely under guard in her own suite, and, at first, Rushton had the fog-enveloped deck to himself as he strode moodily along.

He found a place at the rail and leant over. Below him he could just make out the water close to the ship as it broke in a stream of foam.

No one else seemed to be about. The wet fog had driven them to the more attractive surroundings of the saloons.

Nevertheless, someone else was abroad on the deck, for, while Rushton still stood leaning against the rail, a light footstep sounded behind him, then it paused, and, as a tentative voice spoke his name, he turned to see the girl he had met as Mrs. Rentley's companion.

How could she, or anyone else, know that he and Sir Charles had been playing a part?

HE could just see her smiling at him shyly.

"So you're another who doesn't mind the fog," he hazarded as she stood at the rail beside him.

"I don't mind the fog, but I hate the dirge of the siren. I'm afraid I'm not a very good sailor."

"You'll soon get your sea legs. Lots of people find it a bit difficult the first day or two out."

"I did, but I'm better now. I had better confess though that it wasn't the fog that brought me out on deck."

"A confession? Why do you say that?"

"I—I really followed you out."

"That is most flattering."

He looked straight down into her eyes. She returned his gaze for a moment, then her eyes dropped.

"I didn't mean it that way," she returned, speaking quickly. "I'm afraid I'm getting this all muddled. I really came on behalf of Mrs. Rentley."

He laughed.

"I shan't misunderstand you," he told her. "But why did Mrs. Rentley send you to find me?"

"I hope you won't think that we were eavesdropping, but it was impossible not to hear—to hear—"

He laughed again.

"You mean you overheard the altercation that took place in my suite a few minutes ago?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad. I'm afraid I lost my

temper badly. But I was tried severely. However, I've cooled off now. I expect I shall make an apology and that will be the end of it. I shall get off the ship at the first opportunity."

"I'm awfully sorry. I don't know anything about it and don't want to know but I feel you would not have been so upset unless you had cause."

"That is very nice of you, but I'm afraid I have the devil of a temper when it gets hold of me. I'm out of a job over it anyway."

"That is why Mrs. Rentley sent me to find you. I don't know what she wants, but she said to ask you if you would come and see her."

"I don't mind seeing her, but I can't imagine what she can want. When does she want me to go?"

"Now if you will."

"All right. Will you take me down?"

"Yes."

At the door of Mrs. Rentley's suite, he waited while the girl knocked and opened the door. When she did so, he saw the old lady sitting in an easy chair with some knitting in her hands. She smiled a welcome as she saw him.

"Come in, Mr. Rushton, come in. You can go, my dear," she added to the girl. "I'll send for you later."

The girl murmured something and went out, closing the door. Mrs. Rentley motioned Rushton to the other easy chair. He sat down and accepted a cigarette from the box that she took from the table. Then he waited.

"What has Cara told you?" she asked abruptly.

"Just that you wished to see me."

"Did she say that we had overheard something of the altercation that took place in your cabin?"

"Yes. I am sorry if I disturbed you. But I was very angry."

"We all get angry," she said with a nod. "Was it as serious as it sounded?"

"Quite."

Suddenly she tossed the knitting aside and lit a cigarette. Her movements were no longer those of a fumbling old woman. Her eyes were fixed very alertly on Rushton.

"Are you, then, completely finished in the work you were doing?"

"I am out of a job, if that is what you mean."

"What are you going to do?"

"Return to England by the first chance. I suppose, but I'd—"

"You'd what?"

"Oh, nothing. I don't suppose it does any good to harbor revengeful thoughts."

"But you do feel that way?"

He was silent for a few moments, glowering at the floor. Then he burst out harshly.

"I'm no angel. I don't want to talk too much, but I've had a raw deal. No one knows how hard I've worked for a certain man and then, just because things go wrong, I'm bawled out in public and expected to take it. I won't do it. I've never had such treatment. But I'll get my own back some way. I'm not going to take it lying down."

"For whom were you working then?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"Oh, I forgot. Of course you wouldn't know. I was working for Sir Charles Gilson, the owner of this line. But I can't tell you what I was doing."

Perhaps I know what you were doing. We will discuss that presently. But tell me, how would you like an opportunity to get even with him for his treatment of you? I want a straight answer to that. I want to know just how seriously you feel about it."

"A chance to get even with him? I'd do anything to get my own back on that old devil. He's treated me like a dog."

She rose and went to the door, bolting it. Then she returned to her chair and, sitting down, looked Rushton in the eye.

"If you mean that," she said in a low tone, "then I can put you in the way to have your revenge many times over. But I've got to be convinced of your sincerity."

He seemed bewildered.

"I don't know how I am to convince you of my sincerity. But I do mean what I said."

"You can prove your sincerity very easily."

"How?"

"By telling me, a perfect stranger, what was the nature of your work for Sir Charles Gilson."

He hesitated.

"It was of a very secret nature, but that doesn't matter now. He, himself, made it public enough to-day. I owe nothing to him any longer. I don't mind telling you what it was."

"What was it?"

"SIR CHARLES GILSON had some plans covering a very important series of inventions relating to a floating aerodrome that is to be moored in the South Pacific. Have you read anything about it?"

"I have read about such a drome."

"Well, it is on its way out there now. It is being towed by two tugs. The drome itself isn't so much, but there has always been great difficulty in devising some means of safe mooring and a method of smooth landing for planes. Those plans of Sir Charles' cover those difficulties. They mean a huge fortune to the person who possesses them. Several people have been after them and it was my job to guard them and Sir Charles. Well, to-day, I thought I had discovered the gang that was after them. I held them up in their suite and placed them under arrest. But, while I was busy there, other persons got into Sir Charles' suite, killed his two confidential engineers who were working on the plans and nearly killed Sir Charles. They got away with the plans. That is why he sacked me."

"I see. Did you know anything about the details of these plans?"

"Oh, yes, I knew how they were to be applied."

"Then you must be one of the few still alive who would know that?"

"Probably the only one except Sir Charles himself."

"You have been very frank with me, Mr. Rushton, but I can assure you that I shall respect your confidence. I have some things to say to you, but not just yet. Will you come and see me again this evening?"

"If you wish, but I don't quite see—"

"Of course you don't. But you will understand later. I have an offer to make you—I think."

He rose.

"At what time shall I come?"

"Shall we say nine o'clock?"

"I shall be here. You are very kind."

With that, he left.

He changed perfunctorily and dined at a small table in the restaurant alone. He spoke to no one and no one spoke to him with the exception of Commander Braund, who passed close. But then no more than a curt nod passed between the two men.

He was back in his own suite before a quarter to nine and smoked there until nine. Prompt to the minute, he stepped across the corridor and knocked on the door of the opposite suite.

A voice bade him enter. He found Mrs.

Rentley sitting in the same chair she had occupied during the afternoon. He noticed that one of the french windows was ajar, letting in a current of cool air.

She asked him to bolt the door. He did so and then sat down waiting. She looked at him for a few moments in silence.

"I've been thinking about things," she said abruptly, "and I have decided to make you an offer."

Rushton inclined his head but said nothing.

"I'm going to make a disclosure that may or may not be unwise on my part but it won't make any difference. I shall take care that it has no untoward results for myself. Do you still mean what you said this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"I want you to wait here for just a few moments."

As she spoke, she rose and vanished into the inner cabin. Rushton smoked and waited. She reappeared very soon and, as he turned his head, he came to his feet in fresh amazement.

It was not Mrs. Rentley. It was a young woman, with close-cropped black hair and a lithe, well-formed figure that was clad in a one-piece black bathing suit. Over this hung a rag of a red silk dressing robe.

But the voice was a clearer, younger rendering of that which Mrs. Rentley had used. And he noticed that, in one hand, she carried a pistol that was fitted with a silencer.

"Now we'll talk plainly," she said briskly. "Sit down and listen to me."

He obeyed. She took the other chair. Then she indicated the pistol.

"I'll use this, you know, if necessary, and I shan't make a mistake this time."

"Then it was you who shot at me when I first came aboard?"

"Of course. I didn't know you would be wearing a bullet-proof garment. But never mind. It is well that I didn't get you. We can be useful to each other."

"It looks as though we might," he agreed.

"The Saladier gang didn't get the plans," she went on. "I saw to that. And I had my eye on you every moment. I wanted to bring a crisis between you and them so as to leave my own hands free. That is why the Brown Monk was found at your door."

"You did that then?"

"I did."

"And took the letter that was pushed under the door?"

"Yes. It was all very easy. You see, I found it simple to reach your cabin by way of the balcony. I have been a circus acrobat since a child. I have had free access to your suite whenever I wished. And everything went just as I planned. You went for the Saladier gang. They thought it was you who killed the Brown Monk. In the mix-up I got the plans."

"And killed the two engineers?"

She snapped her fingers.

"Pouf! That was necessary. This is not child's play. We are after big stakes. And you would have killed just as quickly."

"How do you know that I won't take those plans away from you?"

"For two reasons. The first is because I'll shoot you dead if you make a move against me. The second is that the plans are no longer on board this ship."

Rushton looked incredulous.

"You do not believe me? You are foolish to think I would bluff at a time like this. The plans were taken by Ricardo when he went with the girl."

Rushton knew he was getting the truth. She seemed to feel so sure of him that she was not attempting to hedge.

"You have worked fast."

"I don't muddle things when I handle them. That is why I am paid highly. And I'm not in the least afraid of telling you just what has happened. You have failed. You have quarrelled with Sir Charles. You say you are not averse to getting your own back. If you want to come in with me, I can use you. As I say, we have the plans, but we are not in a position to apply them immediately. You say you know what should be done. Therefore I make you an offer. Come in with me and, not only will you get your own back but you will touch a very handsome reward."

"How much?"

"Say fifty thousand pounds."

"And further work when this job is done?"

"If you make good, yes."

"Then I'm your man. What is the next step?"

"To leave this ship to-night. We shall be picked up by the other ship."

"What is that?"

"Ever hear of the Ship of the Accursed?"

"Of course."

"SHE'S less than two miles away from us at this moment. She was ahead this afternoon but dropped back as soon as it became dark. She was not going ahead at her full speed. Ricardo and the girl have already gone."

"Ricardo, so he is your accomplice."

"How did you know?"

"He was waiting for that book in which you had written a message on the flyleaf. She studied him with fresh interest."

"You're cleverer than I thought."

"So your companion is in this too?"

"Not she. She was only a blind to help my pose as a silly old woman. But Ricardo has taken a fancy to her. He wants to take her on to South America. She didn't know she was going until he took her over the side with him an hour ago."

"Over the rail," he said slowly. "Is that how we go?"

"Yes. Are you game?"

"When do we start?"

She glanced at the electric clock in the wall.

"In exactly ten minutes. You haven't much time to make up your mind."

"It is made up. I go."

She stood up, a vital, supple figure in the close-fitting suit.

"I'm glad," she told him. "If you had refused now I should have had to kill you and, for some reason, I don't want to do that any longer. Is there anything you want to bring—pocket articles?"

"No. I go just as I am."

"Then come out on to the balcony. We must be ready."

The hands of the clock pointed to exactly half past nine when, one after the other, two figures dropped from the private balcony of Mrs. Rentley's suite into the water.

No one saw them. They were just two bobbing specks left swiftly behind as the great luxury liner, ablaze with light, raced on through the night.

A blue light flared up from the face of the sea.

It rose, spreading narrowly like a stream from a nozzle. Then it died down and vanished.

The two who floated within the circle of lifeboats waited. In one direction the lights of the Corsair were gone. In every other direction there was nothing.

A second time that blue streak stabbed the night and again it died away. Calcium flares. The woman spoke.

"Two, that was the signal agreed upon. They ought to be within sight. Watch carefully."

Rushton did not answer. He was twisting his head this way and that searching across the waste of waters. Then, suddenly, he saw a light unmasked. It did not seem a great distance away, perhaps a mile or so, though under such conditions distance was most difficult to guess.

"Shout to them, your voice will carry farther than mine," said the woman.

Rushton obeyed. Lifting his voice he bellowed mightily across the water. Then, in the distance, there was an answering shout. Rushton waited a few minutes and then sent another hail. The answer came closer this time.

The woman sent still another signal flare into the sky and then it seemed no time before they were both shouting directions to the boat that was approaching.

A ship's lifeboat appeared out of the gloom. The woman and Rushton were hauled in. Rushton could not see faces distinctly, but he thought he recognised that of the man he had known as Ricardo on board the Corsair.

He and Mrs. Rentley began talking at once in low tones. No one gave any orders. The crew pulled as they willed and, as far as Rushton could make out, seemed to be a scratch, undisciplined lot.

He thought it likely that the woman was telling Ricardo about him. He did not attempt to overhear. He lay back in his seat watching the lights of the other ship as they drew nearer and nearer.

They bumped in against an accommodation ladder, and when the woman had gone up Ricardo touched Rushton on the arm.

"You go next," he said curtly.

Rushton obeyed. The moment he stepped over the side he saw that the Ship of the Accursed had been well named. Never had his eyes rested upon such a collection of ruffians as met his gaze now.

That part of the deck which he could see would have broken the heart of the most slipshod sailor. It was littered with all sorts of gear and packed with men lying, sprawling, squatting or standing as the mood took them.

Ricardo was smiling cynically. Mrs. Rentley had disappeared. Ricardo spoke curtly again.

"Come along. You are wanted in the saloon."

They picked their way aft among the lounging criminals. Some of them paid not the slightest attention. Others stared at Rushton with evil grins. It was the worst place into which Rushton had ever stepped. They descended the after companion and came into a large saloon, dirty, littered and full of smoke. And despite the fact that he was being sponsored by Mrs. Rentley and, for the moment, had been taken in hand by Ricardo, Rushton found himself regarded with veiled suspicion and hostility by those who were gathered round the table. Mrs. Rentley was already among them. He guessed that she had told them about him. Ricardo dropped into a vacant seat. Rushton was left standing.

He swept them with a cool stare. There were three besides Mrs. Rentley and Ricardo.

One was a big blond man with a face of granite. Rushton had seen him before—in London, Paris, Berlin, elsewhere. He had always suspected him of being a chevalier d'industrie. Now he knew the truth. He learned a little later that he was a German working for the same interests in the Argentine by whom Ricardo, indeed, the whole gang, was employed.

The other two were, he discovered, Dutch. They were very similar in appearance and

MYSTERY SHIP

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

extremely well dressed as, indeed, was the German.

He found they were brothers bearing a name he had heard whispered more than once when some big international coup was impending.

It was the German who spoke first. Rushton had seen him looking at Mrs. Rentley. There seemed to be some sort of understanding between them, but Rushton could not guess what it was, although he had a strong suspicion that it concerned him.

"I think," said the German in very bad English, "I think we ask you to retire for a little. We talk and then we have you back. You agree?"

Rushton made a curt gesture of assent. "As you will. You know why I am here. It seems to me that the less time we waste the better."

The German was about to speak again, but the door leading to the companion opened and a fellow whom Rushton knew must be one of the six hundred criminals entered.

He was a big, murderous-looking ruffian who leered at the assembled group familiarly. His clothes were little better than rags, his face hadn't known a razor for weeks, he stank of spirits.

Around his waist was a strong leather belt and to this was attached a long knife, two pistols and what looked like a rusty knuckleduster.

But for all the hostility that was electric in the saloon, not one of those at the table attempted to put the fellow in his place. They waited until, still smiling evilly, he turned to lounge out again.

It was then his eyes met Rushton's gaze fully. He stared for a moment with a peculiar expression just flickering in them before he turned away.

But that moment was enough to tell Rushton that the fellow had recognised him. They had met somewhere before. Where had it been?

But he had little time then to devote to that problem. Ricardo had got to his feet and now guided him along a passage to a small saloon where a dilapidated piano told Rushton it had been the music saloon when the Santa Cruz had known happier times.

There he was left to his own devices for the time being. He was standing by the battered piano, idly studying certain marks that looked like bullet scars and trying to remember where he had seen that bearded ruffian before when a sound caused him to turn round. He saw Cara Hume coming towards him.

She came swiftly. He saw that her face was drawn, her eyes heavy with fatigue and fear. His own face betrayed nothing of what he felt at seeing her. Eyes, eyes everywhere, and Grant Rushton knew that he must not falter ever so little, so perilous was his position.

"So it is you," she said in a strained way. "I did not think you would have come here."

"Why not?" he asked coolly. "You came, didn't you?"

"Oh! You must know I did not come of my own free will. I was tricked on the other ship and I was brought away by force. But you, I am told that you have joined these people."

"They told you the truth."

"But how could you do such a thing? I had clung to the hope that you would help me. I did not think you could be so treacherous."

"You would attribute virtues to me that I do not possess," he told her coldly. "I am an adventurer. I sell my services to the highest bidder."

"And I thought you so different," she blazed suddenly. Then her whole body trembled and she covered her face with her hands. "What am I to do?"

"You excite yourself needlessly," said Rushton lightly. "No one will harm you, I am sure."

She looked at him, her eyes filled with contempt. "And I thought you a decent honorable gentleman," she said slowly. "I was terribly mistaken. I did not know you were just a common blackguard."

Rushton bowed with a smile but made no answer. The girl stared at him as if still unable to believe that he could be of such vile breed. But his cold smile still remained and, with a low cry of despair, she turned and rushed from the saloon.

Rushton took out a cigarette and lighted it.

"A most emotional nature," he said aloud. "She apparently hasn't a very high opinion of me."

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Rentley appeared. She gave Rushton a curious look then smiled.

"You have not been alone," she said lightly.

THE words told Rushton that his suspicions had been well founded. He and the girl had been spied upon. It had probably been a trap. He shrugged.

"Your companion was here," he answered. "I find her somewhat hysterical. Why do you encumber yourself with her? Surely she can be of no use now?"

She laughed and thrust her arm under his in a way that displayed more confidence than she had conceded before.

"As a matter of fact I let her know you were in here. It is not my wish that she came. I would have left her in the Corsair. But it was a concession to Ricardo. He is quite mad about her. Now come along with me. They want to talk to you again. And remember, I am your friend."

He found the others sitting just as he had left them. The German was watching him with the cold eyes of a judge who had already tried him and passed sentence.

Rushton bore himself with cool sangfroid. This time he approached a seat. Mrs. Rentley sat beside him. Her swift gaze seemed to carry a message to Ricardo for he grinned in friendly fashion at Rushton. Rushton would have found infinite pleasure in squeezing his fat neck between both hands.

"We have been discussing matters," he heard the German saying. "It seems, from what madame says, that you can be useful to us. You will have an immediate opportunity of proving your value. If madame is mistaken it will be unfortunate for you. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly. But it must be equally understood that I receive a proportionate share of any proceeds. I do not work for nothing."

"You will get your share. Now, attend to me. You are fully conversant with certain plans that have come into our possession?"

"Yes."

"We have already had an opportunity of examining them. These two members of our organisation—and he indicated the two Dutchmen—are qualified engineers. They have read the plans carefully. But there are certain features which are not clear. Can you explain them?"

"I should be able to do so. I am familiar with the plans."

"Wait here."

The German rose and Rushton could see

now that he was even bigger than he had guessed.

He vanished into a cabin that led directly off the saloon. When he reappeared he carried in his hands the plans that Rushton had last seen in Sir Charles Gilson's suite in the Corsair. He sat down and laid them on the table.

Then, before he could speak again, the door opened and two men lurched in. Rushton saw that one was the same ruffian who had entered so unceremoniously before. The other was a gigantic negro, coal-black and glistening with sweat. His features were the heavy type of either Martinique or Hayti.

In front of every man at the table, with the exception of Rushton, lay a heavy automatic pistol. So far, Rushton had not been entrusted with a weapon.

Both ruffians seemed well primed with liquor.

The place was filled with an offensive stench. The German eyed them coldly.

"What is it now?" he asked curtly. It was the bearded fellow who spoke.

"Me and my mates want to know what's happening," he growled. "We want to see something. What about putting in to Las Palmas. We're getting tired of rolling up and down the sea. We were promised action and then a fair share. What about it?"

The buck nigger grinned and rolled his eyes.

"Yass," he rumbled, "dass right."

Rushton sat tight. He knew that things were in such a state on board that anything might blow up at any moment.

Nevertheless the minority in the saloon remained cool enough. Rushton had to confess to himself that they were not lacking in courage. Even the woman sat smiling fearlessly.

Then the German answered. He did not bluster. He did not pander. He spoke curtly and quietly, explaining that things were soon approaching a head and that, when they were over, there would be a rich cut for everyone.

"Why are you so impatient?" he wound up. "You've got plenty to eat and plenty of liquor to drink. You are your own masters. When this thing is finished you get the ship and your cut. Then you can land where you want to."

The men seemed appeased, but there was something about the way the negro caressed the sharp edge of his knife that was all the more sinister for the wide smile on his face.

They lounged out and the German pushed the plans across to Rushton.

"You say you can read them. Prove it."

Rushton spread out the blue-prints. His lids were lowered so the others did not see the grim expression of his eyes as he saw the dark stains where blood was spattered.

His voice was curt and metallic when he indicated section after section, explaining briefly the purpose of each and how one was inter-related with the other.

Then, suddenly, he paused and frowned. He sat staring in silence while the others watched.

"What is it?" demanded the German sharply.

"Is this all?" asked Rushton.

"That is the packet just as I received it from madame."

"They are as I took them," she broke in. "What is it?"

"Wait."

Rushton turned them over and over. He checked and compared with meticulous care. Then he looked up.

"These are the plans," he drawled, "but—"

"But what?"

"They are quite useless as they stand."

"Why?"

"A part, the most vital part, the key section, is missing."

There was dead silence. All eyes were turned upon Mrs. Rentley.

"They are just as I took them," she was insisting. "I missed nothing. As soon as I finished off the three in that cabin I collected everything on the table. Are you sure the important part is missing?"

Rushton nodded. Until he had felt those plans in his own hands he had been thinking hard to find some way of continuing his bluff. The fact that the vital part was really missing gave him just the lead he needed. He knew he must play it very carefully and strongly.

"I am not mistaken. It is not here. I know the part well. It is that which concerns the system of automatic control that governs the floating drome in all weathers. Someone cursed heavily. Mrs. Rentley was looking at Rushton.

"If you know the plans so well could you not supply the missing part?" she asked.

Rushton shook his head dubiously.

"I don't know. I am not an engineer. I know the general idea, of course. I can try, if you wish."

"If you know the plans so well could you not supply the missing part?" she asked.

Rushton agreed. He had gained what he had been working for—delay. But he did not know yet how he was going to apply it to his own advantage.

Nor was he going to get an opportunity then to discover it, from somewhere in the near distance, there came a sharp, agonising scream of terror that Rushton knew came from the throat of Cara Hume.

DESPITE the urgent need to maintain at any cost the slight purchase he had gained upon this slippery ground of intrigue, Grant Rushton was on the point of throwing caution to the winds when that terror-stricken sound reached his ears.

He knew it was no devilry of Ricardo's that had caused the girl to scream. Ricardo was not crude. He would choose his own time and use more sophisticated methods.

Rushton's hand was already reaching for the nearest gun on the table when there came the sound of someone running hard. Next moment the door burst open and into the saloon rushed Cara Hume.

Her distress was pitiable. Her eyes were wide with terror, her face was like chalk and her throat was emitting short, agonised sounds of appeal for help.

And little wonder. At her heels came one of the most repulsive-looking ruffians Rushton had seen in many a day.

He was so short as to be almost a dwarf. The visible part of his body was thickly hirsute.

The two Dutchmen looked disturbed but did not rise. Mrs. Rentley had drawn back in disgust at sight of the brute, but could not have done anything even if she would.

Ricardo was the only one of the gang that showed active protest. He scrambled to his feet and made as if to reach for a gun, but long before his fingers could close upon it, Rushton had swung round his chair on its pivot and, just as the girl rushed past him, he rose. In doing so he brought his fist up with the whole lift of shoulder

and body behind it, the whole thrust of hips and thighs, too.

It connected with the dwarf's chin while he was leaping after the girl. His own impetus increased the effect of the impact. It was terrific. Short, heavy, bull-necked though he was, he was lifted clean off his feet and sent smashing over against the wall with a thud that shook the place.

He didn't rise. He lay there and Rushton wasn't the only one who knew that when he did rise again it would be when he was carried out. The crack of that neck breaking had been too distinct for mistake.

Rushton did not turn to the girl. He dared not do so. He knew he had already jeopardised the slight confidence he had inspired. He could only hope that they would think his action natural in one of his race.

But it needed all his restraint to keep his seat for, reaching the end of the saloon where she was forced to come to a halt, the girl turned to see the fate of her pursuer. She took one look. The reaction smote her. She slid to the floor in a dead faint.

Ricardo went to her and bent down. The German sneered with contempt. Mrs. Rentley smiled superciliously, though she turned warm eyes upon Rushton. It was not gratitude for what he had done. The fate of the girl was nothing to her. But she was the sort of woman who was stirred by that sort of prowess.

But all of them needed their wits then for a fresh diversion. In through the same door by which the girl and her pursuer had arrived came two other ruffians. Rushton saw the German reach for his pistol. Before any of the gang could speak he was on his feet.

"Listen to me," he snapped authoritatively. "Is this ship a place of bedlam or are we on a serious purpose? What the devil does it all mean, drinking and quarrelling and invading this place when I'm busy with plans? Haven't I told you that we are engaged upon a big thing? Are you such a gang of fools that you are going to wreck everything before we start? You have the run of the ship. I don't care about that. But I'm running this show and I'm going to have some sort of order. You," and he jabbed the barrel of the pistol towards the bearded fellow who seemed a sort of leader among the others, "you ought to have more sense at least."

"The men are getting fed up," he said sulkily.

"Fed up! Fed up with what? We haven't been aboard more than a week and you talk about being fed up. What about the months you've been roaming the seas? What about the times you've tried to land at port after port? You are pariahs that no one will have. And what have we offered you? We have offered you a chance to pick up money, plenty of it, if you behave yourselves. And now—this continual invasion."

But his words had little effect upon that gang. They were too seasoned with the life of the worst gangs in South America to pay much heed to verbal admonition, even when there was such a cold eye behind it. Had the German dropped a couple of them in their tracks he would have accomplished one thing or the other—he would have precipitated a complete blow-up or he would have cowed them. Rushton had a hunch that such a stroke would have been a winner, but he sat tight, waiting. And then, suddenly, all attention was centred upon him. It was one of the fellows who had come in by the other door who pointed a dirty finger at him and snarled in the hybrid Portuguese of the Brazilian coast:

"There is the one who did it. He is the one. What does he do here? Why did he strike down my friend, Pedro?"

Others began to growl. Rushton knew that, if it came to the point, the German, the Dutchman and Ricardo would "throw him to the wolves" without a qualm if it meant saving their own skin. Mrs. Rentley was an uncertain quantity.

Here then was a crisis with which he must deal himself. He came to his feet, weaponless. He walked quickly to the fellow who had singled him out for accusation. The fellow, remembering the shocking blow that had finished Pedro's career so suddenly, shrank back and began to claw out a knife.

But Rushton did not attack. Indeed, he did not seem to be paying any attention to the fellow. His gaze was fixed upon the bearded one who stood a little in advance of the rest.

"Take this fellow away," he snapped. "Are your wits so muddled that you do not know what you are doing?"

THERE was a growl from several throats. But instead of rising to the challenge, the bearded ruffian accepted the reproof with amazing docility. He stepped forward and caught the shoulder of the one who was threatening Rushton.

"Come on out of it," he snarled. "Out, the lot of you. We'll give them a chance to keep their promise."

Despite murmurings, he had his way. Rushton paid them no more attention. He returned to his seat and again bent over the plans. But he was conscious all the time that several pairs of eyes were fixed upon him.

"I think I can supply what is missing," he said at last, looking at the others, one after the other. "But I must have time to think it over. These plans will need some studying."

"Then you'll do the studying in here and I'll sit with you," responded the German.

The answer was a blow to the plan that was forming in Rushton's mind, but he betrayed no sign.

"That suits me all right. But I can't tackle them to-night. I'll think about them and get to work early in the morning."

"We'll be off Las Palmas by then," said Mrs. Rentley.

"We'll be off Las Palmas to-night," snapped the German.

Then he gathered up the plans. "In the morning, then," he added sulkily.

With that he rose and went into his cabin. He came out a few minutes later and passed them without another word, making for the deck.

The two Dutchmen followed him. Mrs. Rentley turned to Rushton.

"I hope you'll be able to make good," she said quietly. "You have no friend in Muller."

Rushton shrugged and helped himself to a cigarette from a box on the table.

"Why should personal feelings enter into a thing like this?" he asked her. "We are out to do a certain job, aren't we?"

"Yes, but Muller is not pleased that I have brought you in. He is not forgetting that you were Gilson's man."

"Can't a man change jobs?" he asked curtly.

"I know and I understand because I overheard your row. But Muller is—difficult. He is not jealous. He would not confess to such weakness. But he is not pleased that I have shown an interest in you."

"Trouble usually starts when there is a woman, and a charming one, in the case," he came back quickly, for her remark had given him an opening he had been working for.

She gave him a very straight look. "I didn't accept you without considerable reflection. I am not easily impressed by your sex, Mr. Rushton. But you baffle me sometimes. I don't know yet whether to be glad or sorry that you were wearing a bullet-proof shirt when I tried to shoot you the first time. You may wonder that a woman should choose the life I do. I may give you my reasons one day. But I have chanced more on you than ever before upon any man. Muller can tell you that. If I have been mistaken—but I don't want to be. I believe you and I could go far together."

Rushton could not profess to misunderstand her words or the look that accompanied them. He wondered how successful his daring bluff would have gone had her personal feelings not been engaged.

"I am glad we have had this talk," she whispered. "But we must be careful. Look out for Muller. And now I am going to give you something. Muller doesn't want you to have a gun yet. But I am going to give you one. Take it."

She pushed her own gun across to him and Rushton's fingers closed on it quickly.

She opened her bag and took out three spare loaded clips of cartridges which she passed him. Rushton dropped them into his pocket.

They both rose, and while she went out by the door leading to the corridor, Rushton ascended to the deck. He was bent upon a definite purpose, but he knew that every move he made would be watched.

CLAYTON FRICK was in a position of almost supreme control of affairs during the absence of Sir Charles Gilson.

The routine work of the offices was, of course, carried on as usual by the staff. But in his position as Sir Charles' confidential assistant and secretary, Frick was the mouthpiece to issue instructions left by his principal.

When he had first entered the service of the shipowner he had had no thought of betraying his trust. Not that he was worried by any ethical consideration. On the contrary, Clayton Frick was possessed with a consuming ambition to make money, lots and lots of it, and he didn't care two straws how he made it.

But, at that time, he figured he had just as good a chance of achieving his ambition by playing straight and taking advantage of any tips Sir Charles might give him as by running crooked.

And that hope had been realised.

If it is true that every man has his price (and every woman, too), then Clayton Frick had his. And when it was dangled before his eyes by such a person as the "Orchid" it possessed a lure that made it all the more desirable.

Besides, what she offered promised in one rich coup more than he had hoped to amass over many years. Therefore, with Sir Charles' interests in direct conflict with his own, it was the shipowner's that went under.

He believed then that success was within his grasp when Sir Charles sailed in the Corsair. He knew that Rushton was going along to guard Sir Charles and the plans. He didn't know just how Sir Charles would appear on the scene, but he could guess

a lot and his information was passed on to the Saladiers.

Neither he nor they knew that Mrs. Rentley and Ricardo would be travelling in the same ship nor that there was opposed to the Saladiers a gang with even greater resources and composed of persons even more determined and desperate.

It can be understood, therefore, how perturbed he was when the message came telling him of the fiasco on board the Corsair instead of an announcement of success.

He knew that it finished him with Sir Charles. He knew that Rushton would soon ferret out his connection with the Saladiers. Therefore something must be done and quickly.

The thing to do was to act first, and deciding thus, Frick made up his mind to play his hand to the limit.

His first care was to realise all his assets. He had always kept them in a financially liquid form, so that was easy. Next he examined the situation in connection with Sir Charles' affairs and found he could help himself to ten or twelve thousand pounds without much immediate risk. Later, discovery must come anyway, and by that time he hoped to be well clear.

Finally, he decided that he must get to Las Palmas in the shortest possible time. That meant by aeroplane.

Within twenty-four hours he was ready. At the offices he simply said that he was going away on urgent business for Sir Charles, so not the slightest suspicion was aroused.

It was a simple matter to arrange for a private aeroplane to take him. From Heston he flew by stages, to Dakar, and from there it was a direct overseas hop to Las Palmas.

Frick had sent no word of his coming either to Sir Charles Gilson or the Saladiers. He knew where to find both parties if they were in Las Palmas.

As soon as he had finished his arrangements at the landing ground, he secured a car at Monte and drove straight down to Las Palmas, some six miles by road.

He knew that Sir Charles would be at the Metropole, if anywhere. The Saladiers would have gone to a smaller and much quieter hotel that had been spoken of before the Corsair left England.

It was to this hotel, the Inglesa, that he drove and, as he hoped, found the Saladier gang, released from the Corsair on account of lack of evidence, installed in a series of communicating rooms on the first floor overlooking the harbor.

Frick got the whole story immediately. He heard about the various attempts that had been made to secure the plans. He was told about the murder of the Brown monk. They still believed Rushton was responsible for that. They related how there had been a dramatic invasion and killing in Sir Charles Gilson's cabin.

Frick listened moodily to the story. He made no comment until the countess, who had done the telling, had finished. Then he smiled crookedly.

"They have fooled you," he said harshly. Her dark eyes flashed.

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"I mean this," he said curtly. "That quarrel between Sir Charles Gilson and Rushton was staged to deceive the others. They would never quarrel. Rushton would never betray Sir Charles. He is too single-tracked in his mental make-up. That was a shrewd move."

He lighted a cigarette and paced the room. He was asking himself if the other

gang had secured possession of everything. He knew more about the plans than Sir Charles Gilson had believed. He was perfectly aware that Sir Charles had taken particular care of a vital key part.

Where was that? Was it gone? Or did Sir Charles still have possession of it? The rest of the plans were useless without it and, per contra, that vital part could not be applied without the other portions.

Sir Charles—he was the key to the thing as it stood—he and Rushton.

He turned quickly to the countess. He gave her his conclusions. She agreed with him. It was she and Frick now who were handling things. The others were mere cyphers.

"We've got to secure those plans now. Everything hangs on it. The question is—how far are we prepared to go?"

"I can answer for myself, my companions and my principals," she said evenly. "We go to what you call it—the limit."

"Good. So do I. Now let us plan the first step. As I see it, Sir Charles is the key of the thing at the moment. Therefore we must get possession of that key."

"You mean—actually?"

"I mean just what I say."

"And then, monsieur?"

"We would hold a strong card. But we cannot advance past that point until we come to some arrangement with the other people."

"You mean make them a proposal?"

"Exactly. We can reach that ship by wireless, can't we?"

"Of course."

"They will have to deal with us. We shall offer to join them and split the profits. If they agree we can arrange about a motor boat here soon enough. We could join them out at sea."

Her eyes rested on him admiringly.

"I understand now, monsieur. It is a pleasure to listen to you. And it is fortunate that you have come. You and I—we can do this thing." And she shot a veiled look of contempt at her husband.

"Very well. Send one of your crowd off at once to see about a motor boat, a good sea boat. Agree to any terms. It won't be coming back, anyway."

"And you?"

"I'm going to call upon Sir Charles Gilson in two hours. That should give plenty of time to fix things. Let us compose a message to the people in the Santa Cruz."

He lit a cigarette and looked at her with a curious glance.

"Rushton, eh? I'll fix Rushton before this thing is finished."

SIR CHARLES GILSON had no option but to leave the Corsair at Las Palmas.

It was perfectly useless for him to continue on to the spot in the South Atlantic where the floating drome was to be anchored until he had recovered the plans.

The idea of chartering a private plane and returning to England entered his head. He considered, too, the plan of reporting the affair to the British Government and asking for their aid. After all, that floating drome in the South Atlantic would mean a big asset to all the British Mercantile Marine.

He could fly to England by way of Lisbon. He could spend a couple of days in England and then return if necessary. The more he considered the idea the more he favored it. And, while there, he could make arrangements about a new set of plans as well as to examine Frick.

He had just reached this conclusion when there came a knock at the door. He called a permission to enter. The door opened, and, to his astonishment, Frick appeared.

"Good heavens, Frick, what are you doing out here, and how did you get here?" he demanded.

"I took it upon myself to come, sir," said Frick smiling easily.

"But why?"

"You have been injured, sir. I hope it is not serious."

"Oh, this." Sir Charles indicated his head. "No, it is not much. But how did you know?"

"I will explain, sir. Certain matters have come up in London about which it was necessary to consult you personally. I tried to get in touch with you on board the *Cornair* by wireless. I received a reply from the captain informing me that you had met with an accident and had left the ship at Las Palmas. I debated what to do. Then it occurred to me that I could reach Las Palmas by air and explain matters to you in person. I reached Monte this morning."

"Well, I must say you acted with decision, Frick. What has happened?"

"Well, sir, I learned one or two things in London that made me uneasy about you and the purpose of your journey. I received anonymous communications warning me that you were in danger. I do not know who could have sent them. But when I heard about your accident I became more anxious. Therefore I decided to come."

Sir Charles regarded him in silence. He appeared very serious and earnest. His manner certainly did not suggest that he had been up to any treachery. In fact, his solicitude was rather touching. Surely Rushton couldn't be right.

"And what happened in London, Frick?"

Frick hesitated and glanced about him. "I've got some papers to show you, sir. I don't quite understand them, but I think they refer to the floating drone."

"Well, now that you have found me you'd better get them, hadn't you? I'd like to go into them at once."

"It would save time, sir, if you drove up to Monte with me. I have a car at the door, and, if you will permit me to say so, Sir Charles, a drive up to that height would do you good."

"All right, I don't mind. Wait until I put some cigars in my case."

He was soon ready. They descended to the ground floor and went out to the street, where a hired saloon car was waiting. Frick helped Sir Charles in and spoke to the driver, an island Spaniard.

He got in beside Sir Charles and the car moved off. They began to go down towards the old part of the town rather than in the direction that Sir Charles expected, and he turned to Frick with a frown.

"Is this the way? It isn't as I remember it."

Then suddenly he remembered what Grant Rushton had said. A quick feeling of uneasiness assailed him. He took the cigar out of his mouth and turned to Frick.

"This is nonsense, Frick," he exploded. "I don't like this at all."

"And you won't like this either," were the last words of which he was conscious as Frick, turning on him with an evil smile that revealed things all too late, slammed a soaking pad across his mouth and held him while his struggles grew more and more feeble and finally ceased.

The car continued on its way. Frick eased the unconscious man back so that he was reclining in the corner in a way that

would appear natural enough to any casual observer. But Frick wasn't worrying about curious eyes in that part of the town.

They turned deeper into the old part and then came out near the edge of the harbor, but some distance now from where the wharves and jetties of the big shipping firms were located.

Then they were among some trees, and emerging from these came into a road that curved round towards a dilapidated jetty. At the end of this a large, cabin motor boat was moored.

The car drove right on to the jetty and stopped. As it did so the two gunmen of the *Saladier* gang appeared and scrambled on to the jetty. One of them opened the door. Frick grinned at him and hauled the unconscious Sir Charles towards him and pushed him into the waiting arms of the other two.

They carried him across the jetty and over the side of the boat. Frick got out and passed the driver a roll of money. The fellow grinned and at once began to back the car off the jetty. Frick jumped aboard. He was met by the Countess, who gave him a smile of congratulation.

They disappeared into the cabin where some flimflams of wireless messages lay on the table.

"What is the decision?" asked Frick briskly.

"They have accepted the proposition, monsieur. They agree to participate on the terms we offered. They will wait for us fifteen miles out at sea. So you were right. Our unconscious guest is the key to the puzzle."

Within five minutes the motor boat was speeding across the harbor towards the open sea.

IT WAS NIGHT, and Hermann Muller was alone in his cabin on board the *Santa Cruz*.

He was in the devil's own temper. One might have thought that he would find some cause for satisfaction in the fact that Mrs. Bentley had carried out her work on board the *Cornair* with a swift and deadly efficiency that would meet with even his icy approval.

So it would ordinarily. But he had not counted on her appearing in company with the man who had been the greatest obstacle in their way. For he did not share her confidence in Grant Rushton.

Her arrival with Rushton, her way of looking at him, her insistence that he was playing straight when he had thrown in his lot with them, filled Muller with deep anger. Rushton may have fooled her, he might fool the others, but he couldn't fool Muller.

He had just decided that he would have a private talk with the two Dutchmen, the van Korsems, when there came a double knock at the door.

Muller glanced quickly at his watch. It was just after midnight. Perhaps he was wanted on the bridge. The navigation staff, at least, could be depended upon.

He stepped across and turned back the key, jerking the door open as he did so.

His astonishment on seeing Grant Rushton on the threshold was punctuated by the muzzle of a pistol in his stomach.

"Step back, Muller," ordered Rushton, keeping his tone low.

Muller could do nothing but obey. His own gun was on the table that was screwed to the floor under the porthole.

Rushton half-circled, forcing Muller to move contra wise. Thus he worked his way over so that he could reach out and get hold of Muller's gun. He caught it in his

left hand and then dropped it in his pocket. But he did not lower his own weapon. Muller might have another gun in his pocket.

Rushton had seen something else. He had seen the plans lying where Muller had been studying them. Still threatening Muller, Rushton managed to get his hands on them and drop them in his coat pocket.

Muller hadn't uttered a sound. He had obeyed every order, but his eyes were coldly furious, and Rushton knew well enough that he would seize the first opening.

"That's that, Muller," he said quietly. "I think you knew I'd get hold of these things at the first opportunity, so I didn't waste any time."

"Much good it will do you," snarled Muller, and Rushton noticed that he didn't attempt to raise his voice. He realised well enough that Rushton would jerk back on the trigger on the instant. "If you expect to get away with them you are mad. Or will you hand them to Mrs. Bentley to take care of?"

"I'll manage all right," Rushton assured him coolly. "You see—"

He never finished the sentence. At that moment, the ship heaved upwards as if caught by a sudden squall. It wasn't a very severe roll, but it served to send Rushton swaying backwards so that the gun jerked away from Muller's ribs.

He threw up his left arm and held Muller with a fist drive. Then he jerked the barrel of the pistol round and fired. Muller went down. The bullet had gone through his heart.

Rushton made for the door. There were too many ears on board that ship for the sound of the shots to pass unheeded. He closed the door softly and started through the saloon.

Footsteps came rattling down the companion that led to the deck. Rushton reached the door that led to the corridor by which he could reach the old music saloon.

He jerked it open and leaped through, closing it after him. Then he sprinted down the corridor. But, in the distance, he saw his way blocked by a bulky figure. It was Ricardo.

Rushton lifted his gun to fire, but Ricardo, sensing his danger, dived into a cabin. Rushton kept on and reached a secondary companion by which he could reach the deck. It was mostly used by the engine-room staff.

He was half way up when he heard Ricardo yelling in the corridor. Other voices took up the cry. Rushton gained the deck and sprinted forward, weaving his way among the drunken, gambling groups of criminals.

Behind him the pursuit was in full cry. The Dutchmen had joined Ricardo. He didn't know what others there would be, but he knew the bridge crowd would be dangerous.

He dived into the passage that went under the bridge deck. It connected the waist with the forward part.

He emerged among a thick pack of the criminals. This was their real hangout.

Rushton kept on. He was through the mob of criminals here before they seemed to realise what was happening. Then he made a leap for an iron ladder and gained the fore-castle head.

Men were climbing after him. They reached the higher level, then one of them gave a shout and pointed. Where they had seen the fugitive a moment before there was now no one. But, curving towards the water was a human figure.

Men rushed to the side and watched while

It was swept astern. Ricardo and the two Dutchmen came up. Two men from the bridge guard were on their heels.

Next moment they were racing back. Someone on the bridge signalled the engine-room. The ship came round and the searchlight sprang out to sweep over the water.

Back and forth and round and round the Santa Cruz steamed, but not a sign of the fugitive could be seen. One solitary thing rewarded them. It was one of the ship's lifebuoys. But Rushton wasn't clinging to it. He was gone.

NEXT morning when a meeting was held in the saloon the atmosphere was sultry.

The gathering was much smaller than on the preceding day. There was Mrs. Rentley looking pale, and, for once, decidedly discomposed.

The subjects under discussion were the killing of Muller, the disappearance of the plans, and the vanishing of Rushton—three very unpleasant subjects to have on the agenda.

The elder Dutch brother, Jan van Korse, had made one of his rare speeches. He had asked if, now that the plans were gone and Muller was dead, the affair would be abandoned. It was here that Ricardo showed himself as being more of a factor than they had considered.

"Why should we abandon it?" he demanded hotly. "Who are you to make such a proposal? Muller is gone; well that's unfortunate, but it doesn't mean that we are going to close down. What do you think I am doing here? Where does the money come from? Don't you get it into your heads that, because I have been willing to see Muller direct things I haven't been watching things. Of course we go ahead, and you can look to me for orders."

Mrs. Rentley nodded vigorously. "Ricardo is right. We cannot throw in our hand now. Why should we?"

Hugo van Korse stirred his thick body. "What do you propose? The plans are gone, aren't they? And your friend," he sneered at Mrs. Rentley, "is gone with them. This would never have happened if you hadn't brought him on board. He fooled you up to the hilt. Muller was right—serious business is no place for a woman. They are ruled by their emotions. It was a crazy thing to do."

Mrs. Rentley bit her lip.

"I made a mistake," she said at last, coldly, "let it go at that. But you will not forget that it was I who secured those plans against great odds."

Ricardo, who wasn't anxious to have his own weakness regarding Cara Hume brought up, nodded in quick agreement with her.

"Quarrelling and reproaches will do no good," he said. "We must work together, and there is no time to lose. Let us lay things out and consider them. We know that Rushton went to Muller's cabin last night and shot him."

The van Korses nodded together. Before Ricardo could continue the door of the saloon opened, and the bearded man and black negro who had intruded the night before, lounged in. They leant up against the wall and surveyed the group at the table. It was the bearded one who spoke.

"What's it all about?" he drawled. "Are you discussing what I said last night? The boys want action, not promises. Or is it what happened last night?"

Ricardo frowned. "You will know in good time, Keeler. How

can we make our plans with you fellows walking in and interrupting us at any time you choose?"

He hadn't the compelling eye that Muller had possessed.

"Well, boss," drawled Keeler, "you can't do anything without us, and the boys have elected me permanent spokesman. We've decided we want to know what's going to be done. And what about last night? Where's Frits?" In such familiar terms did he refer to the dead German.

"You know that Muller was shot by the fellow who came aboard," Ricardo growled in exasperation.

Keeler showed yellow teeth in a grin.

"Well, what became of him?" he persisted. "Everyone in the ship knows he went over the side," answered Ricardo more quietly, for Mrs. Rentley had shot him a warning glance.

"Is anything changed by that? Did he get away with anything that mattered? You'd better remember, mister, that you can only go as far as we say, so you'd better let us in on what's doing."

"Haven't we made a deal with you?" demanded Ricardo. "Haven't you been promised your share in the cash-out?"

"Promised, yes. Well, I won't press you, but I warn you we want to see something happen soon. The boys want to get this job finished and then land somewhere. If you can't deal with your own gang, turn the trouble-maker over to us. We'll tame him—or her—all right." And with that he grinned evilly at Mrs. Rentley.

Just how the situation might have developed is doubtful, but it didn't come to a crisis then for the door burst open and one of the bridge men came in. He was one of Ricardo's navigators hired at a fixed wage with no promised share in the venture upon which they were bound.

He handed Ricardo a sheet of paper. "Wireless message just come in from Las Palmas," he announced. "Any answer, sir?"

Those at the table bent closer. They forgot, for the moment, that Keeler and the negro were listening with all ears.

Ricardo read the message, first to himself and then aloud.

"Listen to this," he said. "It is from the *Saladiers*, if you please. It says: 'Are fully informed your position regarding vital part of plans. Are in position to produce person vital to this difficulty. Are you prepared make deal with us to join you on equal sharing basis? Answer immediately as quick action essential. *Saladier*, Hotel Ingles, Las Palmas.'"

"It means," said Mrs. Rentley, "it means just what I said. They can get hold of Gilson."

"Well, what'll we do?"

Ricardo looked at the van Korse.

"What do you say, Jan? And you, Hugo?"

"It's a good suggestion," responded the elder Dutchman after a glance at his brother. "If they can do as they say, that is."

"That's up to them. But I don't like the idea of splitting with them. We've got to pay out enough as it is."

"We can always find a way out of that," said Mrs. Rentley softly.

Ricardo nodded.

"That's right. Well, let's get an answer away. Give me a piece of paper, Jan. I'll write something."

He wrote busily for a few moments, then he looked up. "How does this sound? 'We are willing to come to arrangement if you can produce goods. Reply just what you propose and how to make contact.'"

They agreed that this would do, so the message was despatched. No one knew just when Keeler and the negro had departed. They had been too engrossed. And, likewise, no one had asked what had become of the man whom Rushton had knocked against the side of the saloon the night before.

Two more messages were sent and received between them and the *Saladiers* during the morning. This interchange took place just before Frick went to call upon Sir Charles Gilson at the Metropole Hotel. But by that time a rendezvous had been fixed and both gangs of precious crooks were already planning to double-cross each other. They did not consider there was any other serious factor to contend with. They might have thought differently had they known where Keeler betook himself when he left the saloon.

His course led him along among the drinking, gambling groups on deck.

Then he dived into the fore-castle, which was so dimly lit that it was almost impossible to see one's way between the bunks. But that didn't bother Keeler. He kept right on to the end and bent down over the very last bunk.

"Are you awake?" he asked in a voice that would have amazed Ricardo, so full of respect, was it.

Out of the gloom came a reply.

"That you, Keeler? Yes. What is it? Any news?"

"Plenty. They're in touch with someone in Las Palmas. Listen: this is what I heard."

He told into the darkness what had passed in the saloon. The invisible one listened in silence. Then he gave vent to a smothered oath.

"You've done a bit of good work, Keeler. Can you carry on?"

"Sure, I can carry on. I know you'll do what you say. As long as I know that I can handle this bunch of scum."

"What about the girl, Keeler?"

"Saw and heard nothing."

"Keep me posted, then. I know what that Las Palmas business means. Find out if they are coming aboard. This is urgent. And, later, I want you to get a note into the hand of that girl. Understand?"

"I can do that."

IT wasn't as coincidental as it might seem that Grant Rushton should have recognised Keeler as a man he had come into contact with in South America.

The whole six hundred and more criminals on board the Santa Cruz had been cleared out of their haunts in one country in that continent. Two years before Rushton had spent six months on a dangerous job that took him through the underworld of Rio Janeiro and Buenos Aires. He had met Keeler in a particularly tough dive on the waterfront of Rio.

There was no sentiment in the rough friendship that had been born between them on that occasion. Keeler was one of the worst characters among the scum of Rio. Rushton had made use of him in pursuing his own ends. Keeler had simply sold his services for money, and Rushton had paid well. That was all.

But it was sufficient to give a fresh twist to Rushton's plans when he recognised Keeler on board the hell-ship.

When the meeting in the saloon broke up he had made his way to the main deck. It had not taken him long to locate Keeler among the drinking groups. A touch on

the arm and a jerk of the head were sufficient to bring Keeler trailing forward where they could talk unobserved.

Within a few minutes Rushton knew the terms upon which the ship load of criminals had agreed to throw in their lot with Muller and his gang.

Ten pounds cash to every man, with twenty-five pounds to six who bossed their own following, fifty pounds to Jonas, the nigger who had been in the cabin with Keeler, and a hundred pounds to Keeler as the big shot of the whole outfit. He was the big shot simply because he had made himself so since the ship had sailed from South America.

Rushton knew he must fight with the same weapons. He knew how far he could pledge Sir Charles Gilson. Fifteen or twenty thousand pounds were a drop compared to what was at stake.

He made his deal with Keller then and there.

"I'll double the figure for the men," he told him. "Twenty pounds for every man-jack on board, fifty pounds for the petty bosses, a hundred for the nigger and you, Keeler, you'll touch five hundred of the best if you sit in with me."

"I'm with you, boss. What do you want me to do?"

Rushton gave him a lead. They confabbed together for a long time. Then they parted, Rushton preparing for his visit to Muller, Keeler slinking off to sound Jonas, the nigger, and to attend to certain arrangements which Rushton had suggested.

It was as a result of this palaver that Rushton was able to vanish during the hot pursuit after the killing of Muller. The thing was handled so quickly and there was so much confusion all about that not the breath of a suspicion was roused. Only Jonas the nigger knew in addition that it was not Rushton who went over the side but the dead body of the gorilla-like fellow whom Rushton had struck in the saloon.

Not even Muller would have dared penetrate into the sinister gloom of the fore-castle. That bunch of criminals were very jealous of their "rights."

And Keeler and Jonas, the nigger, were already busy with their whisperings and nudges and suggestions. Not a whisper of the truth leaked through to the after-guard.

But Rushton dared not come out except when he knew the coast was clear. He knew what Cara Hume would be thinking. He knew that, even though she held him in contempt for his treachery to Sir Charles, she would still feel some shreds of hope while he was on board. She would remember what had happened in the saloon.

Since the affair in the saloon she had kept to her own cabin. She was too terrified to exercise even in the corridor. It was there that the gorilla-like creature had attacked her.

With her door locked, Cara was lying on the bunk trying to sleep. A sound caused her to be perfectly still. She scarcely breathed. She thought it was someone at the door and she sat up quietly. The sound reached her again, but this time it came from another direction.

She turned her head and a scream of terror rose in her throat as she saw a great hairy arm and then the evil, bearded coun-

tenance of one of the criminals grinning at her.

She stared at him in wide-eyed horror.

Then she saw his hand go up, glimpsed a bit of paper between the filthy fingers. Still grinning, he flipped it through the porthole so that it fell at her feet. And with a further sign of warning he vanished up the side as he had come.

Still fearful, she bent and picked up the paper. Unwisting it she read the few words that had been scribbled upon it.

"Don't lose your courage. I'm still on board, but on your life don't let anyone know. Keep to your cabin as much as possible. It won't be long now. G.R."

She read the message again and again. Was it a hoax? Was it some devilry of Mrs. Rentley's or Ricardo's? How could it have come from Grant Rushton if he had gone over the side?

Then she remembered that his subsequent fate was wrapped in mystery. Had he never gone over the side?

At four o'clock in the afternoon the snow-capped peak of Teneriffe was clearly visible far away to the south-west.

Shortly after that a speck appeared upon the water. One of the navigating officers drew Mrs. Rentley's attention to it. She caught up a pair of glasses and studied it for a few moments. Then she caught Cara Hume by the arm.

"Come, it's time for you to go back to your cabin."

The girl did not resist. Locked again in her cabin, she stood gazing out of the porthole. At first she could not see any signs of the object that had caused excitement on the bridge, but presently she made it out and knew it for a small boat approaching the ship.

She continued to watch the oncoming boat until she could see it distinctly as a cabin motor boat, but she could not distinguish clearly the features of the two persons who stood in the after-cockpit.

Then the craft altered its course as if to come round the stern of the Santa Cruz. There was a change in the rhythm of the engines. The Santa Cruz was slowing down.

From the safe gloom of the fore-castle Grant Rushton also watched. Keeler had brought him certain information about what had transpired at the last meeting in the saloon, but that was little.

It was not until Rushton saw the Countess Saladier's head appear above the side and watched her spring lightly to the deck that he began to guess something of the truth.

Rushton was nursing his knees when Keeler appeared. The moment he loomed through the doorway, Rushton grabbed him.

"Did you see that?" he demanded in a low tone.

"Yes, I saw it, boss. That must be what they were talking about this morning. It isn't going to make matters any easier for you, is it?"

"Don't you worry, and don't you start getting ideas, Keeler. It might be unhealthy for someone. They're bound to have a palaver in the saloon now. I've got to hear what goes on. Get me some old clothes into which I can change—and some oily rags. I'll do the rest."

Suddenly he caught sight of a drunken fellow reeling across the deck. Over one eye he wore a black patch. Rushton caught Keeler's arm just as he was turning away. "And bring me that black patch," he hissed.

Down in the saloon things were settling down into the palaver that Rushton had said would take place. There had been a certain amount of jockeying about at first, but the rival parties soon began coming to terms.

The two women might not feel much affection for each other, but they regarded each other with a certain respect. The Countess was remembering what Mrs. Rentley had done singlehanded on board the Corsair. Mrs. Rentley was perfectly aware that the other woman was the brains of her gang.

Within a few minutes, Frick had assumed the chairmanship of the meeting. He sat at the end of the table in Muller's old seat. And it wasn't long before he knew the full story of how Muller had met his death. He smiled satirically at Mrs. Rentley.

"I'm afraid he spoofed you completely, my dear woman," he said. "And, knowing Grant Rushton, it is difficult for me to believe that he is dead."

Frick was about to say something further when the door was flung open and three repellent figures lounged in. They were Keeler and Jonas, the nigger, who had been there on other occasions, and with them was another fellow, a murderous-looking ruffian in dirty rags and with one evil eye glittering at the assembled party. The other eye was concealed by a black patch.

Frick and the Saladiers stared in astonishment at the sight. Frick half-rose as if to protest, but Ricardo touched his arm. He said something quickly in a low tone while Frick sank back, frowning and the three ruffians at the door grinned impudently.

Then Frick gave a grunt of disgust.

"Well, it isn't for me to criticise how you run your crowd, but I wouldn't have this sort of thing," he muttered.

"Wouldn't you, mister?" demanded Keeler. "You ain't getting any idea that this is your ship, are you? You can easily go back the way you came, you know."

Ricardo grinned at Keeler and kicked Frick under the table.

"All right, Keeler, all right," he said, placatingly. "our friend doesn't quite understand how things are. You can listen if you want to but I don't see what use it is."

"We'll listen all right, mister," returned Keeler ungraciously, and his two companions grinned widely.

Then the palaver went on, although it was plain enough that Frick and the Saladiers were cramped a bit by the presence of the three by the door.

It was soon equally plain that neither side was going to yield an inch. Ricardo, with a suavity that displayed more capability than one would have thought he possessed, politely but firmly made the case for the Santa Cruz gang.

"It must be acknowledged," he said, "that we have more to offer than you. We have the ship, fully equipped. We are in a position to act in full force if necessary." He made no mention of the fact that the main portion of the plans had vanished.

"Quite so, monsieur," rejoined the Countess, "but it must be remembered that we hold the person of the one man who is vital to the completion of those plans." "And he is on board this ship," came back Ricardo.

The Countess smiled coldly. "I hope that doesn't mean what it might imply, monsieur. You will understand that we weighed all the possibilities before we came. It is true that this ship is yours, but I would remind you that we, too, control a ship with a large number of men who are ready to act at a moment's notice. I speak

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of the former German cruiser that is already at the spot where the floating drome is being taken. And two of our men are on constant guard over the person you mention. They are, shall we say, excellent gunmen?"

"I don't think there need be any difference of opinion," put in Mrs. Rentley crisply. "I have a suggestion to make. Time is precious. If we are to bring matters to a successful finish we must act quickly. It is unlikely that the disappearance of Sir Charles Gilson will be accepted quietly. The Spanish authorities at Las Palmas will act. The British government will act. Every ship will be on the look-out. Then, too, we must not forget that his own ship, the Corsair, is still in these waters. Therefore we must pull together. Do you not agree?"

A murmur of assent went round the table. "I have a suggestion to make," she went on. "We have the man here on board. Let us make him an offer. If he listens to reason he shall be given his life. If he refuses our demands then we shall be compelled, for our own protection, to deal with him differently."

This, a concrete if daring suggestion, met with further approval, and it was on this basis that the discussion went on. But, before it had gone very far there was an interruption. The door behind where Keeler and his two companions were standing was opened a few inches. Someone reached through and touched Keeler on the arm. Keeler slipped out and closed the door. But it opened a few moments later to readmit him.

The talk at the table subsided. All eyes were turned towards the three ruffians. They saw Keeler mutter something to Jonas and the man with the patch over his eye. Then all three vanished through the door. When they were gone Ricardo looked at the van Kerssens and Mrs. Rentley.

"What's up?" he muttered. "I don't like the look of that."

"Probably the brutes are quarrelling again," Mrs. Rentley hazarded. And, certainly, it seemed as if she might be right, for now, from up above, came the sound of pistol shots.

THE leadership that Keeler had assumed among the six hundred criminals was, of itself, a flimsy thing. He had organised a rough control, which he ran somewhat after the fashion of a "racket."

His cunning brain, trained in all forms of trickery, had soon seen the possibilities of gaining power among the others through exercising a control of the food and drink supplies.

The first sign that things were not running smoothly came that same afternoon when the three were in the saloon listening to the discussion there.

It was one of Keeler's men who had come down to warn him. On reaching the deck, it was plain enough to a man who had herded with that scum as Keeler had herded during the past months, that something was certainly wrong.

There were groups still gambling as usual, and the rum hogsheads were being patronised as freely as ever. But there was a subtle difference in the general disposal of the groups that Keeler spotted in a moment.

And Keeler showed no hesitation in coming to the point. He kept on until he was close to the group, and the men now turned to watch him. Hands were hanging close

to guns and knives. One big burly half-caste with vicious bloodshot eyes was obviously the leader. He was a fellow who had been at loggerheads with Keeler ever since the latter had neglected to make him a member of the inner circle of grafters.

Keeler stood and grinned at him. A sudden silence seemed to fall upon every group. The gamblers stopped play and watched. The men at the rum casks held their dippers and turned sly eyes upon the scene. Jonas, the nigger, was smiling broadly. He was a very dangerous man, was that nigger.

"What is this I hear?" asked Keeler softly. "Are you thinking of putting yourself up against me, Karbo?"

The half-caste hunched his shoulders forward.

"Who do you think you are?" he demanded in high-pitched liquid tones that spoke of the negro blood in him. "Who dis feller, eh?" He indicated Rushton.

For answer, Keeler reeled off a string of blasphemous, scathing epithets that were scarcely above a whisper, and the names he called the half-caste made Karbo's piggy eyes contract with rage.

In a flash, Karbo's hand dropped to his gun and he drew with amazing speed. But Keeler was even quicker. The two guns crashed, seemingly, on the exact instant.

Rushton, who had been standing with his arms hanging loosely against his hips, distinctly heard the thud of a bullet striking Keeler, but Karbo pitched forward on to his face, shooting again as he fell. The bullet struck the deck.

For a split second, Keeler stood swaying, then he lurched against Rushton. Two ruffians who had been beside Karbo were drawing their guns. Another fellow with a knife was leaping towards Rushton. Rushton held Keeler with one arm while he shot with the other.

Jonas, the nigger, was still grinning broadly. And now, with a knife in one hand and a knuckle-duster in the other, he broke out into a low chuckle that struck Rushton as a savage, sinister thing under such conditions.

Those of the other gang who still stood on their feet broke and ran. Jonas followed them, laughing, but Keeler looked faint, and Rushton grabbed his arm.

"Come on, Keeler," he urged. "They're finished. What you need is a swig of rum."

Keeler yielded. Jonas came back and gave Rushton a hand. They got him along to one of the hogheads and gave him rum. Then they made their way into the fore-castle. But, just before they were hidden by its gloom, Rushton happened to turn and look back.

He saw Ricardo and Mrs. Rentley standing at the head of the main companion. Others were behind them. Then he caught sight of one of their late antagonists lurching towards them. He knew they were by no means finished with the outbreak that had been staged by Karbo. But Karbo would take no further part. Two of the convicts were already heaving his limp body over the side.

Keeler's wound was bleeding fast, but it was only a rip in the flesh. Jonas held the dipper of rum while Rushton sloshed the raw spirit into the open tissues. Then he found an old shirt and tore it into bandages.

While Rushton worked they talked in low tones.

"Someone will spill the stuff," he murmured. "Stand still, Keeler. And we've got a double mob to deal with now. How about it, Keeler? Are you going to stick?"

"I told you I'd come in, and I'll stay."

"How about Jonas?"

The negro's teeth showed white in the gloom.

"Jonas stick all right, boss. You pay."

"I'll pay all right," Rushton assured him. "But I've got to change my plans. We've got to anticipate any move they might make. Go to the door, Jonas, and see what's happening."

The negro stood peering along the deck for some minutes. Then he returned, still grinning.

"Plenty happen, boss. Two of Karbo's gang just go down compan' with Ricardo."

"That means a split is certain. All right, we'll meet it. How soon can you tell me definitely, Keeler, the number we can depend on?"

"Jonas and I can move about now," responded Keeler with a wince of pain as Rushton hauled the bandage tight.

"All right. Get busy. Pin them down as soon as you can. You know what to offer. Double whatever the others have promised. It will be paid."

Keeler and Jonas moved off then, and Rushton sank back to think things out. He knew a crisis was at hand. The arrival of the Saladier gang was complication enough in itself, but bringing Sir Charles Gilson on board had made matters ever so much worse.

SIR CHARLES GILSON had not been as unconscious as he appeared when he was carried over the side of the Santa Cruz.

The doped pad which Frick had held over his mouth had done its work swiftly, but Sir Charles was a tough old warhorse. Even though he had lost a good deal of blood from his head wound his iron constitution had battled amazingly well against the influence of the drug.

While still on board the motor boat the effects of the stuff had started to renege in waves that returned again and again to overwhelm his senses, but, each time, with lessening force.

The victim didn't know just where he was being taken when he was hauled over the side of the Santa Cruz. He was only aware in a hazy way of his surroundings. But his brain was starting to function less intermittently, and when he was thrown on to a sofa in the music saloon he lay like one dead, trying to get some idea of what was happening.

It was thus that Cara Hume found him. She had been urged by Mrs. Rentley to take a little exercise in the corridor, and had reached the music saloon quite by chance.

She had never actually seen the shipping magnate on board the Corsair. But it did not need much deduction for her to guess his identity. She had overheard enough talk for that.

She crossed to him at once and knelt down, taking hold of his shoulders.

"Sir Charles, Sir Charles," she whispered. Beneath lowered lids he had watched her cross the saloon. He couldn't quite fit her in with what he knew of either the Rentley or the Saladier gang. She didn't look that sort, and yet, he reflected, neither did Mrs. Rentley.

Her voice became urgent, and there was something in it that caused him to open one eye and regard her questioningly.

"You are Sir Charles Gilson?" she urged. "I am. What do you want?"

"I am a friend—truly. I am being kept by force on board this dreadful ship."

"What ship is it?"

She told him in whispers. Both his eyes were open now and he was watching her intently. He knew all about the Ship of the Accursed that had been roaming the seas for months past.

"So this is where Rushton went with the woman," he muttered. Then he caught her arm. "What are you doing here? How did you get here?"

Again she explained.

"Where's Rushton then?" he asked her sharply.

"I don't know. Something happened. One of the gang was killed and the plans were taken. They say it was Mr. Rushton. They said, too, that he had dived over the side. But I have had a strange message. It was thrown in through the porthole of my cabin. It was signed with his initials. If it is genuine then he is still on board."

"So Rushton had to disclose his hand so soon," he muttered. "Have you heard what they want of me?"

"No. They are talking in the saloon now."

"That means the two gangs have joined forces. Well, I can guess what they want. And I can see now what Frick has been up to. You and I will have to work together, my dear. Do you know how you can get in touch with Rushton?"

"No. He just said he was still on board and that I was to be very careful, and to remain in my cabin as much as possible."

"Do you think it is true that he got hold of the plans?"

"Oh, yes, they were very upset. There was a lot of confusion and shooting, but he got away."

"You have told me something very important. They'll be after me soon. I'll know then what they are up to. You had better not take any risks, my dear. I'll try and keep in touch with you and we must make contact with Rushton if he is still on board. What was that?"

He had seen her head turn swiftly and her eyes grow wide with sudden fear as she stared towards the door. It had opened an inch or so, then it had closed gently. Someone had been spying and possibly listening, but who it was she could not tell.

She whispered her fear and, rising, ran to the door. She threw it open and peered in both directions along the corridor. There was only one person visible some distance away. It was Mrs. Rentley coming towards her, smoking a cigarette and smiling oddly.

Something happened inside Cara Hume. Until this moment she had been, more or less, acquiescent to the force of circumstances. She had been so completely engaged with her own fears and terrors that she had possessed no confidence in her own puny powers to achieve anything against odds that seemed so overwhelming.

But now all fear for herself was submerged in a deep anger that had been born suddenly. It may have been inspired by the sight of a man of Sir Charles' age at the mercy of such brutal treatment.

It may have been something less definite, a growing realisation within her that she, too, possessed powers of dissimulation.

Whatever it was she met Mrs. Rentley's stare indifferently.

"I have spoken to the man in there. Who is he?" she demanded.

"I think you know," drawled Mrs. Rentley.

"It is Sir Charles Gilson?"

"Of course. You found him conscious?"

"Not fully."

"And what, may I ask, did you say to him?"

"Nothing," lied Cara Hume glibly. "He is, I should say, just beginning to realise his surroundings."

At this moment the door of a cabin on her right opened and Ricardo appeared. He was smiling like one who is enjoying an inward joke. She guessed now that it had been he who had opened the saloon door and closed it again so gently.

He put his arm round her and drew her close. She conquered her violent distaste and desire to struggle. She even smiled a little as he looked down at her.

"Mustn't tell fibs, my dear," he said smoothly. "I think our friend is a little more conscious than that, no?"

"How can I tell?" she asked carelessly. "I tried to talk to him but he seemed dazed. Set for yourself."

"We shall discuss this later, you and I," he promised her, still smiling.

Mrs. Rentley had been watching them closely.

"What does this mean?" she asked sharply.

"It means, dear lady, that we can now have a talk with our guest," he returned. "I suggest that this young woman should return to her cabin."

Cara Hume was only too glad to escape.

NOR was Grant Rushton present at that second gathering, which took place in the late afternoon. Since the trouble with Karbo he dared not expose himself too much to risk of scrutiny.

And neither Keeler nor Jonas could be there. He had sent them out to circulate again among the mob of criminals. He must discover without loss of time how far Karbo had got with his mischief.

So, in the gloom of the fo'c'sle, he tried to plan his next step. He was not regarding Mrs. Rentley or Ricardo now as his major problem. It was Frick with whom he must deal.

He got out the bit of paper and pencil that Keeler had brought and wrote a cautious note. It was almost too dark to see by the time he had finished, and then Keeler and Jonas came in.

Down in the saloon, the gang that had gathered round the table were discovering that they had caught a tartar in Sir Charles. The moment he laid eyes on Frick he broke into a tirade of denunciation that would have blistered the deck of a windjammer.

But Frick only met it all with a smile. He held the whip hand just then, and knew it. And when Sir Charles paused, he stated his demands as coolly as if he were sitting in a London office and the thing was no more than an ordinary business deal.

Sir Charles stared at him in glowering contempt and burst into a fresh tirade. But Frick only waved him away.

Sir Charles was dragged along to a cabin and locked in. It was almost directly across from Cara Hume's cabin. She watched anxiously and listened while the key was turned.

It was dark now. In her hand she held something that had been thrown in through her cabin porthole as before. But it was no more than a scribble addressed to her and it enclosed another note.

"Get this to Sir Charles if possible," was all it said.

And now she asked herself how she was going to manage to do so. She could hear a sound as of a key being withdrawn from a lock, then footsteps disappeared along the passage.

She opened her door and peered out cautiously. The corridor seemed to be empty. She knew, however, that someone might appear at any moment. Her heart was racing painfully as she slipped outside across to the other door. She was not

certain that Sir Charles was there but it was her only chance. Bending down, she pushed the bit of paper under the door as far as possible. As she rose she rapped her knuckles hurriedly on the panel, then she sped back to her own cabin.

Peering over her shoulder she had just time to distinguish a figure in the distance before she softly closed her own door. She could not tell whether she had been seen or not.

She listened close to her door. The footsteps seemed to pause outside, then, suddenly, the handle of her door was turned and the door flung open with such force that it sent her reeling backwards.

She recovered and stood swaying. The intruder switched on the light and she saw one who was a stranger to her. But there was that in his face and bearing that told her it was someone of consequence in the gang. It was Frick.

He closed the door and smiled coldly.

"I've heard about you, young woman, and I think it is time we got acquainted. I was sure you were listening at your door. What did you expect to discover?"

She eyed him coolly enough.

"Is there any reason why I should answer your questions?" she countered curtly.

"You will find there is every reason," he snapped. "You were watching the corridor. What was the interest? Was it Sir Charles Gilson? I'm not quite satisfied about things on board this ship. So, unless you wish to be kept locked in your cabin, you had better be frank with me."

"Who are you? By what right do you adopt this tone to me? If you wish to know anything about me, ask Mrs. Rentley or Señor Ricardo."

"What is the trouble?"

Ricardo had suddenly appeared in the passage from the saloon, making no noise on rubber-soled shoes. Cara Hume seized her chance. If she could create a difference, even a mild one, between any of the members of the gang, it might help.

She smiled at Ricardo as never before. She appealed to him as if she regarded him as her guardian.

"Have you given this man permission to force his way into my cabin and ask me questions?" she demanded of Ricardo.

Ricardo frowned.

"What's the idea, Frick?" he asked quickly. "Miss Hume is in my care. What is the reason of this?"

Frick uttered a sound that was like the sharp hissing of a snake as he jerked his head towards Ricardo.

"Listen," he said in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "I am not in this thing for fun. You had better understand that. I'm not satisfied about Rushton, and I'm not satisfied about this girl. I'm going to test every string to-night and then I'm going to do some pulling. You'd better not interfere."

"Are you threatening me?" roared Ricardo. "You'd better remember who runs this show. I do. I control the money and I give the orders. And don't forget I control the ship, too."

"For the moment you may. But we needn't quarrel over the matter. I want to see you and Mrs. Rentley alone. We've got to settle what is to be done. And I'll see that that old fool Gilson gives us the key plan we need. Come with me."

Together they left the cabin. Cara waited until they were in the passage, then closed the door and again stood against it. She listened until she thought they must have reached the saloon. She peered out but could see no one.

Across the passage a line of light showed under the door of the cabin into which Sir

Charles had been thrust. She slipped out and stole across to it.

As she expected, the door was locked. She tapped lightly, then, bending down, she pushed the note under as far as possible.

She had just straightened up when a door opened and light shone along the passage. She fled back to her own cabin and closed the door, locking it.

Again she stood listening. She thought she could hear voices in the distance. The door of the saloon must be open. Had anyone seen her?

She started nervously as, without warning, there came a sharp tapping at her door. She voiced a whisper.

"Who is it?"

"I—Ricardo. Open, I want to speak to you."

She turned the key. She knew it would be useless to refuse. It would take very little time to smash in the door.

He pushed in and caught her by the shoulder.

"Now then, what is the truth of this?" he demanded. "I want it all. I've been too easy with you. What tricks are you up to?"

She deliberately made her voice stupid and sullen.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Oh, yes you do. Frick is right. I've stood enough from him and I saw you myself at that other door. What were you doing there? Come on, out with it."

"You're hurting me."

He bent his head until his face was close to hers, then he swore softly.

"I've made a mistake. But it isn't too late to rectify it. I'll take care you don't get a chance to fool me again. You've fooled us all making us think you were such a simple miss."

His breath was on her cheek. She shrank back, trying to push him away from her. He only laughed, so futile were her efforts. Then the laugh vanished and something came into his eyes that filled her with a real terror. She struggled with all her strength while he held her and forced her back towards the bunk. She tried to scream, but he put a big, soft hand over her mouth.

Then she saw something that closed her throat more effectually than that hand.

From round the frame of the open doorway came another hand that gripped a knife. Part of an arm came into view. Then she saw the hand go up, come down, then go up again and vanish as swiftly as it had come. Ricardo gave a grunt that rose to a curious treble whistle. Then he slid to the floor and lay flat on his face.

She was still standing in frozen horror, gripping the edge of the bunk to support her trembling limbs, when Mrs. Bentley appeared in the doorway. Then she collapsed in a dead faint.

WHEN Cara Hume recovered she was lying on her bunk. Mrs. Bentley was sitting beside her. Ricardo's body had disappeared. Mrs. Bentley was holding a bottle of smelling salts under her nostrils. She did not notice at first that Mrs. Bentley was sitting so that she partly faced the door, and that a pistol was lying in her lap.

"So you've come round, have you?" she heard the other saying. "Now you and I are going to have a little talk. Don't shudder. There isn't time for that sort of thing and it is a little too much from one as deep as you are. Now then, come across, you little devil. Who killed Ricardo?"

"I don't know."

Mrs. Bentley lit a cigarette and puffed rapidly for a few moments. Then, swiftly,

viciously, she jammed the burning end of the tube on Cara Hume's throat. The girl shrank away with a cry as the fire bit into the flesh, but the other struck her hard across the face.

"That's just a warning," she said pleasantly as she withdrew the crushed cigarette and went on puffing at it. "Now then, who was it?"

"I tell you I don't know. I didn't see."

"Well, did you recognise that? It would be the right hand, I suppose. What sort of a hand was it, white or black?"

"White, I think. I only caught a glimpse of it. It was very dirty."

"YOU know, you'd better be frank with me. I've been suspecting for some time that our slippery friend Rushton never went over the side at all. I believe he is still on board, and I'm going to learn the truth."

"How should I know?"

"I'll tell you. I was on deck when I saw that ruffian, Keeler, go over the side just above your cabin. He had a scraper in his hand as if he were going to do some small job. I didn't think much of it at the time, but I've been putting two and two together since then. Unless you come across with the truth I'm going to strip you and search you from head to foot. I won't have to call for help unless you force me to do so. Which is it?"

Cara remembered the two notes from Rushton that were still inside her dress. They seemed proof—she must believe that he was still on board—in hiding and yet active. She could only hope fervently that Sir Charles had received the other note.

But Mrs. Bentley wasn't as sure as she pretended.

"You can do that, of course," Cara said at last wearily. "I am quite at your mercy. That is what Ricardo thought. But I tell you I do not know who attacked him. I did not see. But you should know from one thing that it wasn't Grant Rushton."

The other woman's eyes flashed with sheer jealousy as she heard the girl use his full name.

"Well," she said dangerously, "why wasn't it?"

"You know he would never stab a man in the back like that."

"I believe you have more sense than I gave you credit for. Look here, I'm going to tell you something. If I hadn't seen Frick and the others in the saloon I'd have thought Frick did it. I know that he and Ricardo had a difference. It was over you, wasn't it?"

"Not over me. It took place here. That strange man, Frick you call him, was bullying me. Ricardo took exception to it. That is all."

"And then minutes later Ricardo is killed. Now listen. I believe Grant Rushton is on board, and I believe you are in touch with him. I don't trust that fellow Keeler. Then there was some trouble this afternoon on deck. There was a killing. I believe Rushton is working among the crew. Frick and the Saladiers don't know that yet. But—"

and here she leant forward, speaking in a lower tone—"I don't trust that crowd. I believe Frick is trying to double-cross us. I'm going to give you a message to get through to Rushton for me. Tell him that I am still ready to talk business with him, that I don't hold anything against him, and that if he will make a deal with me I'll play square."

Cara Hume realised suddenly that circumstance had thrown her into a stronger position than she could have hoped to achieve through her own efforts. She saw that she held an advantage here that she

might turn to the profit of Rushton and Sir Charles if she played her cards properly. But could she do so against such a finished player as Mrs. Bentley?

"Do you think he would believe that—I mean if all you say about him being still on board is true?"

Mrs. Bentley eyed her savagely.

"I don't know just what I'd better do about you," she said at last. "I'm making a fair offer to Rushton. If he comes in I'm willing to spring a trap on the Saladiers. I can't pull together with this man Frick. Maybe you didn't have anything to do with the murder of Ricardo. I don't believe you've got the spirit. Maybe Frick fixed it some way. At any rate, Muller is gone, and now Ricardo. That leaves only me and the van Korsens, and they're not much good. Besides, Ricardo had the money. If Rushton will join me I'll see that Sir Charles is all right. I want my share, that's all. Think that over and let him know. I've got to go now. Don't you spill anything to Frick and the Saladiers or I'll kill you."

And Cara Hume knew that, though the tone was quiet, the threat was real enough.

She left the cabin abruptly. The moment she was gone, Cara Hume rolled off the bunk. Then she fumbled inside her dress until she found the two screwed-up bits of paper that were Rushton's notes. She tore them quickly into bits and thrust them out of the porthole into the sea.

It was amazing what a change had come over Cara Hume in the last hour or two. In fact, ever since receiving Rushton's first note, the change had begun. She was not thinking of herself or her own peril now. She was thinking of Grant Rushton and, of course, Sir Charles.

She was still trying to decide what to do when she saw the door begin to open. She started to rush towards it, but she was too late to prevent entry.

Then her eyes widened as a hand appeared, a hand that was begrimed with dirt and on one finger of which was a thick silver ring with the shanks twisted up into a head of some sort. It was the hand that had sent Ricardo to his death.

No face appeared. The hand turned upwards and beckoned. Despite herself she moved forward in obedience. Then, quickly, the fingers caught the switch and turned out the light. She felt a touch on her arm. She was grasped and drawn into the corridor. Then something was thrown about her and she could make little resistance against the strength that propelled her towards the 'midships companion.

IN the saloon, the crooks were again gathered about the table. But the balance of strength had altered materially.

A few hours before, the Saladiers gang had been in the position of suitors willing to offer any terms in order to gain a foothold in the Santa Cruz. Their most valuable contribution had been the person of Sir Charles Gilson.

Mrs. Bentley was playing almost a single-handed game. The van Korsens had become almost nonentities since Muller's death. They might or might not be on her side in a violent showdown.

But now she must give her keen attention to what Frick was saying.

"I've got the strength of this mob on board," he was telling them. "They need control and I'm going to give it to them. We are past Tenerife now. In three days we should overtake the floating drome at its anchorage. And our own crowd is already there waiting."

MYSTERY SHIP

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"Someone has been at work here," he went on. "Those fellows want action. They've had nothing but promises. I'm going to give them what they want. And I'm going to do something else. I'm going to have Sir Charles Gilson in here now and set him to work. There is going to be no more hedging. He can take his choice. If he doesn't set to work at once and turn out what we need then he's going over the side and we'll manage without him. Is that agreed?"

There was a murmur of assent. Mrs. Rentley said nothing. She was thinking faster than ever.

Frick rose. "Come on, then," he said curtly. "Let's get him."

The "Orchid" and the count rose with him. The two van Korsems, after a glance at Mrs. Rentley, followed suit. Mrs. Rentley saw the two apache gunmen standing by the door. Keeler and Jonas were not there. It seemed ominous that they were absent. She realised that she was already alone. Frick was looking at her coldly. She smiled easily and got to her feet.

"A very good suggestion," she drawled. "Let us follow it."

But she knew, even as she uttered the words, that she had already been isolated.

Frick led the way along the passage to the cabin into which Sir Charles had been thrust. He rapped on the door and called. There was a light inside under the door, but no answer came.

Frick did not knock a second time. He caught the handle and gave it a twist as if he expected the door to be locked. But it wasn't. It opened easily and Frick started to enter. But he drew up quickly with an oath.

The cabin was empty.

RICARDO'S attack upon Cara Hume had complicated Rushton's plans.

Had he known where Sir Charles was confined he would never have sent the note through her. But not even Keeler had been able to ascertain where Sir Charles was imprisoned.

The note to Sir Charles was but a preliminary warning for him to be ready. Rushton had determined to hazard everything on quick action.

When Keeler returned to report that he had safely delivered the note to the girl, Rushton waited until full dusk. Then he, Keeler and Jonas made their way among the groups of criminals towards the "midships" companion.

They reached the corridor of the main deck without meeting a soul. It was, however, just as Ricardo made his fatal visit to Cara Hume, and immediately after she had been threatened by Frick. Had Rushton seen Frick then, the whole thing would have ended swiftly.

The three were standing in the gloom at the end of the passage when they saw Ricardo approach the girl's cabin. Rushton touched Keeler on the arm.

"Get him," he whispered. He had not intended that order to mean what followed. Ricardo as a live hostage was worth more than a dead load.

But Keeler waited for no more. He reached the door of the cabin just as Ricardo was forcing the girl back on to her bunk. He struck swiftly. Then the opening of the saloon door caused him to draw back and retreat.

It was Mrs. Rentley, and Rushton realised that an uproar now might precipitate matters too soon, so he kept back.

But the moment Mrs. Rentley returned to the saloon, he and his two companions moved forward. Keeler opened the door of the girl's cabin, and it is known how he drew her out.

Rushton had his lips close to her ear while Keeler was throwing a voluminous oilskin about her.

"Be quiet," he warned her. "It's Rushton. Where is Sir Charles?"

She indicated the cabin where Sir Charles had been thrust. Keeler passed her along to Jonas. He then followed Rushton to the door of the other cabin.

It was locked. Rushton spoke in a low tone to Sir Charles. It was impossible to open the door from the inside. Rushton posted Keeler to meet any discovery from the saloon and searched for a key. He took the one from the door of Cara Hume's cabin and tried it in the other lock. It turned easily. One key would fit any of those doors.

In a moment he had the door open. Sir Charles stood staring until he recognised Rushton. Then he muttered two words.

"Good fellow."

"Come on, sir."

"Anything you say, Rushton. I'm ready."

Rushton drew him out into the corridor and closed the door. He put another oilskin about his shoulders and hurried him along the passage. They reached the deck. A thin fog coming in from the south of Tenerife made things easier. They slipped along close to the side and among piles of litter until they were forward of the bridge. Then they dived into the fo'c'sle.

There were a good dozen of Keeler's men in the place now. He had been gradually drawing them together as a nucleus. Jonas the nigger was out on the deck somewhere circulating among the others.

Rushton had fixed up the narrow end of the fo'c'sle as well as possible for Sir Charles and the girl. There was a bulkhead here close to the stern which could be made into a sort of separate compartment.

A hurricane lantern hung from a nail, and by the poor light of this they were busy getting things straightened out when Jonas came in. He was grinning widely as usual. Both hands were full of guns he had collected somewhere.

Behind him came another figure that moved so shadowlike that no one noticed it. All eyes were on Jonas, who was joking while he tumbled the guns into an empty bunk.

The smaller figure slipped along in the shadow towards the bulkhead behind which Rushton was engaged with Sir Charles. It showed for a moment under the light of the lantern, a dark, indistinct blur. Then it vanished from view.

Rushton paused in what he was saying and turned his head. He thought someone was behind him. He could see nothing but his own bunk just round the curve of the stern. He peered round. All he saw was the crowd at the other end of the fo'c'sle gathered round Jonas.

He turned back. Had he been a little slower to do so he would have seen a thin shadow detach itself from the black in the space between his bunk and the one above. And then he would have lost it as it slid along the more dimly lit part of the fo'c'sle.

But some warning kept nagging at him. He got up and went to his bunk. Quickly he thrust a hand into the place where he had thrust the plans. They were gone.

He twisted and looked suspiciously at the gang by the door. He saw something small glide along the wall and go through the

door quickly. He sprang to his feet and raced after it.

Keeler gave a shout. Rushton pulled up for a moment.

"Come here, quick, Keeler."

When the other reached him he grabbed his arm.

"Listen. I've got to go out. You're in charge. If anything happens before I get back, hold this place at all costs. I depend on you. I don't expect to be more than a few moments. Keep Jonas and the others with you."

Before Keeler could question him he was gone. He burst out of the fo'c'sle to find that the fog had thickened. The flares along the deck were only indistinct blurs. He could see nothing of the person who had got away with the plans.

HE stumbled over a coil of rope, and reached the side. Then he stood listening as there came the sound of a shot, muffled in the fog.

Rushton knew that, before the mob of criminals had been shipped from South America, both the forward and the after holds had been roughly fitted up for their reception. Several hundreds of rough cubicles had been knocked up, and the majority of the criminals used these when they took the trouble to go below at all.

He had noticed that the hatches were always off, but, then, the weather had been consistently fine. In heavy weather the hatches would, of course, have to be closed, but whether the criminals would consent to be battened down below was another matter.

He had taken this condition into account when he was forming his plans. It had been part of his scheme to batten down the hatchways on those of the criminals he could not count upon. It would then be a simple matter to keep them under control.

But he was to find that someone else had had the same inspiration and that the initiative was out of his hands. That shot was the signal for an outbreak that began aft and spread like magic throughout the ship.

While Rushton grasped the side, startled by the suddenness of it all, a hurricane of shots, yells, screams and curses broke upon him.

He turned and tried to reach the fo'c'sle. Through the fog a wedge of men rushed, carrying him back against the side with terrific violence.

It was impossible to tell friend from foe. He dared not reveal his own identity at that moment. He could only trust to Keeler to defend the fo'c'sle.

He dragged out his gun and made another effort to reach his objective. Someone cannoned into him. He felt a hand grasp his arm. He turned to strike, and then, as he was grasped again, he knew the other was a woman.

He caught hold of her, thinking at first that Cara Hume had followed him. A break in the swirling fog enabled him to get a brief glimpse of her features. It was Mrs. Rentley, and now, suddenly, he knew who had taken the plans.

But if he recognised the woman so did she know him despite the disguise he still wore. She had seen him clearly enough in the fo'c'sle and had heard him speak.

Her cloak came away in the struggle. Rushton felt his hands catching at stockinette that clung like a skin to her body. She was wearing nothing but the acrobatic suit that she had worn on board the Corsair.

She fought savagely to get one hand free. Rushton felt the hard metal of a gun against

his ribs. He struck her arm aside with a force that made her give a smothered cry of pain. Then he got a hold on her wrist, twisted her arm and caught hold of the gun. He wrenched it from her grasp and held her so that she could not struggle.

"Don't be a fool," he warned her, "this deck will be a shambles soon. Here, up with you."

There was a boat hanging on davits close to where they stood. Rushton found the canvas cover loose enough to force aside. He tumbled the woman in and scrambled over beside her. He was still clutching her cloak and, as he felt something lumpy against his hand, he dug inside it. A low chuckle broke from him as his fingers grasped a packet of papers that he knew must be the plans.

He was surprised that she did not struggle, but, surprisingly, she caught his head and drew it down.

"What is happening?" he heard her ask.

"LISTEN! There's the devil to pay aft. They'll be through here in force soon."

There wasn't much shooting now. The fog was too thick. But the cursing and scuffling was sinister proof that a desperate fight was in progress.

There came a high-pitched cry that died away slowly. It had burst very close to them. Rushton knew that someone had pitched down the open hatch.

It would have been sheer foolish heroics to plunge into that confusion, and Rushton knew it. His chief desire was to get back to the fo'c'sle and take control there.

"We can't stay here," he heard Mrs. Rentley protesting as she squirmed beside him.

"Why not?" he demanded. "This is as good a place as any, and I can make sure that you are up to none of your tricks. Presently I'm going to lug you along to the calaboose."

"Listen, you're being a fool," she panted, struggling harder than ever. "If we stay here we'll be caught like rats in a trap. Let's get back to the fo'c'sle if you want to. I didn't start this, I tell you. It must have been Frick."

"It's all the same thing," he growled as he forced her down again. "You or Frick or the Saladiers are all one."

"We are not. Frick and I have split. If you've spoken to the Hume girl you must know."

"That horse won't run here, my friend."

She gave up struggling.

"All right, have it your own way," she said more quietly. "But you will find your mistake. I've told you the truth. It was a mistake on our part to make a deal with Frick. If you hadn't killed Muller it would have been different. And then Ricardo. I can't even depend on the van Korsems. I tell you Frick and the Saladiers have double-crossed me. I told the Hume girl to tell you I'd work with you if you would make a deal. And I meant it. You fooled me all right, and you've got strong cards yet. But Frick is dangerous. It hasn't taken him long to start things among the mob. But I've got something yet to offer."

"What can you offer, conceding, for the sake of argument, that you are telling the truth?"

"Frick doesn't control the navigating crew on the bridge. They are still my men. They will do what I say. If you make a deal with me I'll swing them and we'll settle Frick. Then we can come to terms and I'll pull out."

Despite the critical position Rushton had to laugh.

"You've certainly got one priceless nerve."

You remind me of a man going to the gallows telling the hangman he'll make him a present of the rope if he lets him off."

"Jeer if you wish. Time is short. I'll settle with you some other time for the way you fooled me. But just now I'm willing to postpone that in order to get Frick. There isn't another man to whom I'd make that offer. I could have killed you in the fo'c'sle if I had wished. But I didn't. Make this deal with me and you won't regret it. If you don't, Frick will get you and Sir Charles. He doesn't let either of you escape now, and you know it."

What she said was true enough.

Rushton was not left to make the final decision. There came a lull in the fighting forward, and, in its freakish way, the fog cleared suddenly.

Then through the gangways beneath the bridge came a rush of men, shouting, cursing, filling the air with appalling oaths that were not drowned by the sharp clatter of pistols.

Rushton saw Keeler at the entrance to the fo'c'sle. He had a gun in his hand and was peering about. The light of the nearest flare lit up his evil countenance clearly. Then the black face of Jonas appeared over his shoulder. He was still grinning.

Rushton heaved himself up.

"Listen," he said curtly, "you're probably lying like sin, but I'm going to take a chance. Play in with me and you won't regret it. I tell you Frick can't win now anyway. He's got to go under if it takes everything we've got. If you stick with him it won't make any difference in the end. That's all."

"Wait."

She grasped him by the arm so hard that her nails dug into the flesh.

"What is it?" He was impatient to be gone, for the fight was coming closer every moment.

"Are you in love with that chit of a girl?"

He cursed softly.

"What a place to ask a question like that. You must be crazy." She let go and thrust him to the edge of the boat.

"Go on," she said curtly. "I've always fought alone. I can do so now."

He waited no longer. Sliding over the side of the boat he gave the canvas tarpaulin a jerk to pull it to the edge. Then he dropped to the deck and raced for the fo'c'sle just as the fighting mass of men gave before a violent rush which Rushton could not see.

He gave one look back at the boat just as he reached the entrance and Keeler hauled him inside, but he saw nothing of Mrs. Rentley. The cover lay just as he had left it.

V ESTA RENTLEY

remained hidden in the boat.

She had played her last and best card with Rushton and thought she had lost.

She lifted the edge of the tarpaulin and peered out. The fog was coming down again, but she could still see by the light of flares. It was difficult to understand how one faction could distinguish another, considering that they were all birds of a feather.

The mass of the fighting had surged back towards the bridge, but now it reeled again towards her, and, at this same moment, she saw the man with the black eye patch, whom she knew to be Rushton, leap from the fo'c'sle a gun in each hand. Close behind him came Keeler and Jonas and then a pack of a dozen or so.

She watched to learn the effect of the rush. She expected to see them attack the rear of the men nearest but, instead of that, they pushed in among them and joined in

repulsing the mob that was crowded through from the after-part of the ship.

No one had an eye for the boat in which she lay concealed. She slid over the edge and pulled her cloak about her. The fog was even more useful than the cloak. In a few minutes, if it continued to thicken, it would make it impossible for the two factions to tell which was which.

She reached the shadow of the bridge and caught hold of the uprights of an iron ladder. She went up this swiftly, her gun ready. Someone leapt after her and tried to drag her back. She swung her hand downwards and fired. The fellow dropped away.

She climbed higher and then found her way blocked by one of the navigating crew who was standing grimly on bridge guard with a gun ready to blow the head off the first one that attempted to rush him. It was only Mrs. Rentley's quick voice that saved her.

Forod was the senior of the three navigating staff engaged by Muller for the job. They had nothing to do with the big plot against Sir Charles Gibson. It was their job to navigate the ship and ask no questions. They knew nothing of Frick or the Saladiers. They still looked upon Mrs. Rentley as the authorised representative of the financial group that had been behind Ricardo and Muller.

She talked to Forod earnestly. He was a big stolid Dutchman who had spent most of his life among the Dutch East Indies. The other two had been supplied by him to Muller's requirements.

"Zere is vun boss on ziss pridge," he told her in a rumbling voice when she had finished. "Zat boss he iss I. Jal!"

"Then I can count on you?" she urged.

"Ja. Vat I say. zat I do."

She made to speak again, but the uproar broke into such appalling pandemonium that he could not hear her words.

The whole of the maindeck was a seething mass of struggling men, half-naked, ragged, cursing, sweating beasts who shot and knifed like madmen, caring not where bullet struck or knife went home so long as blood ran.

Mrs. Rentley saw that the bridge could never be kept clear if they rushed it. A machine-gun at each ladder might do the trick, but nothing less.

The fighting degenerated into a wild scramble without conscious direction. Rushton had not been ready to have matters precipitated. Frick had played a master card in striking so soon. But the fog was the real victor.

In the wild confusion that reigned it was impossible for any concerted effort to be made. It was each man for himself and, although Rushton and Keeler had managed to remain close together during the first part of the struggle, they became separated eventually.

Two of the gang who had gone over to Frick had been trying to reach Rushton for some time. Others were making determined attacks upon Keeler and Jonas. They seemed to know that, with these three out of the way, the whole opposition would collapse.

It was when Rushton was in the thick of a melee quite alone that their chance came. They were behind Rushton when the fog shut down again but they marked him as a blur upon which they converged.

The barrel of a pistol caught Rushton on the back of the head. It was no love tap, and he went down as if he had been pole-axed. At the same moment, a great surge of the combatants carried Keeler and Jonas with their remaining followers back along the deck, leaving Rushton's body quite isolated.

Yet, even had the fog not come down again, Mrs. Rentley might not have seen what happened to Rushton, for among those swaying bodies and tossing heads and arms she had picked out one torso, naked to the waist, that held her spellbound with surprise.

He was a giant of a fellow with massive shoulders that were coarse now with rolls of fat but which once had moved under sleek, supple muscles. His chest, his back and arms were covered with ornate tattoo patterns and it was this display of crude art that brought sudden recognition into Mrs. Rentley's eyes. Without that she would not have pierced beneath the tangled beard that covered half his face and neck.

The present scene vanished to her in more ways than one. It was not only the fog that obliterated it. She was back in the past, ten years before, under the "Big Top" with the smell of sawdust and the hot stench of animals in her nostrils.

She could see herself, a slim, lithe figure in pink tights beneath an acetylene flare. Opposite her, also in tights, a magnificent specimen of bone and muscle, was Steve Rentley, her husband. In those days the Rentleys were a good turn in the circus world.

She could see Steve throwing small blue glass balls into the air. She could feel again the quiver of her finger as she fired at the spinning globes, six times in as many seconds and each time a globe would be shattered.

But that was only the preliminary of their turn, a spectacular scene to get the attention of the crowd for the famous diving swallow, one of the most daring trapeze turns ever attempted. But it was where she had learned how to shoot with such amazing accuracy.

She could see herself again on that last night as she was pulled up to her trapeze. The faces of the upturned audience were small white patches as she looked down upon them while she sat negligently on the bar wiping her hands.

She could see Steve being pulled up to his trapeze and then came the vivid sensation of swinging as they worked higher and higher to the correct swing for the "diving swallow."

And then the moment when, up close to the roof of the "Big Top" she came down in her last plunge to let go and fly as gracefully as any bird towards the approaching hands that Steve was holding ready to meet her clasp.

But on that night she missed them, not through any error of judgment on her part, but because she knew that, at the critical moment, Steve had jerked his hands the veriest trifle to one side.

She went diving towards the ground. A wave of hysteria swept the horrified audience as they saw that plunge to what seemed certain death.

And it would have been death but for a circumstance that could not have been foreseen.

Almost beneath the trapezes but a little to one side, a clown was lending a hand in the erection of a small net to be used in another turn.

At the first gasp of horror from the benches he gazed up, saw the woman diving towards him, made a wild effort to swing the net across beneath her, managed to achieve enough to break her fall partially and then was jerked a dozen feet away as the edge of the net was ripped from his grasp.

But it saved Vesta Rentley's life. Her poor body was a mass of broken bones. For weeks she lay in hospital while the breaks slowly mended.

When she came out Steve was gone. No one but she knew that the thing had been a deliberate attempt on Steve's part to murder her. She heard of him here and there in the circus world. Then news came to her that he had left England with the wife of a juggler.

What course he had travelled during those years she didn't know. But he had wound up as one of the lost six hundred souls in the Ship of the Accursed.

She went down the ladder like a wraith, and with the fearless persistency of a Hazara woman seeking her man on the field of battle, she plunged into that pit after Steve Rentley.

LIKE wild beasts they lay licking their sores and wounds.

Keeler and his adherents had either been driven below or into the fo'c'sle, which was now barricaded. Keeler and Jonas were there, but Rushton had vanished.

The Frick party controlled the ship for the present. But the casualties had been heavy. The deck was littered with groups of wounded, lying as near the run casks as they could crawl. No one paid the slightest attention to the dead. There was plenty of time to heave them over the side.

But the woman who had been bred among the hot animal smells of the circus, who had already become accustomed to this box of human derelicts, made nothing of such miasmic horror.

She descended the iron rungs until she reached the tween decks, where rough cubicles to accommodate a couple of hundred or so of the criminals had been knocked up. Steve Rentley had been about to go down that same ladder when she had last seen him. She intended to find him. And she did.

He was squatting in a small cubicle alone. He was begrimed with dirt and blood, but his attention was concentrated on a bottle of rum from which he was drinking greedily.

She watched him with heavy contempt. Then she brought out her hand and in it was a pistol. She sat down close enough to push the pistol into his ribs.

"Put down that bottle," she snapped. "I'm no vision you'll find. I'm Vesta right enough. You've been down here since I came aboard or you would have seen me."

He set the bottle between his legs and in his eyes began to grow a look of amazed belief.

"V-Vesta," he stammered. "You—here." "I'm here right enough, Steve. You thought you were nicely rid of me, didn't you? Ten years it is since you tried to murder me. But no one knows that but you and me, Steve. No one saw you twist your hands so I would miss them. But we knew, didn't we, Steve?"

She laughed, but there was no mirth in the sound.

"All these years our paths have been winding and twisting just in order to meet here in this shipful of scum. Who says there is no such thing as Destiny, Steve? Not I any more. And now that we have met again, my fine murdering fellow, I'm going to hang on to you. Put that bottle down!"

He had started mechanically to lift the bottle to his lips, but as she spoke she tore it from his grasp and hurled it out so that it continued on down the hatch to the very bottom of the ship.

And he did not resist. He sat like one in a trance while she talked to him and brought him under her will. Then she rose.

"See that you don't fall me," she warned him.

He could have killed her with a single blow of his great fist. He could have twisted her neck and pitched her after the bottle and none would have exacted an accounting. But he didn't lift a hand. He only nodded and mumbled in obedience to her words and when she had vanished up the ladder, climbing with an agility she had never lost, he rose and began to search for the man she had described.

She reached the deck and made her way to the saloon. She was just in time to find a session in progress.

Frick was sitting at one end of the table with the Saladiers on either side of him. The two van Korsens were together as usual, but it was plain that they had now thrown in their lot with Frick. Mrs. Rentley found herself somewhat alone when she coolly took the chair at the other end of the table.

But there was nothing in her manner or expression to betray her realisation of this situation. She smiled generally at the others and lit a cigarette. Then, under lowered lids, her eyes watched Frick.

"I think we may say that the position is now well in hand," he was saying. "We have gained control of the ship and we shall keep control. The next step is to smash what opposition still exists in the fo'c'sle. Our man, Sir Charles Gilson, is there. It will not take long to smoke them out and then I shall soon attend to him. But there is something else about which I want to speak."

He paused and looked straight at Mrs. Rentley.

"There is one person here whose actions I do not understand," he went on curtly. "I have positive evidence that she—I do not think we need make any mystery about it—has been in communication with the people in the fo'c'sle. Perhaps you will explain, Mrs. Rentley."

"Certainly," she drawled. "We might as well clear the air. I was never strongly in favor of making a deal with you. But I was over-ruled by Muller and Ricardo. I believed that the man who had stolen the plans was still on board the ship. They thought otherwise. If I was right then we didn't need you. We could have got all we wanted out of him. I was afraid, you see, that you would try to double-cross us and now, of course, it is perfectly obvious that you are doing so."

A hissing sound escaped the lips of the countess as she exhaled sharply. The others leant forward to watch Mrs. Rentley more closely. Everyone knew that the showdown had come.

"I prefer to put it that you have been double-crossing us," said Frick coldly. "You have been seen to establish contact with the enemy."

"I acknowledge that. You will probably not believe the truth but I will tell it. I went into the fo'c'sle alone with one object in view—to regain possession of the plans."

"Indeed?" answered Frick. "And did you do so?"

"I did."

The countess gave another gasp at the crisp answer, but Vesta Rentley was watching Frick. She knew that he was the one she must watch.

"In that case I have been mistaken," he said smoothly. "If you will put the plans on the table we can get to work on them at once."

"I haven't them any longer."

"I thought not. Would you tell us how you managed to part with them?"

"Grant Rushton took them away from me."

MYSTERY SHIP

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

An incredulous smile went round the table. Frick flushed with sudden anger. He struck the table hard.

"Enough of this fooling," he blazed. "I was glad you came in while we were all here as I had decided to tell you that, since we cannot trust you, we are going to count you out. You will keep away from the deck altogether. If you make no trouble you will be allowed to move between your cabin and this saloon. But that is all. Do you understand?"

"Very well," she said quietly. "I'll leave you to your pleasant little party. May I ask what you propose doing with me eventually?"

"If you behave yourself you will be allowed to remain on board," snapped Frick. "You can then make your own arrangements to get ashore when we finish with the scum."

"Very well, I shall leave it at that."

She looked utterly beaten as she turned away and made for the door. The van Korsens looked at each other in surprise to see how meekly she had taken her defeat. They were remembering how she had handled Muller and Ricardo.

But they did not see her face once she had closed the door behind her. They did not see her eyes quicken with anger nor the smile that appeared on her lips. That smile boded no good for Frick.

She went along the corridor slowly. She paused once to look back before she turned into the short gangway leading to her own cabin. Then she stepped briskly to the door and opened it quietly.

On the threshold she paused for a moment to survey the interior. Frick would have been highly interested to view that scene, for, sitting on the side of a bunk with a cigarette in one hand and a glass of rum in the other, was a ragged-looking fellow with a black patch over one eye.

RUSHTON greeted her appearance with a twisted grin.

"She locked the door behind her and put a finger to her lips. Then she sat down on the bunk beside him.

"Well, so he found you all right."

"I don't know who found me, dear lady, but some ruffian was good enough to drag me out from some hole below and bring me round with a swig of rum strong enough to revive an elephant. Then I was carried along and dumped in here with orders to remain quiet. I suppose I am to thank you for this unexpected hospitality."

"It was on my instructions, yes."

"Well, now that I am your prisoner again, what do you propose doing with me? Let me warn you now that I have not the plans. I tossed those into the fo'c'sle just after I left you in the boat."

"The plans can wait. I had you brought here so that Frick's searchers wouldn't find you. Things have happened since you left me in the boat."

She told him in a low tone how things stood, how his own supporters were barricaded in the fo'c'sle, how Frick's adherents had gained a victory, and how Frick and the Saladiers had coolly weighed on her.

"And so you have figured some way how you think you can use me as a stopgap," he said.

"You will be foolish not to listen to me. Frick holds the whip hand just now. But there is a chance to turn the tables on him. And let me remind you that once he gets his hands on Sir Charles Gilson, he will have his way with him. He dare not let Sir Charles live now. He will kill him, I tell you, and let it be thought that it was

Muller or Ricardo or me who did it. You must see his danger."

"Oh, I see his danger all right," said Rushton quietly.

"If you come in with me we can soon settle Frick and the Saladiers. And it is I who still control the bridge and the engine-room," continued Mrs. Rentley.

"And what are your terms?"

"Ten per cent. of what Sir Charles may realise on the deal."

"I am not authorised to commit him in such a way."

"Then let me talk to him. The only thing I ask of you is to promise that you will back me up and stick to it. You owe me something for what I have done."

But it will never be known just how far that argument weighed in Grant Rushton's answer. It was something else that decided him. And it came in the form of a low, urgent knocking at the door.

The woman made a cautionary gesture to Rushton and signed for him to move along to the end of the bunk, where the open door would partially conceal him unless someone stepped right into the cabin. Then she pulled out her pistol and laid her head against the door.

"What is it?" she asked in a low tone.

"It is I, my dear," came the answer in a woman's voice. "Let me in, I want to speak to you."

Mrs. Rentley shot a quick look at Rushton and turned the key. As she opened the door she drew back, lifting her weapon as she did so. And then, with such deafening suddenness did the explosion come that Rushton was startled into leaping to his feet.

For someone outside the door had fired point-blank at Mrs. Rentley the moment she opened the door and she, he found later, had shot just the fraction of a second sooner.

He thought the murderous attack must have come from the countess, whose voice he had recognised, but as he flung out from behind the door he saw one of the apache gunmen lying on the floor and had a fleeting glimpse of the countess as she fled round the end of the branch corridor.

Rushton bent down swiftly and caught hold of the gun that had fallen beside the dead man. Then he felt the woman grasp his fingers.

"We've got to get out of here," she jerked.

"Do we go together?"

And Rushton nodded. In common decency then he couldn't have done anything else.

They dashed out of the cabin and into the main corridor. From here they turned to the right so as to reach the companion-way that had proved useful to Rushton before.

The fog had cleared again. The atmosphere on the deck seemed sullen and subdued, though one group of ruffians was singing the chorus of a ribald song.

They knew that Frick would be out in pursuit soon if he had not already started. It would mean that he would call upon as many of the criminals as would answer to sweep the ship from stem to stern.

Rushton pulled up when he saw Mrs. Rentley stop suddenly and clutch at a bearded giant. He didn't know it was Steve Rentley. Mrs. Rentley motioned him on.

"Get to the fo'c'sle," she snapped. "Get it open. Leave this to me."

Rushton went on. He passed the open fore hatchway and reached the caboose. He swung round that and brought up against the door of the fo'c'sle. He be-

gan to hammer on it with the barrel of his pistol.

"Keeler, come on, quick!"

He heard excited voices inside and could distinguish that of Cara Hume. Then the authoritative tones of Sir Charles Gilson rose above the others.

"Is that you, Rushton?"

"Yes—quick."

There was the rattle of timbers and the door swung open. He saw the face of Sir Charles against the gloom; then he caught sight of Keeler, Cara Hume and, like a black fiend behind them, the grinning Jonas.

He slipped inside but when they would have closed and barricaded the door again he stopped them.

"Wait. Listen."

Somewhere aft shooting had broken out. There was no shouting or screaming but a growing murmur that had a sinister menacing sound.

"What is it, Rushton?" Sir Charles insisted.

"I'll explain in a minute, sir. We've got to keep the way open for a bit. How many men have you got here, Keeler?"

"Maybe fifteen."

"Able to fight?"

"Yes."

"Get them ready. We'll be in the thick of it soon. Ah!"

There was no uncertainty of light now. From the bridge two searchlights blazed out suddenly, one sweeping forward and one aft.

The whole disordered deck of the Santa Cruz was thrown into brilliant exposure, the men staggering back half blinded as the dazzling beams stabbed hither and thither.

Rushton had begged Sir Charles to remain in the fo'c'sle and, calling to Keeler, was racing along the deck.

At that moment, men began to pour out of the forward hatch like so many rats. Rushton feared an ambush, but he found Mrs. Rentley again beside him.

"They're our men," she shouted through the din. "They know what they have to do. I'm going up on the bridge."

He saw her climbing the ladder with the agility of a monkey, then he found himself in the thick of a press of men that was surging aft. From that moment, for the next half hour, he had no coherent idea of what was happening.

IT had not taken Frick long to realise that he was in danger. He realised all too late that Mrs. Rentley had not come to that meeting in the saloon without a very strong card up her sleeve. It had been a fatal mistake to give her a chance to play it, but it was no use now wasting time in vain regrets.

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The moment the countess rushed in to report the shooting of the apache gunman, and the escape of Mrs. Rentley with some ruffian, Frick guessed the truth.

Rushton! She had been in touch with him all along and had been steadily double-crossing him. He didn't know the real depth and twists of the intrigue and counter-intrigue that had been rife on board that hell-ship.

There was some delay while the ruffians were stirred into action once more. It was

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a delay that was fatal to Frick. In those moments Mrs. Bentley was able to reach Steve Bentley and give him the signal. By the time Frick's mob started down the deck the way was blocked by a solid mass of men and Rushton was coming along with Keeler's gang.

Half an hour later, one of the van Korsems and the second apache gunman were among the other dead and wounded. Frick, the Saladiers and Hugo van Korsems were barricaded in the saloon. The positions had been reversed.

A VAST and sultry quiet pervaded the Santa Cruz.

The Canaries and Madeira were both left behind. The next dawn to flame up above Africa should reveal the floating drome at her anchorage.

Reaction had set in upon the Santa Cruz. That portion of the afterguard represented by Frick, the Saladiers and Hugo van Korsems were still imprisoned in the saloon. The old music saloon and the cabins along the starboard side were being used by Sir Charles, Cara Hume and Rushton. Mrs. Bentley had taken up quarters in one of the cabins on the bridge deck. Rushton had only caught an occasional glimpse of her since the night when she had thrown her weight into his side of the scales.

It was the night before they were due to sight the floating drome that Sir Charles sent for him and closed the door.

"Well, that job is done, Rushton," he said tapping the plan upon which he had been at work. "There is the key of the whole thing. It isn't much, no more than a gadget you might say, but it means all the difference in the world. Without this bit of casting the floating drome would be no better than the ex-aircraft-carrier that is lying out there. But I'll show you when it is cast and fixed. It will keep the water inside the drome circle as smooth as a mill-pond and the drome itself will stand as steady as a lighthouse. Of course, the machinery does the trick, but this little fellow controls it. And it is this that our friends have been gunning after. But I'm talkative and you're not a mechanic. Yet this is the child of my own brain and I'm proud of it. It means millions, Rushton."

"No wonder others were after it, sir. It has cost a good many lives already."

The hard-bitten old shipowner nodded soberly.

"True enough, but we didn't start it. Greed, my boy, greed. It knows no laws. And that reminds me. What are we going to do about our prisoners? I know what I'm going to do about Frick, the traitorous blackguard. To think that he fooled me for so long! I never had the slightest suspicion of him. But I'll be merciless. I'm going to send him up for a few years, and if it wasn't for other considerations I'd push him for murder. But the others—this Saladier gang. I regard them somewhat differently. They are the agents of business rivals and I was prepared for a good fight. We've won, thanks to you."

"I'm afraid you give me too much credit, sir. I've made mistakes."

"We all make mistakes. It is only human to err. But you retrieved yours. What I can't understand is how you managed to bring that she-devil Bentley into line."

Grant Rushton smiled thinly.

"I'm still not quite sure that she didn't bring us into line," he returned. "At any rate, now that we have bottled up Frick and the Saladiers she has gone into a kennel up on the bridge deck. She sees no one and speaks to no one except the bridge crew."

"She must have her own reasons for what she did. It wasn't for any friendship to us. She will spring a demand before we finish. And I'm not forgetting how she killed poor Green and Follett."

"No, sir, nor am I. I'll deal with her if you leave it to me. She will need watching. She played a master card when she joined in with us to settle the Saladiers. But now she will spring something on us if she gets the chance."

"Then watch her, Rushton, watch her."

"What do you propose about that ex-aircraft-carrier, sir?"

"Do you think they have any suspicion about what has happened here?"

"I don't think so. Nothing goes over the wireless now that I don't censor. Of course we don't know what was sent before."

Sir Charles lit a cigar over which he frowned. It was from the defunct Muller's stock of coarse German stogies, and to a connoisseur like Sir Charles tasted like burnt cabbage. Still, anything was better than no smoke at all.

"It's a wonder Muller wasn't shot long ago—smoking stuff like this," he grumbled. "Look here, Rushton, we've got to decide something about that ex-aircraft-carrier. How many men do you think she carries?"

"I shouldn't think more than fifty or sixty, sir. You know that, until you came on the scene with your entirely revolutionary floating drome, she was the only landing spot between the west coast of Africa and the coast of Brazil. Not many cross-ocean planes used her—mostly German and occasionally a Spanish or Italian stunt machine. I suspect, sir, that the Saladiers were employed by the interests who control her. I know that they looked to the people on board her to stand by when they arrived."

"That means we may have trouble when we show up."

"Well I can swing a good bunch of tough ruffians here, and you have some of your own men aboard the floating drome."

"Between forty and fifty. They've got machine guns, too."

"Then if we keep things under control on board here we should be able to manage. I propose getting Keeler to furnish me a list of the men who are to receive the reward I promised. I take it you will make arrangements for him to cash in the amount some place in South America?"

"Of course. I shall fulfil whatever promises you made. And that would be the best way to get rid of this outfit when we arrive at the drome—start them off for South America and let them land where they can. We can leave it to your man Keeler to make his own arrangements about paying them."

It was just after first dawn the next morning when they sighted the drome. And, only a short distance away was a smaller object—the ex-aircraft-carrier. Twin plumes of smoke were drifting from her squat funnels, but the great bulk of the floating drome looked dead.

Sir Charles Gibson and Rushton were on the bridge. Mrs. Bentley was alone in the chart room. They could see her through the glass.

Keeler and Jonas were strutting about the deck, both heavily armed and both very conscious of the position of power they now held.

Cara Hume was still in her cabin. But she was up and already in a dressing-gown when Rushton went down.

"We've sighted the drome," he began.

"I know. I saw it through the porthole. Am I to come up?"

"Yes, Sir Charles advises it," he lied.

"Come up on the bridge."

"Very well. I shall be up in a few minutes."

He returned to the bridge at once, for he had a feeling that his job was by no means finished. Mrs. Bentley was still an unknown quantity, and he was uneasy about her.

When he reached the bridge he saw, a little to his surprise, that she had come out of the chart room. She was standing in a wing of the bridge with one of the bridge crew beside her. She had a pair of glasses focused on the distant drome, but he saw her lower them every few moments and look down into the gang of criminals that was packed on the main deck.

The great floating aerodrome was now plainly visible, and, as one saw it at anchor in mid-ocean, it was possible to realise just what a marvellous steel mammoth had been born of Sir Charles Gibson's brain.

It looked huge beside the ex-aircraft-carrier. The tug that had brought it on its last stage from Las Palmas were no more than toys lying beside it.

The smooth landing surface of the float was some forty feet above the surface of the sea and below the surface there was a further sixty feet of drum, riveted, like the rest, in which many thousands of tons of ballast had been dumped.

In the portion above the water were situated the living-quarters of officers and crew, the engine-rooms, special machinery, fuel and other stores, repair shops, petrol and oil tanks for machines in transit and what not, the whole being lighted by means of heavy glass portholes that ran right round the side of the float.

At opposite sides, north and south, were two tall, latticed steel beacons carrying the wireless receiving and transmitting aerials. Then, on a small steel mast on the top of these, flew Sir Charles Gibson's house flag. The whole drome was brilliantly floodlit at night, thus forming a glowing haven for night landing.

IT was, in effect, a wonderful creation, and, gazing at it for the first time, Grant Rushton could understand why it had roused the desperate greed of unscrupulous forces. Whoever possessed that floating drome and its secret of control held the key of future transoceanic air traffic—and the profits of it.

Something caused him to turn and watch Mrs. Bentley. She had been staring at the great structure, and Rushton saw that her face was pale with some suppressed emotion. Was she, too, realising for the first time just how terrific a prize it was? Would she still try to make some move to retrieve her position?

He could not see how it was possible for her to do so. They were drawing nearer every moment. Now it was plain enough to see men standing at the outer guard rail of the float watching the approach of the Santa Cruz.

They knew by wireless messages sent by Rushton that Sir Charles was coming in this ship. And everything seemed so normal that it looked as though the gang on board the ex-aircraft-carrier had not yet offered any attack. They were probably waiting for definite word from the Saladiers, and deeply puzzled that none had come.

But Rushton was not worrying about them. The ancient carrier was out of the running now. It should be easy enough to take care of her crew. The Saladiers were harmless.

So close were they now to the drome that it looked as if they were running right down upon her.

Rushton touched Sir Charles on the arm,

"About time to signal the engine-room, sir."

"I was thinking that. You give the order, Rushton. Will you speak first to—her?" And he indicated Mrs. Rentley.

Rushton glanced at the man at the wheel. He was a short, stubby fellow who stood like a rock hanging on to the spokes with muscular, hairy hands. He was gazing straight ahead, and another of the bridge crowd was standing over by the wing near Mrs. Rentley.

There was something about the positions they occupied that seemed to strike Rushton for the first time. It was as if they had kept together at that end deliberately. And at this moment the third member of the bridge crowd came out of the chart-room. It struck Rushton forcibly that these three were probably still Mrs. Rentley's men.

He was standing uncertainly when someone came up the bridge ladder. It was Cara Hume. He motioned her to stand by Sir Charles and then he moved forward to speak to Mrs. Rentley.

But before he had taken three steps she turned, and then Rushton stopped. She was covering him with an automatic pistol.

"Stand where you are," she ordered curtly. "I shall signal the engine-room—at the proper time."

Rushton measured the space between them. He knew she wasn't bluffing. She had had some card up her sleeve as he had half suspected, and now she was going to play it. But what was it? What could she do?

He could see over the rail to where the ex-aircraft-carrier lay. The drone was behind him. But a mocking smile in the woman's eyes told him the truth. Sir Charles had seen it, too, for Rushton heard him swear violently.

At that, Rushton leaned forward. Mrs. Rentley fired point-blank. It would have been a miracle had she missed at that range, a miracle unless something intervened. But something did intervene. On the same moment there was another explosion, the two sounding as one. Rushton was untouched, but Mrs. Rentley whirled round sharply as a bullet crashed into her shoulder. Rushton didn't know then it was Cara Hume who had fired that bullet.

MRS. RENTLEY was clinging to the rail trying to get her gun up again. Down beneath them a giant of a fellow was rushing for the bridge ladder. It was Steve Rentley.

Rushton paused. There was a drama rushing to its crisis before his eyes in which he had no part. The woman had swung away from the rail. Steve Rentley was almost at the top of the ladder when he looked up to find her at the top. For a long moment, while the Ship of the Accursed rushed to her doom, they looked at each other. Then, at something he saw in her eyes, Steve Rentley drew back. His hands gripped the sides of the iron ladder. Rushton was amazed at the sudden terror that showed in his eyes. Just a fleeting film-glance it all was, then the woman fired.

Steve Rentley dropped with a bullet through his brain. Rushton leaped for Mrs. Rentley. She was turning and he knew that she was seeking Cara. He reached her and tore the pistol from her hand. She shrank with a gasp of pain as his fingers closed on her shoulder. Rushton eased his grip and found himself looking straight down into her eyes.

"Let me go," she raved at him, "let me go. You'll all come with me in a moment,

But I've settled my score with Steve Rentley."

Rushton didn't know what she was talking about. He knew nothing of Steve Rentley or the past between him and this strange woman.

She slid out of his grasp and looked at him again.

"It might have been so different," she told him in a voice that seemed quiet yet clear in all the tumult. "So different—Grant. If I'd known what I know now. But—never mind."

She swayed, and he reached out to catch her. But she pushed him away.

"Leave me alone. Everything is too late now. Tell Sir Charles I'm sorry about those two men of his. I regret nothing else."

Suddenly she sprang forward and, before Rushton knew what she intended, had caught his head and drawn it down. She kissed him on the lips, then she sprang back and he started forward again as he saw her gain the rail. But he was too late. She laughed at him strangely just before she vanished over the side.

A great cry below brought Rushton back to the urgency of the situation. The men were milling, cursing and bellowing hoarsely. The sight was appalling.

Straight in upon the flank of the ex-aircraft-carrier they were driving at full speed. The great bulk of the floating drone was no more than a biscuit-toss away. They were almost past it.

The men at the rail were gazing at them in amazement. The crew of the carrier were staring at them in horror. Nothing that Rushton or anyone else could do would avail now.

Rushton leapt past the man at the wheel and caught Sir Charles.

"Jump, air, jump," he yelled at him. Sir Charles was rushing towards the rail. Rushton followed him, dragging Cara Hume.

Down below the curses and shouts had died to a horrified silence that broke swiftly like the concerted howl of a pack of wolves. The man at the wheel was letting go the spokes. Sir Charles was over the side. Rushton watched him strike the water. He picked up Cara Hume and tossed her after him.

He saw several others tumble over the rail. Rushton made one last desperate effort to get the wheel over. He saw that it was useless. All the time he was about to let the mob below to jump.

He thought of Frick and the Saladiers trapped in the saloon and after cabins. Now he knew why Mrs. Rentley had delayed playing her last card until it must have a maximum effect. She was taking ghastly revenge upon those who had double-crossed her.

He dared not delay longer. He was terribly anxious about Cara Hume, but he knew that Sir Charles could swim like a porpoise and trusted to him to give her a hand until he could reach them.

Just before it seemed the collision must come, he raced for the side and went over. He was under water when the air was filled with a deafening pandemonium of splitting steel and timbers, of human cries and curses.

But they were still ringing about him when he broke surface again and saw Sir Charles and Cara Hume.

Boats had been put out from the floating drone with amazing speed. The two little tugs that had towed the wonder-craft from Las Palmas were throwing off warps so as to take a hand in the work. The water was peppered with bobbing heads.

Rushton reached his friends and got on one side of Cara Hume. A boat came up

and they were hauled in. Sir Charles looked very white and only half conscious.

Now Rushton could see how the Santa Cruz had driven her nose into the flank of the ex-aircraft-carrier like a spearhead, plugging the hole she had made.

For some minutes she hung there, then to the accompaniment of a sickening grinding sound she sucked clear. A terrible sight followed. The nose of the Santa Cruz went down, and up into the air went her stern. For what seemed an interminable time she remained poised thus. Then, suddenly, like the stricken thing she was, she took the plunge. The carrier, freed from the grip of the other, rolled over violently, over and over until her top hamper came clattering down upon the sea. Then she followed the other.

IT will never be known exactly how many persons were lost in that final reckoning of criminals. Certainly more than half of the company of the Ship of the Accursed went down, and only a score or so were picked up from the carrier.

Frick, the Saladiers, and, of course, the van Korsens were never seen. Nor did Rushton catch sight of Mrs. Rentley again. She had played for defeat as coolly as she had ever hazarded for victory. Renunciation? Perhaps.

The survivors were taken care of on board the float. As each dripping man was hauled over the side he was quickly disarmed and hustled into one of the many storerooms below.

Three days later one of the Gilson Line tramps arrived from Las Palmas in response to a wireless message. The survivors of the Ship of the Accursed were put on board. They would be turned loose at a deserted part of the coast of South America. It was part of the pact that Sir Charles and Rushton had made with Keeler and Jonas, both of whom had been among the first to go over the side of the Santa Cruz. They were now in undisputed control of the chastened criminals whose boredom had been smashed in a way they hadn't expected. And Keeler took with him a draft on a certain South American bank that discharged in full the obligations to which Rushton had committed Sir Charles. Jonas stuck close to Keeler. It was a document that represented more money than either had ever dreamed of. And Jonas knew Keeler.

Later, in the course of her cruise, the Corsair appeared over the horizon. Her passengers who must be given every possible entertainment on such a luxury cruise were to be permitted a privileged view of the great mystery float about which they had only heard vague rumors.

They saw a marvel of peaceful industry and were duly grateful for the flattering privilege of a pre-view. They saw or heard nothing that revealed the very different activity that had prevailed on the same spot a few days before.

Which, perhaps, is just as well. And then, too, their interest in the float was quickly submerged in another event of a more romantic sort. This was the mysterious reappearance on board the Corsair of Grant Rushton and Cara Hume. Only they weren't distinguished now by a difference of names. They were, curiously enough, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Rushton.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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